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HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS BY W. H. DIXON.

VOL. V.

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HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS.

I. CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

II. ANNE BOLEYN.

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

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VOL. V.

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BOOK THE SEVENTEENTH.

ANNE BOLEYN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

Recalled from France.

1521.

I. ANNE BOLEYN'S father, with all her kinsfolk and connexions, had been forward in this fight. The battle had commenced when Anne was eight years old, and in the outset it had gone in favour of the Duke. Buckingham had snatched from her family the coronet of Wiltshire. Buckingham, and the men of his opinions, had prevented her father rising in the public service, and acquiring a position due to his wealth, his talents, and his high connexions. Yet Boleyn had been fighting Buckingham on public rather than on personal grounds; seeing in him an unwise, and even a dangerous councillor of the crown. Boleyn served on the special commission. Brydges, father of Winifred, his nephew Sackville's wife, opened the inquiry at Guildhall. Wyat served on the Surrey panel. Brooke was one of the committing magistrates. Cobham was a

member of the court of peers. Norfolk, as Lord High Steward, presided at the trial, and pronounced the culprit's doom.

2. The Cardinal made a cunning distribution of his spoil. Compton and Marney, as the nearest comrades of the King, were satisfied. Then came Essex and Grey, Dorset and Worcester, each of whom got parks and manors. Afterwards came Boleyn, who received as his reward the manor of Fobbing, in Essex, with various offices in the town of Tunbridge in the manors of Brasted and Penshurst, and in the parks of Penshurst, Northleigh, and Northlands. Norfolk had his share, and Devon had his share. Wingfield got Kimbolton Castle. Norreys got the manors of Southo, Hunts, and Tylbroke. One principle adopted by the Cardinal in disposing of these ducal spoils was to associate father and son in the original grant, so that a permanent party would be ready to resist attempts to reverse the Duke's attainder at a future time. Thus Norfolk's son and Devon's son were parties to the grants by which these noblemen were rewarded. George Boleyn was associated with his father in the several offices connected with the lands in Kent. The ducal house of Stafford was so thoroughly despoiled, that it was deemed an act of charity to make a small provision for the Duchess and her son. Yet, if the strawberry-leaves were gone, the high connexions of their family remained. The Poles and Nevilles, Percies and Plantagenets, were more or less involved in their disgrace. A daughter of their house was married to the heir of Norfolk,

and a grandson of the murdered duke might one day rule at Howard House. How scornfully these Poles and Nevilles, Staffords and Plantagenets, looked at men like the new keeper of Penshurst Park, and the new lord of Southo Manor, no one needs to say!

3. Bitter blood was made for Boleyn and Norreys by these acts; but in the hour of triumph no man stops to count the consequences of his victories. Montagu and Abergavenny were thrown into the Tower with Buckingham. Montagu was the eldest son of Sir Richard Pole and Margaret of Salisbury. His connexion with Buckingham was close; his sister Ursula being married to the Duke's eldest son. Abergavenny was the Duke's son-in-law, having married his youngest daughter, Lady Mary. Orders were given to seize Wiltshire, the Duke's brother; Northumberland, the Duchess's brother; and Margaret of Salisbury, her son's mother-in-law. But Wolsey, having read the peers a lesson, had no wish to drive them into actual war. No fresh arrests were made. Northumberland placed his son, the dashing Percy, as a sort of hostage, in the Cardinal's house, where he was soon to meet the young lady whom that Cardinal was calling out of France.

4. Red Piers, "Mairgreed Geroit," and their son James, had come to London, where Piers persuaded Henry and his Council that the Geraldines were faithless to his cause. Kildare being called from Dublin, "Mairgreed" had the elfish joy of hearing her brother ordered into custody. O'Carrol and O'Brien broke into disorder, on which Piers asserted

that Kildare had sent a priest to stir them up. The King deprived Kildare of the deputy's seat; and offered the lieutenancy to Surrey, as a hard, rapacious soldier, who would fight his way from Dublin to Donegal through fiercer spirits than any "Mairgreed Geroit" could invoke. Surrey took Piers with him to Ireland, leaving James in London as a hostage, where he might be near his cousin Anne, when she came home from France. Surrey winked at Piers' illegal style; a rough admission that the Brehon law still reigned within the English Pale. "Mairgreed" seemed to exercise a spell on Surrey, who not only recommended Wolsey to appoint "Sir Piers" Lord-Treasurer, but begged the King to reconcile the Ormond litigants, and promote a match between his niece, Anne Boleyn, and James Butler, the eldest son of Piers.

5. The King was but too glad to strengthen his position on such easy terms. Anne being the daughter of an officer in his household, he had a customary right in the disposal of her hand; but he had recently strained this customary right in connexion with her sister, and was anxious not to wound a faithful servant and a powerful house a second time. William Carey, one of the gentlemen of his chamber, courted Mary Boleyn; but the younger brother of Sir John Carey of Plashey, though a man of ancient lineage, was rejected by the family as no proper mate for a grandchild of the Great Duke. Mary had given her hand to Carey in a private marriage; yet though Henry graced the rite, and made an offering in the church, much anger was

provoked, and neither Carey nor his wife was reconciled to the family chiefs. This passage made the King more cautious. Anne was of marriageable age. Yet Henry could not ask the Boleyns to receive proposals for her hand till he had full authority from Sir Piers to act. Surrey was asked to see the Earl of Ormond (Henry giving him the title he had seized), and learn from him, in a more formal manner, whether he desired to have Anne Boleyn for his son? If so, the King proposed to take that matter on himself as one of service to his crown.

6. Surrey spoke to Piers, and also to the Irish Council. Every one in Dublin, he informed the Cardinal, desired to see a match between Anne Boleyn and James Butler. James the Irish heir, would have the title, and should have as much of the estate as Lady Margaret might be willing to resign. The Irish Council, he reported, had considered all the ins and outs of the affair. James was in England, as a hostage for his father and the Butler sept; a youth, as loud of tongue and quick of hand as either "Mairgread" or Sir Piers. It would be well to tame him with an English wife. Void of all feeling for his niece, Surrey would strengthen his connexion in the Pale by any sacrifice of her future life. Reminding Wolsey of their former talk, he said: "At our being with your Grace, divers of us moved you to cause a marriage to be solemnised between the Earl of Ormond's son, being with your Grace, and Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter; we think if your Grace caused that to be done, and also a final end to be made between them for the title of lands

depending in variance, it should cause the said Earl to be better willed to see this land brought to good order." Wolsey approved his scheme. The youth, he said, was "active and discreet," and Surrey's plans for making peace in Dublin gave him an excuse for keeping James Butler in his sight.

7. Some sort of instrument was drawn by Wolsey's orders, as a form of contract for a union of Anne with James. But obstacles were raised. Lady Margaret hated Piers. Boleyn disliked this sale of his daughter by a brother-in-law whom he had no good cause to like. And there was Anne herself! Month after month slipped by, and Anne remained in France with Claude. Red Piers became impatient for results; for he was looking to enjoy the deputy's chair in consequence of this connexion. Wolsey was abroad; and Henry wrote to him that something must be done. "On my return," said Wolsey, in reply, "I will talk with you how to bring about this marriage." Wolsey was full of wiles and schemes, and felt no doubt of his success. Boleyn was at Oudenarde, carrying on a secret correspondence with the Emperor's agents. Charles was opening his campaign against the French, and Wolsey was again an object of intrigue in every camp in Europe. Suddenly the Cardinal faced about. Choosing the side of Spain, he entered into that false Treaty of Bruges, by which Charles was to marry Princess Mary, and England was to enter on engagements hostile to the French. Before the news of his decision reached the Court of Paris, Anne Boleyn was recalled from France.

CHAPTER V.

Twenty-one.

1521-22.

1. AT twenty-one, Anne Boleyn, in obedience to a royal order came to England; leaving good Queen Claude and pious Madame Renée to regret her loss on personal grounds, while François raised his voice against her going on political grounds. "I think it very strange," said François, "that this treaty of Bruges should have been concealed from me and that M. Boleyn's daughter should have been carried home." Her lithesome form, her sparkling eyes, her fawnlike ways, were long remembered in the Court of Blois, and fired prosaic almoners into song and rhyme.

2. From her cradle upwards, Anne had been a bright and elfin' child. Her mother was a reigning beauty in two royal circles, but the Howards were a Saxon race, with light blue eyes, fair flesh, and rounded figures. Anne was of another type. No English roses reddened on her cheek; no English plumpness smoothed her bust; no English languor brooded in her eyes. These eyes were quick with southern light.

"The lively sparks that issue from those eyes"

were sung by her poetic champion, Wyatt, as—

"Sunbeams to daze man's sight."

Her mouth was wide, her bosom low and flat. A body, somewhat thin and wiry, was surmounted by an oval face, of an Italian surface, and by locks of auburn gold. Although her neck was long and marked by moles, she wore her head with such exceeding grace that people only felt the charm. Freckles were visible on her skin. Her hands were finely moulded; yet with one remarkable defect. A boss and second nail appeared on one of her fingers, which allowed her enemies to say she had six fingers; a defect of nature which destroyed the symmetry of an otherwise perfect pair of hands.

3. 'No eye in search of physical beauty would have rested for a moment on that face and form. No artist called this damsel beautiful; nor could her laureate, when he sang her praises, venture to go beyond her brilliant eyes. All other points were left in mist. The poet named her goodly face, and spoke in general terms about her "beauty," as a bard was bound to do; but he affected no rapture of the sense. He was content to sing of—

"The bright beams of those fair eyes."

What a poet, in the license of adoring verse, could say for her, was said by Wyatt, in his picture of such a one as he could love,—

"A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome chere, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks—so would I that it should
Speak without words such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide."

"She was taken at that time," says the younger Wyat, "to have a beauty, not so whitely, as clear and fresh; which appeared much more excellent by her favour, passing sweet and cheerful." Such was the image of Anne Boleyn stamped on all the Wyat family. To have called her ugly, would have been unfair; to have painted her, like Sanders, as deformed in body, would have been absurd; yet such a foe as Chapuys might have thought himself honestly free to speak of her as lank and plain.

4. Anne's charms were of the mind. Lady Wyat, in describing her to George, the poet's grandson, said the Queen's "graces" were those of nature, "graced still more by gracious education." Boleyn, a reader and a student as well as a financier and ambassador, had trained his child, not only to the contemplation of a holy life, but an acquaintance with the liberal arts. Since Lady Elizabeth's death, she had been living in a liberal court, under the immediate eyes of Claude and Renée, two of the best-educated women in the world.

5. At Blois and Paris she had lived in the society of poets, painters, scholars, and divines: of Clement Marot, who was six years older than herself: of Leonardo da Vinci, who had followed François to the Loire: of Guillaume Budé, then librarian to the King and Queen: of all the brilliant wits and writers whom François drew to the most liberal court in Europe. Nature and events made the reigning family friends of that new learning, which was pushed in all the colleges of France, as something popular and patriotic. Laughing at the clerical

grey-beards of the Sorbonne, with their antique rules and forms, François established his new College de France; an institute that was to give his country her most eminent lawyers, thinkers, and divines. Anne Boleyn had been trained among these liberal men, and in their liberal school. The girl was widely read. Her French was perfect, and her English of a style which few, except the poets, either spoke or wrote.

6. And yet the best of Anne's good gifts were those of nature, not of art: the wine and harvest of her Celtic blood. An ordinary girl in Catharine's court could sing and broider, play the virginals, and converse in French; but Anne, besides these feminine arts, had wit and fancy, warmth and taste, knowledge and thought, beyond the reach of ordinary girls.

"Under sun yet never was her peer,
Of wisdom, womanhood, and discretion,"

sang her laureate. A blending of these several qualities made her charm. Anne was a poetess no less than a musician. Flat bust, long neck, stain, patch, and second nail, were all forgotten in a moment when the girl, so sage, and yet so elfish, smiled and spoke.

7. The pulse of life beat strongly in her veins. No pain surprised the gladness in her eyes. Her spirits never flagged, her brightness never faded, her invention never failed. The soul of every circle into which she came, she made, without an effort of her own, a friend of every generous woman, and a knight of every noble man. That yearning for a

holy life which she had felt at Hever, and had set before her fancy as the prize of filial love, had touched her animal spirits with an ideal grace. Her eyes were always lit with fire; her lips were always curved with mirth. An air of mischief hovered on her brow; yet under this bewitching Irish manner lay a deep and tender sense of things unseen. Now playful, now sedate, she could be everything in turn. If Renée loved her for the beauty of her ways, Marguerite de Valois found in her a kindred thinker. Neither Catharine, nor the ladies of her closet, could resist the charm of Anne. In her society, the day was never dull, and in the sparkle of her talk the old of heart felt young and fresh.

CHAPTER VI.

Hever Castle.

1523.

1. HEVER was poetic and retired. Her chamber window, a projecting oriel, opened on a moat and garden; down to which a private stair gave access by an ancient tower. Beyond the moat and garden lay an orchard and a bowling-green. Not many paces off the river Eden brawled and chafed among the stones. Grass-land and wood-land stretched on every side; here swelling into mound and ridge, there dropping into flat and marsh. A quaint old church, in which the ashes of her brother lay, stood on the nearest ridge, and was the only building seen from Anne's window. Woods of oak encompassed her about, with only here and there a break in sunny patch and leafless hill. Some rare and famous nooks lay screened amidst these depths of wood. Seven miles north stood Knole, where Warham dwelt among his books and papers. Seven miles east rose Tunbridge, where Buckingham used to keep his state. Nearer still lay Penshurst Park, of which her father was the ranger. To the south, beyond the level grounds, rose Ashdown Forest. In and out among these woodlands, becks and rivulets sang their pilgrimage towards the sea. Sweet-briars grew in every hedge, and linnets built in every copse. The pools were rich with lilies, and the air, though

laden with the scent of many herbs, was freshened by the salt of neighbouring seas.

2. The pile was square in form and built of light grey stone. A gateway, flanked by towers, opposed the entrance of a foe, who, unlike Cupid, had to enter by the door. One pathway only led into this bower; a pathway barred by triple gates; each gate being built of oak and bound by clamps. Within these gates were guard-rooms for the halberdiers, with slits for those who threw out burning pitch and poured down molten lead. A courtyard occupied the inner space; round which the castellated walls and chambers rose. Pleasant and quaint her castle was within. Above her room, and that of her brother George, a gallery ran from end to end; a gallery with mullion windows, oaken panels, and a fretted roof. This gallery was the hall of state.

3. Her family was large and scattered over many shires. She had no mother to direct her steps, but in a mother's stead she had a stepmother, a grandmother, a step-grandmother, and a host of aunts on both her father's and her mother's sides. Anne's family connexions threw themselves into three primary groups; first the Boleyns; then the Butlers; afterwards the Howards; each of which might be divided into two or three separate sets.

4. First of all came her father, her father's second wife, her sister Mary, her sister Mary's husband, and her brother George. After her mother's death, Boleyn, like a man fatigued with the ascending greatness of his family, had made a match of the affections; giving his hand and fortune to a se-

cond Elizabeth, but one of humble birth and loving nature, whom Anne regarded as her "own mother." Boleyn was in Spain, negotiating with the Emperor, and Henry in his absence was creating him a baron of the realm. A garter waited his return. Mary was married to Carey, an esquire of the King's body, and was still in some disgrace with all her family, as a woman who had thrown herself away. George, her brother, was a quick and handsome boy, a wit, a scholar, and the darling of his sister's heart. While yet a child he had been introduced at court by a mother proud of his beauty and his talents, and had played his little part in masque and mummery. Like his father and his sister, George had taken to the liberal learning of his day, and in his Oxford course had won by his abilities a noted place. Early in life he had begun to toy with verse, the fine accomplishment of a liberal age, and by his talents he was helping that revival of English poetry which his playmate Wyatt and his cousin Surrey were to foster into vigorous life.

5. Next came her father's brothers and sisters, with their several wives and husbands. William, her eldest uncle, was a priest, a man of homely talents, who never rose beyond the occupancy of a prebendary stall. Sir James, her second uncle, lived at Blickling Park, a man of busy brain, and jealous of her father as the eldest born. Edward, her youngest uncle, was a country gentleman, living on his Norfolk property and holding up his head extremely high. One of her aunts was married to Sir John Shelton, a second to Sir Thomas Bryan, and a third

to Sir John Sackville. Anne's cousin, Sir Richard Sackville, of Buckhurst, was the father of Thomas Sackville the poet.

6. Next came the Irish grandmother, Lady Margaret, and her Kilkenny kith and kin; her far-off uncle Piers, and her unwelcome suitor James. A tough and hectic creature, filled with a sense of wrong, Lady Margaret was eager for revenge on Piers the Red. Piers still kept the title he had seized; but suit and counter-suit were running in the Irish courts. Lord Boleyn appealed to his grant of livery under the great seal of England; Piers replied by reference to his Brehon law and to the customs of an Irish sept. Wolsey was watching them with curious eye; not caring whether Boleyn won or lost his suit; but anxious to depress Kildare, and bent on marrying Anne to James if such an act seemed likely to achieve his ends.

7. In the group of Howards, stood her mother's father, the Great Duke; her mother's brethren, Thomas and Edmund, and their several wives. Lady Muriel, her aunt, was gone. "Lady Lisle," her cousin, had now married Henry Courtney, nineteenth Earl of Devon, the King's first cousin of the royal blood. Norfolk was seventy-eight years old; a wonder in an age when men were counted old at forty-five. But he was sinking towards his rest; his duty to his sovereign and his country done. The voices of his children ruled in Howard House and Kenninghall. Her uncle Surrey's union with Elizabeth Stafford had been blessed in a fine boy; that cousin Henry, who in after ages was to share with Wyat

the imperial crown of English song. Lord Edmond, her younger uncle, was married to Joyce Lady Lee, a widow, who was bringing him a brood of little ones; among them that cousin Kate, who was to succeed her in the perilous post of Henry's queen and wife.

8. Except in giving birth to that fair boy who was to gild the name of Surrey with poetic gold, nothing but misery had come to any one from Surrey's union with Elizabeth Stafford. Neville, her youthful lover, had consoled his heart with Lady Catharine; but Elizabeth, a fretful and imperious creature, was unable to endure the man who in his lust of pelf had torn her from a lover's arms. Her mother, Elinor, had lived in doubtful happiness with the Duke, her father; but the brawls at Thornbury had been nothing to the strife at Tendring Hall. The Countess closed her husband's doors against her husband's kin. She left his house. She drove him by her temper from the roof under which his children slept. Yet she contrived, with the perverted genius of a young and lively woman, to withdraw him from his ancient friends, and even the connexions of his blood. Except his father, whom she could not easily exclude, few members of his family were seen at Tendring Hall. Dorset and Kent, Fitzwater and Arundel, were asked. No Boleyn ever figured in her list of guests.

CHAPTER VII.

The Wyats.

1523.

1. ON Anne's return from France she had been named to a position in the Wardrobe, and had fallen naturally into the circle of the Howards and the Wyats. Nothing in her face and form was likely to attract much notice from the King, who saw in her no more than the rather plain woman of Celtic air and pallid skin whom he had long been trying to unite with the son of Piers the Red. Her qualities were of a kind that hardly take the eye. Her wit and mirth, her depth of feeling, and her joyousness of heart, required a nearer knowledge to perceive. A poet might have felt her value at a glance, and he who was to be the prince of poets in his age and country, took her before a host of lovelier women as the inspiration of his song.

2. From childhood Anne had known the Wyat family. Their home was Allington, an ancient manor on the Medway, near Boxley Abbey, one of the most popular shrines in Kent; the chapel in this abbey having a Rood of Grace, in front of which a crowd of pilgrims daily knelt, and as well as a test of chastity to which suspected wives and maids were brought to purge their fame. Boleyn and Wyat had for many years been close and steadfast friends;

men of the same mind and nature; sage and seeking men, who read the Scriptures as they read the classics. "They that knew him," said Wyat, speaking of his father, "noted him thus,—first and chiefly, to have a great reverence for God and godly things; next, that there was no man more pitiful, no man more true of his word, no man faster to his friend." Boleyn and the elder Wyat were connected in important public duties. They were both commissioners for Kent. They held, conjointly, the commandership of Norwich Castle, where they lived beneath a common roof, and saw their children playing in the same court-yard. Wyat and his wife were noticeable folk.

3. The Wyats were a Yorkshire family, who had lived on their paternal acres in obscurity till Henry Wyat rode into the south in search of fortune. A man of many trades—a soldier, a financier, an administrator—he had proved his great capacity in many fields. A Lancastrian, he had risen and fallen with the fortunes of his chiefs; one day an officer of state, next day a prisoner in the Tower. In Richard's time he had been a prisoner in that Tower which was in after days to hold his more eminent son, and more unfortunate grandson. Richard, knowing his worth, had been to see him in his cell, and by an offer of freedom and preferment had tried to bring him over to his side. "Wyat," the King had said, "why art thou such a fool? Thou servest for moonshine in water. Thy master is a beggarly fugitive. Forsake him and become mine. Cannot I reward thee? Yea; and I swear unto thee

I will." Wyat had replied with dignity, "If I had first chosen you for my master, then faithful would I have been to you if you should have needed it; but the Earl, poor and unhappy though he be, is my master, and no discouragement, no allurements, shall ever drive me from him—by God's grace."

4. Failing to tempt his captive by these offers of preferment, Richard had tried to nip him with cold and pinch him with hunger. Fire had been denied to him. His food had been reduced in quantity. When the prisoner had been drooping to his end, the extraordinary event occurred which afterwards became the legend of his house. A cat was noticed by the captive clinging to the grating of his window. Looking at it well, he saw a dove struggling in the cat's mouth, which she at once dropt into his hand. The warder coming in, Wyat inquired if he would roast him a dove? "A dove!" cried the warder, who regarded Wyat as a magician, "where will you get the dove?" Wyat repeated, in the tone of a superior being, "Will you roast the dove if I provide one?" "Humph," the warder answered, "if you find the dove, I'll roast him for you." On the following day that cat appeared again, a dove in her mouth; and more in terror than in pity, the superstitious warder kept his word. Thus, day by day, the prisoner's life had been prolonged until the fortunes of the house of York had waned. Henry had made all haste to free his faithful follower, to reward his services, to honour him with knighthood, to employ his talents, and to swear him of his Privy Council.

5. Anne, Lady Wyat, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, was a woman no less notable than her lord. A wise and learned lady, loving her books and flowers, her children and her household duties, better than the masques and revels of a court, she stayed at Allington with her youngsters, while her husband was engaged in public business at the jewel-house and council-board. One day she heard from a domestic, that the Abbot of Boxley, a Cistercian monk, who ruled his brethren in the neighbouring pile, was in the habit of coming privily to her house. Why should this holy man steal privily to her gate? The morals of these monks were frail in texture, and the holy man was said to come in search of one of Lady Wyat's abigails. Her matron virtue took alarm. What would the pious pilgrims think if the monk who kept the Rood of Grace, and showed the test of chastity, were known to do such things? She set her servants on the watch, and when the Abbot came again, they had their orders and obeyed them. Seizing the reverend sinner by the neck, they thrust him through the gate, tripped up his heels, and, deaf to all his cries and menaces, chained him in the public stocks. Indignant at this insult to his cloth, the Abbot rode to London and demanded justice from the King. Henry was tender to the Church. An outrage on the person of an Abbot could not be dismissed in silence, and the King, afraid lest the example might be followed in other places, asked his Council to inquire into the truth.

6. Sir Henry, called to answer for his wife, con-

trived, with much dexterity of wit, to turn the thing into a jest. "My lords," he said, with humorous gravity, "the charge is true; my wife is mistress of her house; and if any of your lordships were to vex her, as this Abbot hath done, I verily believe she would put you also in the stocks." What could the Council say, except advise the Abbot to hold his tongue? Warham paid a visit to the abbey, where he found too many proofs of riotous living. On the Abbot promising to mend his ways, to "live precisely," and to get his abbey out of debt, the primate overlooked his fault; "else," said Warham, "he should not live much longer to the hurt of so holy a place, where so many miracles be showed." In future, he left Lady Wyat's abigails alone.

7. Sir Henry had three children, Thomas, Margaret, and Henry. Thomas was the elder son; and since the name was new to the Wyat family, it is likely that Sir Thomas Boleyn was the poet's godfather as well as neighbour and namesake. This lad was worthy of his parents; bright of eye and keen of wit; the handsomest and bravest youth in Kent. Before he went to school he kept a lion's whelp and an Irish greyhound in a kennel, making them his usual playmates in the yard. When he rode out, the whelp and hound lay down beside the gate till he came back, when they would rush to greet him with ungovernable leaps and yells. In time, the lion's whelp grew strong and fierce, and one day flying at his master's shoulder would have torn him to the bone had not the greyhound pulled him off; on which the boy whipt out his sword and

thrust it in the lion's throat. At twelve, he went to Cambridge, where he entered St. John's College, a few weeks after his playmate Anne had gone to France. At fifteen he was Bachelor of Arts, at seventeen Master of Arts. A round of travel into France and Italy completed his education. In Paris it is likely that he saw his childish idol, and in Italy he learnt from Petrarch to adopt a model of ideal excellence, and worship this ideal model with platonic passion in immortal verse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Platonic Love.

1523.

1. WYAT the poet married a good and loyal girl, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, one of his Kentish neighbours. Cobham was great-grandson of Sir John Oldcastle, the "Good Lord Cobham." Wyat and his wife were both at court when Anne came home from Paris. Margaret, the poet's sister, married Sir Antony Lee, of Quordon, in Bucks. A friendly group was formed; the children, now grown up and partly fixed in life, returning to the habits of their earlier days. The poet's wife and sister were the nearest friends of Anne; and Wyat, in his yearning for the laurels of an English Petrarch, chose his old companion Anna, as the subject of his muse.

2. Old English and Italian poets had already set that fashion of adopting an ideal Love, which gave to literature the tribe of Lauras, Leonoras, Annas, Geraldines, and Stellas. Rising in crusading times, when high and distant things were objects of desire, this fashion was renewed with a crusading prince. Geoffrey Rudel, a minstrel in the court of Lion Heart, had fallen in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he sang in radiant lines, yet never saw until the moment of his death. Bertrand de Born

had hymned the virtues and accomplishments of Elinor Plantagenet. Dante had given a higher reach to these poetic flatteries, and crowned his Beatrice with an immortal wreath of verse. Petrarch had followed Dante, with a closer clinging to the minstrel's part. In hope of raising a new crop of poetry in English soil, Wyat resolved to have a Laura of his own, whose grace and virtue he could celebrate in English rhyme. In choosing his poetic Love, a poet had to look at many points. The object of his passion must be high in birth and pure in life—as good in heart as she was soft in speech—and more than all, she must be unattainable as a star in heaven. All these conditions met for the young English poet in his playmate Anne.

3. Besides being good and bright, gentle and loving, Anne stood for him beyond the reach of any passion not of the platonic kind. She was his wife's near friend, his sister's nearer friend. Her brother George was his disciple in the minstrel's art. Her father was his namesake, if not his godfather; and the two families were knit together in the closest bonds of love. The name of Anna tickled his conceit.

“What word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turn'd and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot;
The only causer of my pain;
My love that meeteth with disdain.
Yet is it loved; what will ye more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.”

The course of this platonic wooing was in public; Wyat being a poet of repute from early years; so

that Anna Boleyn soon became a heroine to men and maids. The strain and style, the fashion and the fame, were new in English ears; yet every line addressed by Wyat to his Love was such as minstrel might have written to a female saint. His theme was love; his idol an embodiment of love; yet the platonic fury was so nicely tamed that nothing came from him unfit for maiden eyes to read.

4. The fuel of romantic passion is a rival; for a court of Love requires to have one suitor of more earthly mould. Not long had Wyat's muse to wait. Such inspiration as may lie in jealousy was soon supplied. While Anna's Irish cousin, James, Lord Butler, was pestering her with an unwelcome suit, a palmer in the shape of Henry, Lord Percy, brought to her the offering of his love.

5. An air of romance clung about this Border chief, in whom his ancestor Hotspur seemed to live again. A man of thirty-five, handsome and tall, he looked the soldier from his bonnet to his spur. Percy had seen but little of the court; his father having wished him to marry ere he entered that great world in which, from his position, he must play a leading part. Putting their heads together, Shrewsbury and Northumberland had made a match between their children; settling between them in a secret compact that Lord Percy and Lady Mary Talbot should be man and wife. Northumberland was rich, and Shrewsbury, always mean in what concerned his pocket, wished to get his daughter off his hands, without having to pay the portion usual with a lady of her birth. Shrewsbury had been acting

as Lieutenant-General in the North, and Northumberland was ready to secure a friend at court, where he was one of the suspected peers. But Percy rose against this bargaining for his heart. Northumberland was hot, but Percy was as stiff as he. Time, as Percy knew, would bring the liberty for which he made his stand. And so the time had sped till he became a hostage in the Cardinal's house.

6. Lord Percy's name had so much influence in the Border, that the Government was obliged to name him warden of the Eastern March and Middle March. No one but he could quell the lawless spirits of the Tay and Tweed. While prudence kept him at York Place, Surrey, who had taken Shrewsbury's place, was anxious to see him in the north, where his appearance would have done the King's affairs much good. Surrey had to tell the Border men that Percy was their warden, and that Dacre was no more than Percy's deputy, while he was moving heaven and earth, to have Lord Dacre, as his partizan, appointed to succeed him in his own command. Percy, he had to say, would soon come back, and every man who had to deal with Scotch and Border politics would have gladly seen him in the English camp.

7. In Wolsey's house, Anne Boleyn's name was a familiar word; the Cardinal's plan of forcing her to marry James, Lord Butler, being no secret. The position of a young lady, who dared to stand against the great minister, was one to kindle curiosity in Percy's heart. Percy had a friend in John Melton,

of Aston, county York, a gentleman living in the Wyat circle, and acquainted with Mistress Anne. Befriended by Melton, Percy had easy access to the maid of honour, whom he found not only gay and winsome, but an object of attention to the greatest wits. Love feeds on rivalry, and Percy fell in love. Anne heard his compliments with a yielding ear; for in his name and person there was much to charm a woman's heart. To blood as high and fame as wide as any in the land, his family added that delight in culture which was common to the Boleyns and the Wyats. Percy yearned for her in spirit, while Anne repaid his worship with a kindness that seemed ripening into love.

8. But in the midst of these poetic and romantic doings, Wolsey rushed into the scene, and finding what the minstrel and the palmer were about, upset their pastorals, and drove them in his wrath to the four winds of heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

The Irish Suit.

1523.

1. SURREY was pressing Wolsey to bestow his niece on James, her Irish cousin, as a means of strengthening the King's friends against the Yorkist Geraldines. Since the war with France broke out, François was negotiating with the Irish chiefs, especially with the Desmond branch of the Fitzgeralds, to whom he made an offer of sending over a new White Rose, in Richard de la Pole. Pole was to come with a sufficient force of ships and troops. Kinsale and other harbours were to be surrendered to the French. Pole was to be crowned in Dublin, and Desmond was to have an Irish kingship in the south.

2. Red Piers, whom Surrey thought a good soldier, swore that no one but himself could keep the Geraldines in check. "Sir Piers," said Surrey, "is not only a wise man, and hath a true English heart, but is the man of most experience in the feats of war. . . . I would the Earl of Desmond were of like wisdom and order." Surrey held that the King had only two ways left of dealing with his Irish lands. The country must be either conquered by the sword or governed through the Irish chiefs. The first would take more time and waste more treasure

than the council liked to spend; but if they shrank from conquest, they must be content to govern through the Brehon code. Which Irish chief could they select? Surrey recommended Piers. The Geraldines were nearer to the Pale. The Butler country being Kilkenny, sixty miles of bog and mountain cut them off from Dublin; yet the King was forced to try what could be done with Piers as deputy. Kildare was stronger; but he made no secret of his Yorkist sentiments; and when a new White Rose was threatening a descent on Cork, the council dared not place a Yorkist in the deputy's chair.

3. A legal difficulty barred the way. Red Piers had taken to himself the rank of Ormond, and his right to that distinction was disputed by the heir-at-law. Henry, having never sanctioned this assumption, was unwilling to offend his able envoy at the Spanish Court. Yet the condition of affairs induced him to adopt his lieutenant's hint. "In debating with our Council," he wrote to Surrey, "what personage should be most meet to occupy the room of your deputy, we have remembered Sir Piers Butler, pretending himself to be Earl of Ormond, who, as we be informed, as well by your writing, as otherwise, is now reputed for the best amongst other our obedient subjects of that land." Surrey arranged the matter with Sir Piers before he left Dublin to undertake the Scottish war. Piers was to be his deputy for a little while. The Irish Council were misled into believing that Surrey would soon return. A patent was drawn up, appointing "Sir Piers" to the post of Surrey's deputy, but Henry feared to

send it over, lest the Irish chieftain should refuse a patent in which his title was denied. What was the King to do? His judges sought a way, but the affair was one of law and not of private grace. Henry might make his deputy Earl of Ormond by a new creation; but Piers was eager to secure the ancient honours of his house; his standing in the country, and his power to serve the crown, depending on his being accepted as the lawful heir of the Kilkenny sept. Yet nothing could be done for him so long as Anne refused his son's proposals; and the patent of lord deputy was at length sent out to Dublin in the name of Sir Piers.

4. Piers was full of promise. He would soon settle with Mac More and other Irish captains. A few days would suffice to calm his own district of Kilkenny. In a week he should track out Desmond in the marshes of Munster, and having put an end to the rebellion, he should return to Dublin ere the Easter Term commenced. With one so swift of foot, so sure of aim, it seemed like pedantry to stand on legal points. Under some such quibble of the lawyers, as that Piers held local rank, and might be Earl of Ormond in Ireland, while he was no more than Sir Piers Butler in England, he was sworn of the Council and installed in the Deputy's seat.

5. Though Piers had married a Geraldine, the Geraldines refused to treat him as Earl of Ormond, and in spite of "Mairgread's" spells, his tenants in Kilkenny were persuaded he was not their lawful lord. Kildare was still in London, waiting on the

King, to whom his pleasant manners and his Irish humours made him a welcome guest. That he should work against a rival who had crept into his place, was in the natural course of things. While he was in London, he satisfied every one that in spite of his Yorkist opinions he was one of the pleasantest men alive. Even his opinions sat so lightly on his tongue that he would cast them to the winds for a pretty woman's smile. His conduct seemed as airy as a jest, and few imagined that his days were chiefly spent in plots against the Crown. He won the heart of Lady Elizabeth Grey; a match which introduced him to the innermost circles of the English Court. Yet this fine gentleman, who smiled and danced, and wore point-lace in Catharine's closet, was in constant intercourse with Irish monks and spies, who carried his instructions to the Pale. A word being dropt in hut and bawn, a gang of kernes roved up and down the country, wasting the prosperous lands with fire and sword. When news came back to Westminster, that Ireland was disturbed, Kildare observed with lightsome touch of humour, that those Irish would obey no ruler save a Geraldine.

6. But neither Wolsey nor Surrey was prepared to hand the government of Ireland to this Yorkist chief. Could they not strengthen Piers the Red? His weakness lay in his defects of title and his suits at law. If these defects and suits were once removed, his natural talent, and the King's support, might bear him up. The foremost difficulty lay in reconciling Lady Margaret and her son Lord Boleyn

to his assumption of the Ormond title and his occupancy of the Ormónd lands. No method seemed so sure to overcome this obstacle as a marriage. If James, "pretending to be Lord Butler," were to marry Anne, Lord Boleyn might see his daughter live to be Countess of Ormond, while another peerage, say the barony of Rochford, might be given to him for his son George. If once the youth and maid were man and wife, no question need arise about the Irish lands. Those lands were hardly worth the cost. Some of them had been overrun by the wild Irish for two hundred years past. Kilkenny was a long way off, and royal patents were waste paper in the forests of Mount Brandon and among the marshes of the Barrow and the Suir. A chief like Piers, red-handed, swift of foot, and quick in fight, might have some chance in dealing with the Irish kernes; but how was an English peer like Boleyn to drive them from their huts and haunts? Boleyn might save much money by arranging his affairs with Piers. A light seemed breaking on the Cardinal, when he learned that Lord Percy was sighing at the feet of Anne.

CHAPTER X.

Lord Percy.

1523.

1. WOLSEY was aware of Percy's value in the north, where Surrey, striving with the Border clans, was eagerly expecting his return. The Border men were clamouring for their lord, their Harry Percy, in a strain so loud, that Surrey had to tell them he was quickly coming home. But Wolsey was in angry mood. This man, a hostage in his household, was presuming to disturb his plans!

2. Coming into the gallery, where Cavendish and other gentlemen were in attendance, Wolsey sent for Percy, and opened on him all the vials of his wrath. "I marvel not a little, Percy, of thy peevish folly, that thou would tangle and ensnare thyself with a foolish girl yonder in the court. I mean Anne Boleyn! Dost thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this world? For after the death of thy noble father, thou art most like to inherit and possess one of the most worthiest earldoms of this realm. Therefore it had been most meet and convenient for thee to have sued for the consent of thy father in that behalf; and to have also made the King's Highness privy thereto; requiring therein his princely favour, submitting all thy whole proceeding in all such matters

unto his Highness, who would not only accept thankfully your submission, but would, I assure thee, provide so for your purpose therein, that he would advance you much more nobly, and have matched you according to your estate and honour, whereby ye might have grown so by your wisdom and honourable behaviour into the King's high estimation, that it should have been much to your increase of honour. But now behold what ye have done through your wilfulness. Ye have not only offended your natural father, but also your most gracious sovereign lord; and matched yourself with one, such as neither the King, nor yet your father, will be agreeable with the matter. And hereof I put you out of doubt, that I will send for your father; and at his coming, he shall either break with this unadvised contract, or else disinherit thee for ever. The King's Majesty himself will complain to thy father on thee, and require no less at his hand than I have said."

3. Wolsey explained to Percy, but in dark and general phrases, why the lady he was courting could not be his wife. She was intended for another man. The matter of that other contract, he assured the Border chief, had been long in his hands, and points of public moment hung on his success. It was a thing of state; one in which the King himself was busy; and his Grace had brought the suit by patient labour almost to an end. Some curious light was probably seen in Percy's eyes; for Wolsey added, that the girl was not aware of all that they were doing for her! "Yet hath the King," he said,

“most like a politic and prudent prince, conveyed the matter in such sort, that she, upon the King’s motion, will be right glad and agreeable to the same.”

4. Percy stood still; tears trickling down his cheeks for shame. He waited till the Cardinal had done. He was no boy, as Wolsey called him, but a bronzed and bearded soldier, readier with his claymore than his tongue. The gentlemen who served with him, not one of them his match in birth and age, stood by and heard the Cardinal cover him with scorn. At length he spoke in his defence: “I knew nothing, sir, of the King’s pleasure herein, for whose displeasure I am very sorry. I considered that I was of good years, and thought myself sufficient to provide me of a convenient wife wherever my fancy served me best; not doubting but that my lord, my father, would have been right well persuaded. And though she be a simple maid, having but a knight to her father, yet she is descended of right noble parentage. By her mother’s side she is nigh of the Norfolk blood, and of her father’s side lineally descended of the Earl of Ormond, he being one of the Earl’s heirs-general. Why should I then, sir, be anything scrupulous to match with her, whose estate of descent is equivalent with mine, when I shall be in most dignity? Therefore, I most humbly require your Grace, of your especial favour herein, and also to entreat the King’s most royal Majesty most humbly on my behalf for his princely benevolence in this matter; the which I cannot deny or forsake.”

5. Wolsey had rarely heard such words. It was no easy thing to yield, at any man's request, a share in that bright creature's heart. But Wolsey had no feeling for the lover's pain. "Lo, sirs!" stormed the Cardinal, calling the gentlemen about him to take note of his displeasure; "ye may see what conformity and wisdom are in this wilful boy's head." Then turning to the Border chief, he screamed: "I thought that when thou heardest me declare the King's intended pleasure and travail herein, thou wouldst have relented and wholly submitted thyself, and all thy wilful and unadvised pact, to the King's royal will and prudent pleasure, to be fully disposed and ordered by his Grace's disposition, as his Highness should deem good!" In any other matter, Percy would have bowed his head in silence, since the King could either lodge him in the Tower, like Pole, or murder him by a form of law, like Buckingham. But love is blind to personal risk, and Percy had already dared too much to quail before the Cardinal's frowns.

6. "Sir," replied Percy, "and so I would, but in this matter I have gone so far before so many witnesses, that I know not how to avqid myself nor to discharge my conscience." Wolsey was fit to burst with laughter. "Thinkest thou that the King and I know not what we have to do in as mighty a matter as this? Yes, I warrant thee. Howbeit, I can see in thee no submission to the purpose." Percy, in the full belief that he had gone too far for any one to divide him from his love, proposed to yield, if only the King and Cardinal engaged to free

him from "the mighty burthen" of his pre-contract. "Well, then," said the Cardinal, rising in his anger, "I will send for your father out of the north parts, and he and we shall take such order for the avoiding of thy hasty folly as shall be by the King thought most expedient." Ere he strode away, the Cardinal turned once more and warned the lover: "I charge thee, and, in the King's name, command thee, that thou presume not once to resort into her company, as thou intendest to avoid the King's high indignation!" Saying thus much he passed into his private room.

CHAPTER XI.

Lost Love.

1523.

1. IN answer to a summons which allowed no question of delay, Northumberland took horse and rode to London, hardly knowing whether his head was on his neck or not. By such a call his brother-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, had been brought to his account. On that dark day Northumberland narrowly escaped. He, too, was rich. His parks, his castles, and his manors, were the glory of several counties, and his ruin would raise the fortunes of a dozen peers and councillors. Who would not like to be the lord of Alnwick and Petworth, of Wresil and Cockerells? What man could gaze without envy on the magnificence of a peer who kept two hundred and twenty officers and servants, many of them gentlemen of birth and fortune, in a single house? Northumberland belonged to the declining party of the Queen. Like his lost brother-in-law, Buckingham, he had given offence by his opinions; he was known to be an object of suspicion to the King and Cardinal; and once he had been lodged for safety in the Fleet.

2. Arriving in town, he jumped into his barge, pulled for York Place, and, leaving his servants in the boat, crept meekly up to the great Cardinal's door. Wolsey received him in the open gallery,

though he had the courtesy to wave his officers apart. These gentlemen could see their master and his visitor, and could almost hear the words they spake. The talk was long and grave, but Wolsey, finding at length that Percy and his father were at variance as to Lady Mary Talbot, seemed to rise into a jocund mood.

3. He told Northumberland that Percy must renounce his claim on Anne. Except this heiress of the Ormonds he was free to marry whom he pleased; but Anne was set apart and given away in order to improve the King's affairs. In his own place, Northumberland was fierce and high—the blood of the old fighting Percies boiling in his veins—but in the Cardinal's hands his strength was gone. How could he argue with a man who spake in Cæsar's name? One word by Wolsey to the guard, and he would be dragged into a barge, and carried to the Tower. Not many months were gone, since Wolsey had slain the foremost subject of the Crown. Where Buckingham had fallen, how, except by prompt submission, could he hope to stand? Northumberland showed nothing of his son's high spirit. He was not in love, and he had tasted of the bitterness of Wolsey's wrath. In no long time it was agreed between them that the lovers were to part. Lord Percy was to join his troop, and see no more of Anne. But Wolsey wanted more. Percy, a bold and constant man, had proved his metal in such matters. He had spoken of his contract and his conscience; what he meant by contract was not clear; yet something must have passed between these

lovers in the way of pledge—some form of words, some plight of love, some vow of faith—which, in their ignorance of canon law, might lead them to regard each other as betrothed. A contract was a ticklish thing, as Wolsey knew, which Anne might plead in order to upset his plan of marrying her to the son of Piers. That contract must be cancelled and effaced.

4. In order to undo the mischief, Percy must be wedded to another woman. By his union with another, Anne would be released. Northumberland made no objection. He had always wanted Percy to marry Lady Mary Talbot, and was glad to have the Cardinal's support in carrying out that scheme. Bowing his head, the thing was done. Then Wolsey, radiant with triumph, called his boy to bring in wine; and those who waited in the gallery saw the grey-beards drink a loving cup. "Attend my lord!" cried Wolsey, and the crowd of gentlemen sidled up and bowed him towards the gallery door.

5. Pausing when he reached the door, Northumberland sat down and called his heir. "Son!" he said in bitterness of heart, "thou hast always been a proud, presumptuous, and unthrift waster; and even so hast thou now declared thyself. What joy or solace should I conceive in thee, that thou, without direction and advisement, hast misused thyself? Having no manner of regard for me, thy natural father; ne in especial unto thy sovereign lord, to whom all honest and loyal subjects bear faithful and humble obedience; ne yet to the wealth of thine own estate; but hast so unadvisedly ensured

thyself to her, for whom thou hast purchased thee the King's displeasure, intolerable for any subject to sustain!" The Earl took breath; his son, abashed and hurt, remaining silent; even in that crowd of pages, knights, and serving-men. Not knowing Anne as Percy knew her, Northumberland made no excuses for his son. He saw no further than the King's displeasure. "But that his grace," he added, "of his mere wisdom, doth consider the lightness of thy head, and the wilful qualities of thy person, his indignation were sufficient to cast me, and all my posterity, into utter subversion and dissolution; but he, being my especial and singular good lord and favourable prince, and my Lord Cardinal, my good lord, doth clearly excuse me in thy lewd fact, and hath devised an order to be taken for thee; to whom both thou and I be more bound than we are well able to consider." In fear for Percy as his heir, Northumberland became prophetic. "I pray to God," he said, the chief still standing silent, "that this may be to thee a sufficient monition and warning to use thyself more wittier hereafter; for then I assure thee, if thou dost not amend thy prodigality, thou wilt be the last Earl of our house!" Northumberland could not take the earldom from his son, but he could leave some part of his estate to others, and if Percy would not hearken to his voice, that part should go from him. "Now, masters and good gentlemen," he cried to Wolsey's servants, "it may be your chance hereafter, when I am dead, to see the proofs of these things that I have spoken to my son . . . Yet," he added softly, for he loved

his Hotspur, like a father, "in the mean season, I desire you all to be his friends, and to tell him his fault when he doth amiss." So saying, he bade the gentlemen adieu. Turning his face to Percy, he sighed, "Go thy way: attend upon my lord's grace, your master; and see you do your duty:" saying which he passed along the hall and stept into his barge.

6. Percy was not an easy man to force. He wrote to Melton, urging him to stand by him and to befriend him with his love. The Lord Privy Seal to whom he referred was Marney, the King's comrade, lately created Lord Marney, of Leyr Marney, Essex, and appointed to succeed Ruthal as Lord Privy Seal. Marney was a bitter enemy to the Cardinal.

"Mr. Melton: This shall be to advertise you that Mistress Anne is changed from that place she was at when we three were last together. Wherefore, I pray you that you be no devil's sakke; but, according to the truth, ever justify as ye shall make answer before God; and do not suffer her in my absence to be married to any other man. I must go to my master, wheresoever he be; for the Lord Privy Seal desireth much to speak with me; whom if I should speak with in my master's absence, it would cause me to lose my head; and yet I know myself as true a man to my prince as liveth, whom (as my friends informeth me), the Lord Privy Seal saith, I have offended grievously in my words. No more to you, but to have me commended unto Mistress Anne, and bid her remember her promise; which none can

loose but God only; to whom I shall daily, during my life, with my prayer commend."

7. Yet the Border chief and not the Kentish maiden was the first to yield. The Cardinal forced Lord Percy to accept the hand of Lady Mary. In the way of policy, Lady Mary was a proper consort for a Percy, who would have to reign at Alnwick and Newcastle. Her connexions in the Border lands were strong; her sister, Margaret, being Countess of Cumberland, and her sister Mary, Lady Dacre of Gillesland. Surrey was anxious to promote the match: not more because he wished his niece to marry Butler, than because he saw in Percy's match a means of strengthening the King's party in the Border lands. Fitzjames, the plausible Chief Baron, rode into the north, and gave Northumberland the benefit of his shrewd advice. No promise and no threat was spared. If Percy yielded to the King, a great career lay open to him. Sure of the royal favour, nothing in the way of public offices could be refused him; and a hint was dropped that on his union with Lady Mary he would be appointed to succeed Surrey in his great command. At length he yielded to his fate.

8. Anne was removed from court by Wolsey's orders, so that Percy might not see her more. Surrey, her uncle, was delighted at the Cardinal's success in marrying Percy to another wife; for now the way seemed made for James, Lord Butler, who might urge his suit without fearing to find a rival in her heart. Aware that her separation from the man she loved was due to Wolsey, Anne, being

every inch a woman, made a vow, that if she ever found the means of paying that Cardinal, who made himself so busy in the things which touched her heart, she would repay him in his own hard coin for all the evil he had done.

BOOK THE EIGHTEENTH.

EXILE AND RETURN.

CHAPTER I.

Clement the Seventh.

1524.

1. THE Court of Love being broken up, lady, lover, and minstrel, were dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Percy, after his marriage, early in the year, was sent to join his company at Alnwick Castle. Anne was lodged at Hever, in her lonely chamber by the moat, until her pride should yield, and she would listen, at the Cardinal's instance, to her Irish suitor. Wyat was sent to Italy on public service. Wolsey appeared to be the master of his game.

2. While Anne was fretting out her heart at Hever, her life, as well as that of Catharine, was being shaped by great events elsewhere. Within a year two Popes had died, and Wolsey was yearning for the Papacy, not only as an object of ambition, but a port of refuge. Charles, who had been to Windsor and renewed his false contract with his

cousin Mary, promised him the votes of all his Austrian, Netherland, and Spanish cardinals; but Juan Manuel, now imperial manager in Rome, was taking care that Wolsey's name should not turn up. When Leo died, Manuel garrisoned his palace with imperial troops, and going to each cardinal in turn, attended by his guards, told him how his master wanted him to vote. After many days of balloting, the cardinals had chosen Adrian Florent, a Flemish monk, who took his seat as Emperor's chaplain and as Adrian the Sixth. When Adrian died, Wolsey reminded Charles of promises made to him at Bruges and Windsor, which were afterwards renewed by Charles's ministers—whenever Charles was seeking for the Cardinal's support. But Charles betrayed him, in his usual style; writing a letter to his minister in Rome, recommending him to urge the choice of Wolsey, but ordering his messengers to be detained at Barcelona till the election in Rome was over, and another pontiff was installed!

3. On many grounds the King was anxious to be well with Rome, but chiefly for his daughter's sake. To Rome he looked for the protection of that daughter's rights. No matter who was pope, Henry was forward with his money, his advice, and his support. Swords, caps, and golden roses came to him, as evidence of his fidelity; but Henry wanted something more than roses, caps, and swords from Rome. He wanted a pontifical declaration that a papal bull can set aside the Word of God. Knowing how the Julian bull had been procured, and

finding how that bull was questioned, Henry wished to have the act confirmed, in order that his daughter might be married, and his dynasty might feel secure. To this end he was ready to exalt the papal power, and seat his friend and subject in the Holy Chair. But Charles, aware that when he came to marry, he must take a wife from Lisbon, had the strongest motives for preventing an English cardinal going to the Vatican.

4. Giulio de Medici, a natural son of Giuliano de Medici, was chosen Pope: chosen by consent of many parties, each of whom believed the smooth and artful Florentine a friend. François counted Giulio as a partisan of France. Charles expected him to favour an Imperialist policy. The liberal cardinals supposed that he would patronise liberal learning, like his uncle, Leo the Tenth. Advocates of the old theology imagined he could curb the new attempts to brighten Christian studies by help of classical writings and original texts. All parties seemed to hail in him a champion of the faith. According to the canon law, a bastard could not serve the altar; and this offspring of Antonia the Cittadina (whose family name is still a subject of dispute!) had been introduced into the clerical order as a Knight of Rhodes. But on his uncle, Leo the Tenth, attaining spiritual power, the flaw in blood had been removed, in order that he might receive a cardinal's hat. No one could say that Giuliano de Medici had married Antonia, even in secret; but a man was found to testify that the Magnifico had promised the nameless beauty marriage; and on this

poor lie Leo had sealed a bull removing the impediment of birth.

5. Prior of Capua, Archbishop of Florence, Cardinal de Santa Maria in Dominica, Secretary of State, and finally commander in the field, Giulio had risen with great rapidity in the Church. He made few enemies, and he lost no friends. Every one liked his grave and plausible ways; as much unlike the frivolous style of Leo as the hard demeanour of Adrian. Every one counted on him, for every one had made a bargain with him. Charles regarded him as a chaplain. Late in life, his father had married Filaberta, sister of Louise de Savoy, so that the court of France considered him a near connexion. When this bastard priest, who by the canon could not hold a cure of souls, ascending the pontifical throne, assumed the name of Clement, all parties seemed to think the Christian commonwealth was saved.

6. Yet under Clement, in a reign of less than a dozen years, the Knights of Rhodes were to be received in Italy as fugitives; Rome was to be sacked by a French prince, commanding an Austrian army; the Pope was to be taken prisoner by his spiritual children; Wolsey was to be sacrificed, and the King of England alienated; Germany was to be offended in her dearest sentiment; the northern part of Europe was to be separated from the Church of Rome; and the last phantom of a Christian commonwealth was to disappear!

7. Wolsey was deceived like all the rest. Some chagrin might have been expected in the moment

of defeat, and yet his words of congratulation seemed to be sincere. No one, he told the Pontiff, had more reason to rejoice than he that the election had fallen on Giulio, since he had already received from him so many proofs of his regard. From his piety and wisdom everything was to be hoped, and the affairs of Christendom would be brought into a happier state. His letters to the English ministers in Rome were no less hearty in expression. "For my part," said the Cardinal, "I have in this behalf attained that thing which I have entirely and cordially long desired, having the same person Pope whom I, above all spiritual persons living, have in mine heart most loved and been most affectionate unto." Next to his own success, the Cardinal of York rejoiced to find a man whose weakness he might hope to work on, seated in the Papal chair.

8. Yet no long time elapsed ere Wolsey had his differences with Rome. His powers as Papal legate were the widest ever known, and yet he wished to have these powers enlarged. As Clement put him off with words, his spirit chafed against a man whom he affected to have seated in the holy chair. "To be plain with you," he wrote to Pace, "as one in whom I have my singular trust and confidence, I esteem somewhat more strangeness to be showed unto me than my merits require." Schomberg, Archbishop of Capua, who came to London on the Pope's affairs, assured his holiness that the King and Cardinal of York were in a dangerous mood. Wolsey was talking of a General Council. Something must be done, the Cardinal said. The Church was sick.

Obedience and esteem were dying out. Unless the Pope should change his course, lay princes must proceed against him, in order to save the Church. Amboise never used a bolder tone than this chief minister of faithful England.

CHAPTER II.

Luther.

1524.

I. CLEMENT was deeply hurt. When Wolsey spoke of a General Council, and declared that unless the Pontiff changed, the world would follow Luther into schism, and make an end of Rome for ever, Clement took heart to answer, though with bated breath and down-cast eyes, that Wolsey was forgetting his usual prudence and might live to see the error of his way. The Cardinal's words, he said, were brave; but was it for a pillar of the faith to pull the roof about their heads? Was it for him to menace Rome with a revolt in every province of the Church? Those threats were hardly worthy of so sage a minister; not to suggest that revenge was a forbidden luxury, even if the Pope were clearly in the wrong. Clement had such confidence in Heaven, and in his own conscience, that he should pay no heed to threats. He knew that not the King's majesty only, but his reverend lordship also, were too prudent, out of mere displeasure with himself to offend against God, and ruin a faith in which they had been born. "The Cardinal," he added, "will see how dangerous it might be to suffer this pernicious heresy to infect the realm; which heresy, after throwing off the yoke of priests, would hardly deign to tolerate

that of kings. His most reverend lordship would be one of the first to suffer from the change. Is he so blind to the greatness of his fortune as to risk all? Let him consider these things well; when he has done so, he will doubtless change the bad opinions which he holds about the Pope."

2. A poor monk, born of peasant family, living in an obscure district, serving in a secondary order, seemed to be leading half the world astray; seemed so in official eyes, which looked on men and things from consecrated heights, and rarely saw into the inner life of man. The great and upward movement, which has since been called the Reformation, was not born of Father Martin, monk in the Saxon branch of the Augustines. Long before he hobbled up the Santa Scala on his knees in search of spiritual blessings; long before he heard of Roman priests mocking at the consecrated bread and wine; this movement towards the light of truth and freedom of opinion had commenced. It was the forward progress of the world. This movement had been helped by many schoolmen, who supposed they were defending orthodox opinions. It was noticed in the early Lollards, and was radiant in the work of Wycliffe. It was present in the pulpit of Pierre de Bruys; in the pages of Arnolfo da Brescia; in the cell of Roger Bacon. It was active in the field with Peter Revel; in the castle of Lord Cobham; in the pulpit with John Huss; in the camp of John Ziska; in the class-room of Pico di Mirandola; in the observatory of Abraham Zacuto; in the college of Antonio di Lebrija. The movement had been marked

by many trials; wars in Provence and Calabria; burnings in Seville and Canterbury; persecutions in Rome and Paris. The cause had a thousand martyrs, a million devotees. Yet Father Martin, by his force, his humour, and his earnestness, was well prepared for the office of a torch-bearer in the march; and by the boldness of his step and the audacity of his voice, he called the world to witness that this army was no phantom host. Luther had burnt a papal bull, thrown off his frock, and taken to himself a wife; renouncing with his monkish habits the traditions of a sacerdotal class, and claiming as his natural right the freedom of a citizen and a man.

3. He had to fight for life, and liberty of speech as dear to him as life, with such antagonists as Silvestro da Prierio, general of the Dominicans, and Jakobi Hochstatten, chief of the Inquisition of Cologne. These great officials of the Church were angry that a peasant monk, of the inferior Order of Augustine, should presume to have opinions of his own. They wished to silence him with cord and fire. But Luther, by appealing to the sentiment already active in his class, had gained such power that no one liked to lay a hand on him. "Should he be touched, a hundred thousand of us will defend him with our lives," cried the German burgesses. Cæsar could not silence him. Nothing was left except to meet him, on his own ground, with book and tract. But Luther was no easy enemy to foil. A humour somewhat coarse, a power to hit and parry, an indifference to counter-strokes, made him an antagonist to fear. Erasmus tried a fall with

him; for while Erasmus liked some portion of his writing, a fastidious taste revolted from the rude and massive style in which the preacher carried on his work. Eck, Tetzels, and Cajetan, attacked him both with tongue and pen; but Luther so far got the better of these feeble folk that they combined in a request to have him burnt.

4. No prince appeared so ready to engage as champion of the papal cause against this heretic in the Saxon wilds as Henry. Friedrich of Saxony took him to his heart; and Friedrich of Saxony had placed the imperial crown on Charles's brow. Charles dared not vex a prince to whom he owed so much; yet all the feudal and conservative instincts of society were stirred against a priest who set authority at naught. Such men as Fox and More were moved to frenzy by his words. Even Warham was alarmed. The heretic's works were on the point of being burnt in public, as a scandal, when the primate heard that many persons in Oxford were infected with these heresies. With the help of Wolsey, Fisher, and other prelates, the King brought out his "Defence of the Seven Sacraments;" which he dedicated to the Pope, whose powers he had a "secret cause" for lifting above divine and human laws.

5. The Pope had praised his wit, his clerkly conveyance, and his style. "Well done, well done," said Clement, as he perused the pages; and on laying it aside, he added, "It was such a book as he should hardly have thought his grace, being much employed in other feats, could write, since men who

occupied their time in writing books had not been able to bring forth the like." The honorary title of the Defender of the Faith was formally bestowed on Henry for his book. "Whatever sanction has been given to the works of St. Augustine and St. Jerome by the Holy See shall be given to the King's book," cried the grateful Pope, who liked the book mainly because it was dull in style and common-sense in thought; a book putting the old theological facts in the old scholastic ways; and proving that the German heretic was disposed to set his interpretation of the Scriptures above that of cardinals and popes. Luther read the treatise in a different spirit, and fired his chain-shot in reply. "Indulgence may be felt for men who err in common with other men, but the King, a mere worm, a piece of rottenness, has set himself, in pride of will, and knowing what he is about, to lie against the majesty of God in heaven. A servant of God, I am called to cover him with his own filth and mud, and trample under foot that crowned head which has blasphemed our Lord."

6. Even More was startled by the lengths to which the King had gone. The Kings of Christendom were seeking to depress the papacy, Lautrec, commanding for the French in Milan, had abolished the papal jurisdiction in that duchy, and the Emperor was about to follow suit in Spain. Henry alone was true. "I moved the King's highness," says More, "either to leave out that point or else to touch it more tenderly, for doubt of such things as might hap to fall in question between his high-

ness and some pope." More feared that Henry might not always feel inclined to act on his own principles of submission; but the King refused to change a word; "for which," says More, "his highness showed me a secret cause." By sword and pen, by money, counsel, and support, the King was giving too many proofs of his devotion to the Holy See for Clement to be seriously alarmed by Wolsey's threats.

CHAPTER III.

King and Queen.

1524.

1. PINING as man had seldom pined for heirs, the King was suffering more calamities on his hearth than prince before his time had ever borne. No son of his survived. He hardly knew how often Catharine had miscarried. From his earliest years of married life a curse had seemed to settle on his house. Few members of his family were aware how many children had been born to him. Reginald Pole, whose mother, Margaret of Salisbury, was governess to his daughter, only knew that several of his infants had been hidden out of sight. Such secrecy and silence drove him into fits of musing, till the man was almost mad.

2. In spite of every doubt, and after every death, the King still loved his wife. In their relations with each other, Catharine found no fault in him, and save in the aspersions of her own countrymen no breath of scandal rested on her matron fame. In earlier days, when Catharine brought to him the freshness of her love, the King had been a model youth, a man in virtues and accomplishments not unworthy of the good woman who had called him son. In Wolsey's company, and through Fernando's teaching, he had long been losing that fine grace of heart; having learnt from these bad teachers to

think himself free to laugh at codes, and make his will the measure of his right. Yet even when his temper was most ruffled by the perfidies of Catharine's kinsmen, he had rarely, if he had ever, vented his ill-will on her.

3. He treated her with fondness, even when she was opposing him in things on which his heart seemed set. Never had Kate been lovelier in his eyes and closer to his heart than when he heard her battling in imperious language for her nephew Charles. Those who told the story of her opposing her husband's meeting with the King of France at Ardres, reported that the King, instead of being angry with his wife, seemed glad to find her acting with such spirit. She failed to change his purpose; yet he liked his councillors to see that Kate—his own brave Kate—was every inch a Queen. At every glimpse into the royal circle, Henry is observed in gallant humour with his consort. On occasion of the interview with Charles, Wolsay carried Sauch, the Flemish envoy, to the royal closet, where they found the King and Queen in conversation. "Madam," said Henry, "the Emperor, my brother and your nephew, is coming to visit us." Catharine clasped her hands and raised her eyes. "Thank God!" she cried, "that I shall see his face; the greatest good that I can have on earth." Then, turning to the King, she thanked him also, making him a curtesy, almost to the ground. Henry lifted his bonnet from his head, and, with a stately bow, declared that he would do his part to bring the thing she had so much at heart to pass.

4. Seven years older than the King, a widow with experience of the world, and all the premature sagacity of the South, Catharine had at first a great advantage over Henry in their married state. But time and grief were wearing out her frame. At forty women of the South are old, and Catharine was not only in her fortieth year, but broken in her health.

5. The Princess Mary lived, but Catharine nursed no further hope. No son of hers would reign when she was gone. How deep a sorrow lay in Henry's heart she knew. What dark forebodings clouded and perplexed his people she was also well aware. She could not ease this sorrow and remove these fears. To ride from house to house, from shrine to shrine; to weary Heaven with vows and gifts; to purge and bleed her wasting frame; and now and then, when stung into remembrance of her peril, to explode in passionate speech, was now become the order of her life. Though Henry kept his ancient kindness, they were often parted from each other—partly by her illness, which required a tranquil life and country air, and partly by the weight of public business, which compelled the King to stay in town. Eltham, Amptill, and Fotheringay were her favourite homes.

6. No formal separation of the royal pair took place; yet Henry showed a restless and bewildering sense of insecurity in his married state. Luther denounced his marriage as an act of incest, and Luther was the mouthpiece of princes who disliked his championship of Rome. Too well he knew what

doubts were felt in Spain, yet Clement still withheld his confirmation of the Julian breve. How was the King to deal with such a line of facts? The earth was quaking underneath his feet; and while he guarded Catharine, as of old, he was constrained to ask himself whether such men as Amboise and Warham were right in saying that his union with the Queen was void in law and cursed of God.

7. To whom should he submit his fears? Longland, his confessor—a good preacher and an able man—avoided politics, and attended to his pastoral work. In the privacy of his closet Henry asked this bishop, whether what was said about his marriage was true? Longland was not a canonist, like Warham, but he saw good cause for doubt. Since doubt was fatal to the public peace, Longland suggested that they should see the lawyers, and weigh once more the sacred texts. Before they moved, however, they must seek the primate, and obtain his license to review the Papal act.

8. Henry was much perplexed. The lesson he had learned in youth that princes are allowed to marry by a different rule to ordinary folk, was rooted in his mind. To the astonishment of Pace, a liberal scholar and an upright priest, he broached this doctrine in connexion with his daughter's marriage; alleging that a person of the blood royal could be bound in wedlock by a form of words, and at a time of life, when ordinary men would not be bound. Pace rejoined that such a notion was entirely wrong, and that his doctrine had no

ground in either law or reason. Henry was as much surprised as Pace. But things were changing in the world around him. Every man was judging for himself of the most sacred things. In vain, he had exalted popes, and won his title of Defender of the Faith. In vain, he had prepared himself a refuge from his critics in a papal port. No one, except himself and Catharine, was deceived. Canons which his father had obeyed in fear, were now being questioned by the common herd. In him, a champion of tradition, orthodoxy, and authority, it was unseemly to assert a personal sense of what was right. A Catholic prince, he thought, should seek advice from monks and priests, and if he needed help, should lay his case before the Pope.

9. At once the matter was referred to Warham, on whose license, freely granted, it was laid before the bench of bishops. To the King's surprise, his bishops were, with one exception, of opinion that his marriage was so doubtful that the question should be raised. Fisher of Rochester alone stood out. The Pope, he said, had given his bull; and from a papal patent there was no appeal. Warham was earnest with his brother prelate. A paper having been signed by the two primates, and by all the bishops on the bench, except himself, for Fisher to stand out singly was to raise his voice against the church. Fisher at length gave in so far as to allow the primate to append his signature and seal. Wolsey now took the matter up, and pushed it with his powerful hand. The greatest Hebrew scholar then alive was said to be Richard Wakfeld, pro-

fessor of Hebrew in the university of Oxford; the greatest Roman Canonist was said to be Giovanni Stafileo, Dean of the Rota, Bishop of Sebenico, and Papal Nuncio in France. To Pace was given the delicate task of seeking out, and ascertaining the opinions of, these learned men. Pace took up his residence at Syon, with the Carthusian friars, and from this monastery he directed his inquiries far and wide. At first Wakfeld and Stafileo answered that their views were, on the instant, utterly opposed to Pace and Warham; but they were willing to consult their books, and study the great question opened by so many learned clerks. Study of texts and rules convinced alike the Hebrew scholar and the Roman jurist that their first opinions could not be maintained. Each stated his conclusion frankly; each announced his readiness to publish the opinion he had been compelled to form. Pace thought it well to have these grave authorities near at hand. Wakfeld was asked to bring his books to Syon, where he took up his abode near Pace. Stafileo was invited to come over into England and advise the councillors and canonists how to act. Wakfeld came from Oxford, and Stafileo came from Paris: Clement had not been seated in his chair a year, before his mind was clouded by another aspect of the "secret matter" of the English King. Aforetime, he was asked to sanction and confirm the Italian bull; but he had let the chance of saving Catharine slip away. Now the petitioner asked him to decide the general question whether a pope can set aside the law of God. He knew what answer they ex-

pected him to make. That pontiffs have no power to supersede the word of Scripture was a view supported by the English episcopy, and by the first authority in his courts of law.

CHAPTER IV.

Anne and Marguerite.

1524-25.

1. As Anne would yield to neither King nor Cardinal, Butler pressed his suit on her in vain. Her place at court was lost; but she had books and flowers at Hever, and a spirit not unequal to the highest strain. The girl had need for all her strength, for in these days of persecution by her uncle and the Cardinal, she was very much alone. Her brother was at college, and her father was at court. A great calamity fell on her, in addition to the loss of Percy, the banishment of Wyatt, and the doings of her Irish kin. Norfolk was gone; that good and noble grandfather who might have been her refuge and defence. In Thetford Priory, beside the ashes of her royal aunt, the warrior lay at rest; and her ungracious uncle was the ruling prince at Framlingham and Howard House. To Anne the change was great and sad; for she was now a stranger in her mother's home. ~

2. The new master at Howard House lived on bad terms with nearly all his family, whose principles he had abandoned and betrayed, but he was more annoyed with his sister's family than with any other branch. The Boleyns, he conceived, were doing him many injuries. Anne was thwarting his

great project for creating a loyal party in the Irish Pale. Boleyn was concerned, he fancied, in an intrigue of the closet for depriving him of his favourite house. Some years ago, the victor of Flodden had received a grant of the royal manor of Hunsdon; a stately lodge and noble park, in which Lady Margaret of Richmond used to live. The house stood high and dry, bathed in a wholesome air, and lapped in sheltering woods. Norfolk, having a dozen houses, had lent Hunsdon to his eldest son, and there the acrimonious couple, and their young children, Henry the poet, Thomas and Lady Mary, had passed the winter months for several years. Liking his winter home, the new duke tried to get the grant renewed, but he was unsuccessful in his suit. Henry took his manor back. To make such grants from life to life was bad in policy, as tending to create a vested right; but Norfolk saw in the King's refusal nothing but an act of personal spite. In no long time, his rage was doubled by discovering that Hunsdon had been taken from himself in order to enrich his upstart brother-in-law.

3. His power to persecute his niece was greatly strengthened by his rise in rank. As Duke of Norfolk, he was her family chief, and chiefs of families like that of Howard were little used to opposition on the part of girls and younger sons.

4. But Anne was of a spirit no less lofty than his own. Rather than marry at his bidding, she was ready to quit her country and reside abroad. Archduchess Marguerite, who was then at Mechlin,

invited her to come and stay with her. Marguerite's court was one of the most refined and brilliant in the world, and Marguerite was a staid and pious lady, no less eminent for her talents than her birth. Anne accepted the imperial invitation; but, unwilling to ask the Cardinal's leave to go abroad, she had to leave her home in Kent by stealth. Her father, as an officer in the royal household, could not openly defy the Cardinal; but a Kentish neighbour, Nicolas Boughton, had the courage to accompany her across the Straits, and to present her with a letter from Lord Boleyn in the court of Marguerite. Boleyn reminded the Archduchess of his former visits, and in gratitude for her kindness to his daughter, hinted that he might return. The Queen of wit and song was charmed with Anne.

5. "I have received your letter," the Archduchess wrote in answer to Boleyn, "by the hand of Sire de Boughton, who has brought to me your daughter; a present more than welcome in my sight. I hope to treat her in such a way that you shall be quite satisfied with me. Let there be no other interpreter between us till the day of your return, than she. I find in her so fine a spirit, and so perfect an address, for a lady of her years, that I am more beholden to you for sending her than you can be to me for receiving her."

6. Anne in her strange home was free from the persecution of her uncle and the Cardinal. She was used to foreign food and manners. Perfect in her French, a poetess, a wit, and a musician, she was

certain to adorn the Flemish court. Her heart was now at rest. Except that she was parted from her father, she was nearly as much at home in Mechlin as in Greenwich. Marguerite wished to keep her; and the weary woman seemed disposed to stay abroad, where she would see no more of Percy's face, and hear no more of Butler's suit. Her visit was prolonged, and Marguerite, to place her in the best position, signed a warrant naming Anne Boleyn one of her maids of honour. That act was dated March the first, 1525; on which date, the poetical and persecuted Anne Boleyn seemed lost for ever to the English court.

CHAPTER V.

The Secret Matter.

1525.

1. IF the secret matter were to prosper at the Vatican, what was to become of Mary? Mary was engaged to wed the Emperor; but if the girl were found by Clement to be illegitimate, her engagement with her cousin would not stand. Though Charles had come to England for the ceremony of his betrothal, and had given his "little wife" the bridal kiss, his councillors were known to feel the greatest doubts concerning Mary's birth. Manoel was dead, and John the Third was reigning in his place. Yet while the Lady Excellenta lived at Santa Clara, the court of Lisbon had the upper hand of every ruler in Castille. John's sister, Isabel, was longing to be Empress. "Cæsar or no one," said the Princess to her brother John; and Charles, having an insurrection of the communes in Castille to master, dared not break with John the Third. A league of France and Portugal, supporting the Communes and the Lady Excellenta, might succeed in driving him from Spain.

2. A difference in the age of Charles and Mary was alleged by Spain as a difficulty in carrying out her contract, yet Mary's youth was nothing but a pretext for abandoning the project of a match.

Mary would be of age to marry when the Emperor reached his thirtieth year. The obstacles were in his councils, in his Cortes, in his kingdoms; for, with all his power, Cæsar was not able to undo the evil which his grandmother Isabel had wrought. All sorts of rumours got afloat. One day, it was reported in Toledo that Mary was to wed the Dauphin; another day, she was to wed the King of Scots. But Charles's councillors were ruled by other things; the questions of her birth, of her succession to the throne, of the legitimacy of her children, of a new dynastic war, and of a joint invasion of Castille from France and Portugal. They dared not risk a dubious rite; and, pointing to the Excellenta in her convent, these councillors told their sovereign where he ought to choose a wife.

3. Luther and his colleagues were attacking the principle of papal breves of marriage; asserting, much as Warham had asserted, that a pontiff has no power to set aside the word of God. The Mendicant Friars were passing up and down the country vending the papal breves at market cross and village shrine, which raised in a familiar and ridiculous form the questions under scrutiny of learned priests. Fisher, more popish than the Pope, declared that Clement had a right to grant such breves and bulls. Less violent partizans of the Papacy felt some doubts, and Clement was desired, if he saw good, to stop this sale of breves enabling men and women to marry within the prohibited degrees. Clement complied. A bull was issued on the subject, and a breve was sent to Wolsey, giving him authority to

stop the sale; to call such persons as had married on these breves before him; to admonish them, and separate them from each other. Wolsey was enjoined to publish these documents in every English and Irish see; and he was careful to transmit copies to his high-spoken brother of Rochester, whom no one but the pontiff could induce to stop the circulation of a papal scrip.

4. Henry sought to cover Catharine and himself. Clement was asked to grant them a special act of plenary indulgence; and the Pope, being glad to gratify the King, complied with his request. He also sent a second consecrated rose to his Defender of the Faith.

5. Events in France and Italy were preparing Anne's return and Catharine's fall. Bourbon, who loved his cousin Renée, sister of the Queen, had the misfortune to excite a singular passion in the heart of Louise de Savoy. Louise was old enough to be his mother, but at forty-eight her eyes were opened to the light of love. Bourbon was dark and handsome, with a silent lip and haughty brow, which lent him a mysterious charm. The bravest soldier in a land where every gentleman was brave, he added to his fame as swordsman the repute of a sagacious general. François was jealous of his fame. But François' jealousy was nothing to the fury of Louise. She let the young prince see her love, when Bourbon, in his pride of youth, reproached her with indulging in such follies at her time of life. Louise resolved to ruin him. Bourbon, aware how thoroughly she ruled her son, and having no desire to

lose his head, began to plot against his sovereign's life. He made proposals to the Emperor. Bourbon and his partizans were to rise. François and Louise de Savoy were to be expelled from France, and Bourbon was to have the Emperor's sister, Elinor, widow of the King of Portugal, to wife. The plotters were uncovered ere the plot was ripe. Bourbon fled the country; many of his friends were taken; and the Emperor engaged the fugitives in his service. No men fight so desperately as deserters, and Bourbon was a deserter of no common kind. A great and pious league was formed against the French, in which the Emperor, the King of England, and the Pontiff, were to play the leading parts, with Bourbon as their marshal of the camp. Until the issue of this strife was seen, Charles would not seem to make his choice between his cousin Mary of England and his cousin Isabel of Portugal.

6. Once more the victories and perfidies of Spain amazed the world. François, left without a friend in Christendom, was turning to the Turk, Solyman the Great; but Solyman was far away, and François had the mortification of seeing his armies chased by his vindictive rebel through the Alps. France was at the mercy of the league, and Henry looked to have his share in the success. Charles, his nephew and "son-in-law," had offered to assist him in the duchy of Guienne; but every promise made by Charles was broken to his personal profit and his uncle's loss. Charles threw an army into Bearn, which he annexed, as being a portion of his kingdom of Navarre; but when the English envoys

urged him to attack Bayonne, and open up a road into Guienne, Sauvage, his chancellor, put them off with an excuse. In bitterness of heart these envoys wrote to Wolsey, that so far as they could see, the Emperor had no intention to observe his pledge. It was a bitter truth, but they were bound, they said, to let the King and Cardinal know the truth. In their belief, the Emperor wanted nothing but to use the English forces, as his grandfather had used them, for the acquisition of Navarre.

7. In Rome, where all the secrets of the world were lodged, these acts of Charles excited no surprise. A papal secretary thought the chance of Mary ever coming to the English throne so small as hardly to engage the minds of serious men. Charles, it was known in Rome, would have to wed his cousin Isabel; and then his cousin Mary, whom he called his consort, would be flung aside!

CHAPTER VI.

Henry Fitzroy.

1525.

1. JOHN CLERK was living near the Vatican; openly as a minister of peace; secretly as an agent for the secret affair. Wolsey was veering round towards Paris. If the Julian bull were void in law, he saw no obstacle, other than such as might be raised by Spain, to a divorce of Catharine, and a marriage of the King to Renée. Clerk was an able and a learned man. Henry was fond of him, and sometimes used his pen. A lawyer and divine, Clerk had his own opinion of the things so much disputed in the English Church. He held the view of Warham, that the Papal bull was void. But Wolsey had instructed him in what he was to say and do. The matters were so secret and so delicate that Wolsey dared not put them into words, for fear of the Imperial spies; but Clerk, it was supposed, being popular in the Papal court, would find some means of settling with the Pope before the ministers of Charles were on their guard.

2. Clerk was unable to achieve his object in the Papal court, in consequence of the course events were taking in the field. Though Bourbon's troops had driven the French into the heart of Provence, the battle seemed of dubious issue; since the Im-

perialists, unable to assault Marseilles, were falling back, while François, gathering up new armies with amazing speed, was throwing his forces into the Milanese. Advancing quickly through the duchy, François sent the Duke of Albany forward with a separate force to occupy Naples, and appeared to threaten every part of Italy. Clement seemed free to act, and Henry was an object of his paternal care. But Bourbon's genius fettered him again. The battle of Pavia, where the chivalry of France was slain, and François taken prisoner on the field, threw Rome into the Emperor's power, and henceforth Clement was no other than the victor's chaplain.

3. Wolsey entreated Clement to decide the point submitted to his judgment. If the perils of the times were great, delay would make them worse. He dwelt on his anxiety to serve the Holy See, now menaced on so many sides. He was prepared to spend his substance and to give his blood for Rome, and in return he had a right, he said, to ask his Holiness to lend a patient ear to Clerk. But Clement was no longer master of himself. The Emperor's troops were at his gate; the Emperor's councillors were at his board. Clerk answered Wolsey it was useless to go deeper into "the secret matter," since his Holiness was "hanging in the air." If Clerk should see a chance, he would renew his speech; but for the moment nothing could be done in Rome. Henry's reply was prompt and strange; so prompt that Catharine reeled beneath his blow; so strange that she could hardly comprehend his

drift. When she began to see his meaning, she exploded in a fit of passion so volcanic, that the King was forced to interfere, to drive away her Spanish women, to dismiss the servants of her household, and to put her highness under some restraint.

4. Seven years ago, with Wolsey's knowledge and approval, Henry had formed a brief connexion with a girl named Blount, a daughter of John Blount, one of the yeomen of his guard. Elizabeth Blount, a young and pretty lassie, having a humble place at court, was sometimes cast to play in mummeries and masques. At all times ready to amuse his master, Wolsey had put this girl in Henry's way, and, since the hussy smiled and the yeoman winked, every one appeared to be content. The amour lasted for about a year; and Henry had concealed it from the public sight.

5. Elizabeth bore the King a boy, who, in the absence of another son, had now become the darling of his father's heart. The child was christened Henry. Wolsey stood sponsor at the font. John Blount was dubbed a knight; and when the King grew weary of his mistress, Wolsey married her to his ward. At Goltho Manor, in Wolsey's old diocese of Lincoln, lived a poor demented knight, Sir George Talbois, who, in the opinion of his family, had been an idiot from his birth. A royal commission had been named to see him and report. The man had made a will in favour of the Church; leaving large sums of money to certain monks and priests; but Wolsey, as a member of that commission, had refused to say that he was mad, and that

his will in favour of the monks and priests was void. Wolsey and other priests had got the management of his estates. This idiot had a son, Gilbert, who was still a youth; and Wolsey, as his guardian, had been pleased to give this youth in marriage to Elizabeth Blount.

6. From either natural modesty or feeling for his consort, Henry had kept his son by Elizabeth Blount in decent privacy. The boy was called Harry Fitzroy, and page and abigail knew the secret of his birth, yet he had never been paraded in the public sight, nor had a great establishment been formed for him. But when the news came in from Rome that Clement could do nothing towards enabling Henry to get rid of Catharine and marry Renée, this lad was suddenly brought forward as a prince, invested with a dozen offices and titles, and surrounded by a brilliant court.

7. Harry Fitzroy was six years old when he was overtaken by this royal grace. On Sunday, after the feast of Corpus Domini, he was created Earl of Nottingham; the title, borne by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. On the same day, he was created Duke of Somerset; the title borne by Edmund Tudor, the King's younger brother. By another act, he was created Duke of Richmond; the earldom of which had been borne by the King's father. On the same Sunday, he was made a Knight of the Garter, and assigned pre-eminence over every other peer in England. To connect him still more closely with the blood royal, he was made keeper of the city and castle of Carlisle; an office held by the

heir-apparent in the days of Richard the Second. A few days later, he was named Lord Admiral of England, Wales, and Ireland, of Normandie, Gascoigne, and Aquitaine. What next? Was Harry Fitzroy to be created Prince of Wales?

8. Sheriffs Hutton, a fine estate in Yorkshire, which had fallen to the crown by Norfolk's death, was given to Fitzroy as a residence, with a view to his appointment as Warden-General of the Scottish Marches. This appointment followed in due course. Castles, parks, and manors, in a dozen shires, were granted in support of these high dignities. To glorify the infant duke, Courtney was created Marquis of Exeter; Brandon was created Earl of Lincoln; Roos was created Earl of Rutland. But favour ran beyond the royal circle. Clifford became Earl of Cumberland, Fitzwater became Viscount Egremont, and Boleyn became Viscount Rochford.

CHAPTER VII.

Viscount Rochford.

1525.

1. THIS change of front affected Anne's relations with her friend and mistress, the Archduchess Marguerite. While king and emperor pursued a common object, it was easy for the exile to remain at Mechlin; but the moment they began to part company her presence was an awkward and embarrassing fact. If war should come of their estrangement, it would be impossible for a daughter of Viscount Rochford to reside in any character at Marguerite's court.

2. Boleyn was climbing towards his earldom. Henry Stafford died without male heirs, so that the coronet of Wiltshire was without an owner; but the friends of France had always been repressed by Catharine; and while her empire lasted, few of the more liberal of her husband's servants got their due. But Catharine's reign was coming to an end. If Henry kept her in his court, he treated her no longer as his wife. Her pouts and smiles, her tears and frowns, no longer brought him to her knee. The high and passionate storm was almost spent. When Richmond was advanced, she broke into a violent protest in her daughter's name; but Henry quelled the uproar with a rough and steady hand. Although his consort sulked and stood apart, the

feast and revelry went on; and Catharine had to teach her heart the bitter lesson of submitting to a will she had no further power to guide.

3. With the name of "Arbitrator of Europe," Rochford devoted himself to public business. Henry liked to have him near, and sometimes used his pen as Secretary of State. George also found much favour, for the King, himself a rhymester, was a patron and a judge of song. Besides being named a partner in his father's stewardship at Tunbridge and Penshurst, George was made a gentleman of the privy chamber, and received from Henry's bounty the manor of Grimston, in Norfolk, lately held by Sir Thomas Lovel. Henry taught his gentlemen to marry young, and George was taking to himself a wife, in Jane, a daughter of Lord Morley. Jane was a widow, with a pretty face, a prattling tongue, and an uncertain mind.

4. About the time when he received the viscounty of Rochford as a first instalment of his family claims, Boleyn was freed from the importunate Irish suitor, so that Anne, if driven by a political storm from Mechlin, could return to Hever.

5. "Mairgread Geroit" could do much. According to the legends of Kilkenny she could rule the stars; but all her sorceries were unable to support her husband in the deputy's chair. When Desmond raised the flag of Richard de la Pole in County Cork and the adjoining parts, as he had promised François, Piers, at great expense and with a world of noise, marched rapidly into the Desmond country, where, by "Mairgread's" help, he was detaching

uncles, cousins, and connexions from the rebel, when Desmond's kernes broke into Kilkenny, and began to waste the Ormond lands. This outrage forced the deputy to face about. Marching against these kernes, Piers shut them up in the strong castle of Cahir Doneske, standing on an islet in the river Suir. Two bridges joined this islet to the land, but while Red Piers beleaguered Desmond on the north, the "dirty rascals," as he called them, took advantage of the other bridge to run away. Piers followed in their wake, but only to discover that Kildare was at his tricks again.

6. Kildare had asked the King's permission to return and do him service in the Pale. His manner was so frank, that Henry thought he had become a friend, and on a formal act of reconciliation to Piers being signed, he had been suffered to return. But he was hardly at Kilmainham ere he sent his agents to the uncles, cousins, and connexions of the Geraldines, in all their branches, urging them to stand together, and let their neighbours of the English council know that if they wanted peace in Ireland, they must always have a gentleman of that family in the vice-regal chair.

7. Kildare incited certain chiefs of the O'Briens, by offers of wages, and a gift of horses, silks, and cloth, to rise against the King's deputy. A trap was laid for him. One of the O'Briens came into his camp to ask a parley for their chief; during which parley Desmond was to surprise them in their talk, and both the O'Briens and the Geraldines were to fall on Piers. The deputy repaired to

Camys, the place of meeting, with a slender company. O'Brien, seeing them weak, set on them with a shout, not waiting for the Geraldines to come and share the spoil. To their surprise, the deputy's men stood firm. The bravest man of the O'Briens fell dead; and with a yell of rage, the kernes broke up and ran. Desmond, meeting the fugitives, and hearing that the deputy had a mighty power behind him, halted in his march, and swore that he would go no farther with such allies. But Kildare took heed that the disturbance should not curse. He gave a place called Castle Curry, standing on the border of Kilkenny, to Connor O'Brien, as a fortalice from which his men could scare the Butler sept. He sent his kernes to waste the Faragh of Tullock, one of the Ormond lordships; got M'Morgho, one of his Irish captains, to attack Arklow, one of Piers' castles, and carry off his ward. M'Morgho set fire to a house in which Piers was sleeping, so that the deputy had to sally in his shirt. When Piers complained before the council of this outrage, Kildare answered jauntily that Desmond might have been gained to the King's party by other means, and that the deputy was not a man to preserve the King's authority within the Pale.

8. At last the government interfered and let Kildare resume his place. James Butler still remained in London, waiting for his cousin Anne. Boleyn leased to him the manors of Arklow and Tully Phelim; portions of his Irish property overrun by wild Irish, and not to be recovered in a court of law. He offered James his manor at Carrick

M'Griffin on easy terms. It was a case of getting little or getting nothing. But he could not give his daughter Anne to James, nor yield his claims on the Irish Earldom to Piers. After his elevation to the viscounty of Rochford, he saw less reason than ever to renounce his family rights. Wolsey no longer pressed the Irish marriage, and the maid of honour, freed at length from the pretensions of her Irish suitor, left the court of Marguerite for her father's house; flying before the tempest into what appeared to her a port of peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

Court Life.

1525-26.

1. ROCHFORD had his apartments in the palace, where his duties lay, and where his children and connexions were about him in their several posts. George was a gentleman-in-waiting, and George's wife a lady in attendance on the Queen. Carey, his son-in-law, was in the bed-chamber. Mary, his daughter, had a youngster at her knee; that Henry Carey, who was afterwards Baron Hunsdon, Captain of the Guard, and Lord Chamberlain to his cousin, Queen Elizabeth. Frank Bryan, his sister Margaret's son, a bold and merry lad, was master of the henchmen and first cup-bearer. Save his daughter Anne, the victim of his Irish feuds, all Rochford's children were settled in the world.

2. Carey, a young and supple fellow, stood so high in favour that he was not unlikely to attain that part in Henry's daily life which Marney had enjoyed so long. Marney had been the King's man: his comrade in the saddle, at the butts, and in the hunting-field; the nearest to his ear and closest to his heart. When Marney died, Carey seemed the next of choice. Wolsey's sagacity was at fault in Carey, and the Cardinal failed to win him as a friend. When tossing Buckingham's lands to right

and left, Wolsey overlooked him in the press, though grooms and pages not so near the closet were secured. Three years elapsed before he tasted of the spoil; but when the rain began to fall, it came in floods. About the time of Marney's death, Carey received from his indulgent prince the manors of Stansford Rivers, the two Tracies, Sutton and High Ongar. Henry made him keeper of the great house and park at Wanstead. Yet his hand never tired of giving. Marney's manors were bestowed on Carey; Brickhill, Erringham, and Burton, the borough of Buckingham, and the seignorial rights attached to it, including a power of holding fairs and markets. Carey was now provided with an income to support a peerage; and except his comrade, Henry Norreys, no man in the chamber seemed more likely to obtain that mark of royal grace.

3. This Norreys was a man of men: liked by the King his master, and by every one who had to do with him. A romance in his birth and fortune fixed men's eyes on him, as on a youth in whom two streams of history had met. His father, Sir William Norreys of Foljambe, was the son of Sir Edward Norreys and Frideswide Lovel, one of the co-heiresses of that Viscount Lovel who had lost at Stoke a peerage held by his fathers from the days of Richard the First. Sir William had been a staunch opponent of the cause in which his father-in-law perished. Those unhappy days of strife were gone. The swords of York and Lancaster were crossed in peace above his fireplace, and in little

Harry the White Rose blossomed with the Red. Sir William had been dear to Richmond, and Harry was in turn a favourite with his son. Norreys had lived in France, and picked up many of the graces and accomplishments for which that country was renowned. In Paris he had known Anne Boleyn, and had left that capital with her father, in the splendid embassy sent by François to propose a match between the Dauphin and Princess Mary. On his coming over, Henry had named him Groom of the Stole, and from that moment Harry Norreys had been seldom absent from his master's side.

4. "Mr. Norreys," ran the Court regulations, "is to be placed in the room of Sir William Compton, and give attendance, not only as Groom of the Stole, but in the bed-chamber; no other of the six gentlemen to enter the bed-chamber unless called by the King." Norreys was a younger Compton, just as Carey was a younger Marney. Henry not only made him Keeper of Foljambe Park, an office held by his father, but granted him a dozen manors, parks, and lordships, in as many shires. He had his pensions and his perquisites of many kinds, and Henry deigned to visit him at his country-seat of Yattendon, in Berks. Yet Norreys was no carpet courtier, but a man of metal, worthy of the race of heroes who in after times were to renew the glory of his ancient name.

5. Two of the other six gentlemen of the bed-chamber were Carey and Russell. Sir John Russell was Wyat's early friend. Wyat and his wife's brother, Sir George Brooke, were squires of the

King's body. William Brereton was a groom, and Francis Weston a gentleman of the privy chamber. Most of these men were married, and their wives had places in the palace; one in the wardrobe, another in the closet, a third in the ante-room. A merry set they made. These gentlemen were enjoined to live on friendly terms, and keep the secrets of their office; not to ask in the King's absence whither he was gone, and when he would return; not to gossip about his pastimes, and to let the King know if any one used unseemly language. Henry, with a sense of the ridiculous as keen as Wyat, drew a pen through these pedantic rules. High play was not allowed in the privy chamber, though the King had no objection to either cards or chess, if played at proper seasons and for moderate stakes. No one was to seek his own advancement, nor to tease his lord with people's suits. Such service was no burthen to the lightest head, and what with music, chess, and song, their in-door life sped merrily enough.

6. Men like Wyat, Carey, and Norreys, like to shine in ladies' eyes—not only as proficients with the lyre and tables, but the sword and lance. A tournament was proposed for Christmas-tide, in which Carey and Norreys were to fight on opposite sides. Four ladies of the court (no doubt Anne Boleyn foremost) were to give a castle, called the Castle of Loyalty, into the charge of certain knights, among the rest to Carey, Brooke, and Wyat. Carpenters and engineers prepared that castle of loyalty in the tilting grounds at Greenwich; and the King him-

self, attended by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montagu, Frank Bryan, and Harry Norreys, rode into the lists. Fierce was the fight before that castle gate. The battle opened on the morrow after the feast of St. John the Evangelist, and only ended on the festival of St. John of Matha. "Never was battle of pleasure better fought than this was," writes the chronicler of jousts; and nothing was so busy in men's brains, until the news arrived that François was a prisoner, and that Charles was master of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

Royal Marriages.

1526.

1. DOWN to the moment of his union to his cousin, Isabel of Portugal, Charles affected to be keeping his engagement with his cousin Mary of England. He had taken Mary's money, and received from her the bridal kiss. A gentleman, he affirmed that he would keep his oath; unless the King, his uncle, should desire to see him marry in some other court. As Emperor, he had to think of others more than of himself. The welfare of his states lay near his heart; yet nothing should be either done or undone save as Henry willed. He sorely wanted money, and he hoped the King, his uncle, would increase the dowry; but he seemed to leave his fate in Henry's hands; a trick, as Wolsey saw, to gain his ends without the risk of an unprofitable war. In answer to a hint from Rome about a league with France, the Cardinal required that one of the demands addressed to Charles before a final breach should be, "Will you marry the Princess Mary, with the dowry already paid, or will you not?"

2. Wolsey heard from Sampson, who was gone with Tunstal into Spain, that Charles and John had come to an agreement with each other, and that Isabel would be married to the Emperor when a

Papal bull had been obtained. Yet here was the Treaty of Windsor, binding Charles to wed his cousin Mary, and the dowry stipulated in that treaty had been paid. Henry refused to hear of Mary being abandoned. "Considering that the Emperor is to marry the King's only child," wrote Wolsey, even after hearing that the Portuguese match had been arranged, "it is only reasonable that the King should be better acquainted with his secret intentions than he is." But Charles was not excited by this lofty tone. The battle of Pavia, which freed the English king of Richard de la Pole, who fell among the heap of slain, had given the Kings of France and Navarre into the Emperor's hands. Charles kept a silent tongue, but by his hints he led the King, his uncle, to imagine he was bent on cheating Isabel and John. In striving to penetrate that icy front, Henry told his nephew that his union with Mary would make him "lord and owner of all Christendom." Charles seemed to raise no question beyond that of Mary's custody. He wished to have the girl in Spain, in order that his people might be certain of their future Queen. Though fond of Mary, Henry was ready to consult his nephew's good. He named commissioners to treat for the delivery of his daughter to the Emperor, and Mary sent an emerald ring to her betrothed; saying it was a talisman of love and loyalty, which she desired him to wear for her sake; so that when, in God's own time, they met as groom and bride, she could read in the depth and purity of the stone whether he had been true to her or not.

3. The smooth and silent gentleman took the jewel, drew it on his finger, and inquired about his little spouse. With placid brow he learnt that she read good books, plied a busy needle, and adored his majesty. Had Mary's birth been free from caviel, and the Excellenta in her grave, the Emperor would have had the strongest reasons for preferring Mary to his cousin Isabel; but Spain was eager and excited and the Council of Castille insisted on the match with Portugal. A deputation from the cities waited on his chancellor, and learnt from him that Charles was bound to carry out his treaty with his cousin Mary. But they also learnt that Charles might feel himself assisted to a better notion of his duty by a little money. Charles, the Chancellor said, had pledged his troth, and spent the dowry of his bride. If they would pay his debts, he might be readier to oblige them in return. Yet on the day in which Sauvage used this language in Toledo, his ministers in London were asking the King to make his nephew happy, by sending his daughter out to Spain!

4. Wolsey learnt from Valladolid that every point was settled with the King of Portugal. Charles was to marry Isabel. A Papal bull was needed for his breach of faith with Mary; but to a victorious army, lying at the gates of Rome, the Pope would not be able to refuse a Papal bull. A man was found for Elinor, the widowed Queen. At first, it was the handsome Bourbon, with a kingdom to be torn from France; but since the death of Claude, the pretty widow had been lifting up her eyes to-

wards Paris. Bourbon was a vassal prince, while François was a reigning King. Elinor, already Queen of Portugal, preferred to wear the matrimonial crown of France. As nothing could be left undone which Portugal desired, these offers were being pressed on the prisoner in Madrid, as part of his conditions of release.

5. Marguerite de Valois went to Spain, with some wild hope of fascinating Charles. She was a widow, and a widow's garments gave a pensive tone to her bewitching face. If Charles could only see how beautiful she was, it might be well not only for his captive, but himself. François had been foully used; badly by Bourbon, worse by Charles; and Marguerite, while freeing her brother, had no objection to secure a crown. As every cardinal wished to be Pope, so every princess wished to be Empress; but the young and calculating Cæsar had no eyes for Marguerite; though Marguerite entered into female plots with Elinor, each of whom agreed to help the other in her matrimonial schemes.

6. A secret agent of Louise de Savoy, one Passano, was in London, waiting for events to take a better turn. This man, by birth a Genoese, by trade a grocer, was employed by Louise, partly for his wit and knowledge of the world, and partly for the ease with which a grocer passed from port to port. No one save the Cardinal knew his purpose. On his coming over, Wolsey received him privately at Richmond; asked him several times to dinner; and seemed to have a liking for the man of figs. Being

asked what this Passano was about, Wolsey excused himself from entering on such trifles, adding that he would answer by-and-by. Passano lodged with Father Larke, a prebendary of St. Stephen's, near York Place. The Cardinal was also waiting on events, and when he heard of François' capture, he made a merit of dismissing Passano with much appearance of contempt. Passano soon came back to London, with the unpaid pensions due from France. A change was seen in Wolsey from that moment. Heretofore a public champion of the Holy League and the dismemberment of France, he now became an advocate for the King's release on reasonable terms, for an alliance with the French against the Emperor, and for a closer union of the House of Lancaster with the House of Valois.

7. Charles laid such heavy terms on François, that his prisoner, out of shame, proposed to abdicate his throne. Mary had once been promised to the Dauphin, and when François talked of abdicating, Wolsey renewed that scheme. Louise of Savoy, who was moving heaven and earth in favour of her son, consented to his scheme. The Dauphin, after marrying Mary, was to be proclaimed. Clement knelt in prayer, and Solyman raged in battle, at the instance of Louise; but nothing scared the Emperor's councillors like news of what the Regent and the Cardinal had done.

CHAPTER X.

Wolsey's Plans.

1526.

I. THE terms imposed on France were harsh; for though the King was taken prisoner, not a rood of French territory had been won by the Imperial troops. François signed the articles under a belief that he was not bound in honour to observe a treaty torn from him by force. To Charles he ceded his claims on Naples, Milan, Genoa, and Asti. He agreed to furnish ships and troops when Charles repaired to Italy for his coronation; to repress the Pope, the Doge, the Florentines, and the Ferrarese; to abandon the Duchy of Bourgogne, the County of Charolais, the Lordships of Noyen and Château Chinon, and the Viscounty of Auxonne. To Marguerite he renounced the royalty of France in Flanders and Artois. He was to oppose Albret's efforts to regain his kingdom of Navarre; and cease to aid Le Marck and Gueldres in troubling the Low Countries. He undertook to satisfy Bourbon and the rebels who had followed Bourbon's standards; giving his cousin all the lands and castles he had enjoyed before his flight, and paying him the whole arrears of rent. He promised aid against Solymán. He promised to marry Elinor, and to allow a match between his son, the Dauphin, and Elinor's daugh-

ter, Maria. Thus, one of Manoel's grandsons was to be emperor; another, King of France.

2. Would François keep his pledge to marry Elinor? Wolsey was of opinion that he would not, Clement that he need not, keep that pledge. A plan was shaping itself in Wolsey's mind for bringing France and England into union by a double marriage of the royal houses. Catharine was to be divorced, and driven into a convent, as her cousin, Queen Juana, had been driven. The sisters of St. Clare, "Poor Clares," had several convents in the country; one of high repute near Aldgate, which a countrywoman of her order, Blanche of Navarre, had founded in the reign of Edward the First. As Papal legate, Wolsey had an influence over the religious orders far beyond the power of ordinary bishops; and he hoped that Catharine might be made, by his persuasive tongue and legatine authority, a sister of St. Clare. Catharine being removed, the King might marry either Marguerite or Renée, as the parties should agree, while Mary might be given to either François or his son Orleans. Wolsey would become the councillor of all these princes; and with the French and English armies at his back, what prince on earth could stay his march on Rome? His first step was to sweep the Queen aside.

3. Henry and Catharine were not parting in a huff, and by a sudden start. Since they had learned to love, and in their passion to defy the law, they had been clinging to each other with a straining grasp. Each year that grasp had tightened, and in tightening had relaxed the threads by which they

held. As season after season passed, and their appeal to heaven was answered by domestic woes, the King, in order to protect the woman of his heart, had placed himself in clerical hands, and striven to form a party for his own protection in the Papal council.

4. King and Queen were drifting into separation, like two ships in different currents of the sea. Their personal habits and conditions came in aid of public and political causes. Catharine was growing old and sad. Her friend, Lady Willoughby, had lost her husband; and that lady's daughter, Catharine, as an heiress, had been taken from the widow's side. Maria was alone, and in her misery she left the Barbican and joined the Queen. The Queen was living a proud and joyless life. Except in early days she had never been the King's companion, either in his walks and rides, his hunting parties or his progresses from shire to shire. She took no pains to understand affairs, and only in some hour of mercy, such as that of Evil May-Day, let her action on the court be seen. A woman of the south, she liked to sit and sew, to mumble through her prayers, and dally over packs of cards, while her husband was shooting at the butts, galloping with his dogs a-field, and pounding at his challenger in the ring. As time wore on, their partings grew more frequent and more signal. Henry's strength wore out the strength of others. Compton and Marney, the companions of his youth, were giving place to Norreys and Carey, younger and fleetier men. No man excepting Suffolk could keep his pace. Catharine,

in truth, was left behind, though she remained his Queen, the mother of his daughter, and the partner of his state. Her health was giving way. A girl who had been nursed on the Alhambra slopes, among the oranges and pomegranates, was likely in her fortieth year to find the water-side at Greenwich damp and cold. She suffered from the want of warmth. No English doctors understood her ailments, and her choice in Spain was limited by her prejudice of race. No Jew, no Moor, was welcome in her sight; yet nearly all the medical science in the Peninsula was found amongst the Moors and Jews. A something of her mother and her nephew lived in her. Charles was rooting out the last remains of Moorish life, with all that had been left of art and learning by his gifted and unhappy foes. No skill atoned in Catharine's eyes for lack of faith; nor, in the spirit of a Spanish woman, would she take a physician into her household save on the certificate of her priest. These ailments led her into seeking change of air, together with the rest and solace of a private life. Thus, though she loved her husband with a fierce and jealous temper, she had come to dwell apart from him, even before the Case of Conscience had assumed for her a menacing shape.

5. In spite of his fair words, the Emperor was enraged against the Cardinal. Charles wrote to Henry in a tone of injured innocence, and studied how to punish Wolsey. No event in Italy would have pleased him better than the ruin of his friend in England. They were pushing rivalry and ani-

mosity to a perilous length; for if the Emperor was eager to upset the Cardinal of York, the Cardinal of York was plotting with Louise of Savoy's agent to dissolve Catharine's marriage and deprive the Emperor of his crown. Few secrets of diplomacy were hidden from the Cardinal's sight; and Charles was startled by intelligence from London, that his ambassador, De Praet, was in custody, and that the Cardinal was insisting on his punishment. The Archduchess tried to save De Praet from worse disgrace; and Wolsey burnt the Treaty of Windsor with as much delight as he had ever felt in burning Lutheran tracts. Articles were signed with France, binding the two Kings to take a common course, and paving a way for an alliance of the royal families as well as of the crowns.

6. Clement had sent Gregorio da Casale with the utmost secrecy to London, armed with letters for the King and Cardinal, which he was not to place in any other hands than theirs, and only then with a request that no one should as yet be privy to their contents, saving only Girolamo Ghinucchi, Auditor of the Papal Court. Ghinucchi, a kinsman of the Pope, from whom he had received the bishopric of Worcester, was a man with the Italian art of making himself acceptable to kings and cardinals. Wolsey pushed his schemes so openly that English envoys passing through France were asked by people in the streets about the health of Madame la Dauphine. But he was no less eager for the match of Henry with either Marguerite of Valois or Madame Renée.

7. Cheyne, a kinsman of Rochford, went to Paris, where the King received him in a lively mood. "Sir, I like your coming; yea, a good deal more than when you came to see me last. My brother has begun that with me which I had meant to begin with him." When Cheyne read his credentials, François embraced him heartily. "Come to me when you like," he said; "my chamber will be always open to you." As the English gentleman hung a little back, François sent to ask why he had not used his room. "If any one had a right," said François, "to have treated me harshly, it was the King of England; yet he proved my best friend." He told Cheyne openly that he would never keep the Treaty of Madrid. "No faith," he added, "can be held with Spaniards. They have taken hostages for the cession of Bourgogne, but if I were to give up the province they would still detain my hostages. The Pope and all Italians are afraid of Charles, and for himself I wish the whole lot of them at the devil." Louise was no less hearty in her smoother way, and Marguerite de Valois smiled on Cheyne in her widow's weeds. Every one seemed to welcome Wolsey's change of plan.

8. A new confederation, called the Clementine League, was formed; the purposes of which were to destroy the Emperor, to remove his aunt Catharine, and place a French princess on the English throne. Wolsey's minister in Spain reported that the Emperor was very pensive, fearing that the King, his uncle, would desert him, and the more so if he paid his debts. The Spaniards seemed uneasy, and in-

stead of punishing the Cardinal, were disposed to pay the long arrears of pensions due to him. Passano, who had been created Sire de Vaux for his success, returned to London as the French ambassador. Hints were dropt that François and the King should have a meeting, but without the cost and fuss of Ardres and Guisnes; a simple meeting, as between two friends and neighbours. François proposed that every detail of the business contemplated in the Clementine League should be settled first, in order that they might be merry, and enjoy each other's company when they met. Catharine was to be divorced and made a sister of St. Clare; and either Marguerite or Renée was to be the English Queen.

BOOK THE NINETEENTH.

A ROYAL SUIT.

CHAPTER I.

Mistress Anne.

1526.

1. WOLSEY was preparing for a meeting of the two Kings, when an incident occurred of which he took no note; the meeting of a gentleman and a lady in a garden; though this incident was to fire the passion of his life. The scene was Hever, in the Weald of Kent; a quaint and formal garden, with a moat, a drawbridge, an embattled gateway, and a brace of flanking towers. Viscount Rochford and his daughter were at home; the lady, plain of face and in her twenty-sixth year, but with the freshness of her youth and spirit lighting up a pair of fitful, fawn-like eyes. The King was visiting his Treasurer of the Household, as he visited all his officers and comrades in their turn; and in the quaint old garden by the moat he met the young lady who for several years had caused him so much trouble by her love affairs.

2. Henry was taken by a word and smile. A

face so innocently arch, a wit so rapid and so bright, a mien so modest yet so gay, were new to him. The King was tiring of such beauties as Elizabeth Blount; mere lumps of rosy flesh, without the sparkle of a living soul. Less than an hour he moved among the flowers by that quaint garden round the moat, but as the minutes slipped away, his heart was lost. He fell so swiftly and completely that the outside world imagined he was won by magic arts.

3. On his return to Whitehall, Henry spoke of Anne Boleyn, not as of a lovely woman, but as one who had the "soul of an angel." "I have talked," cried Henry, in the fervour of a lover, "with a young lady who has the soul of an angel, and a spirit worthy of a crown." Wolsey, full of his schemes for saving Christendom by an alliance with the House of Valois, was impatient of such raptures. "Methinks it were enough," he sneered, "if she is worthy of your love." Henry rejoined that she was not to be induced that way. "I fear this angelic soul will never stoop to ordinary clay." "Great princes," laughed the Cardinal, "have means of softening hearts of steel." Henry was not without some means of judging whether she would yield. He had been trying for six years past to force her on the son of Piers the Red; but he had lost that purity of heart which at an earlier season would have shrunk from Wolsey's hints. One day he tried his fortune in a coarse and easy way, by offering Anne a costly jewel and a worthless compliment. "I think, most noble King," said Anne, "your Majesty speaks these words in mirth to prove me, but without intent of degrad-

ing your princely self. To ease you of the labour of asking me any such question hereafter, I beseech your Highness most earnestly to desist, and to take this my answer—which I speak from the depth of my soul—in good part. Most noble King, I would rather lose my life than my honesty, which will be the greatest and best part of the dowry I shall have to bring my husband.”

4. “Well, Madame,” said the King, in something of a lover’s pique, “I shall live in hope.” Anne flushed with sudden ire. “I understand you not, nor how you can retain such hope. Your wife I cannot be, both in respect of my unworthiness, and also because you have a Queen. Your mistress I will never be!” A soul so brave and pure appeared to Henry worthy of a throne. Why should a King not choose his wife for love? His mother—good and lovely Queen Elizabeth—was the daughter of a private gentlewoman. Her blood was in his veins, yet the Plantagenet current ran as high as ever. Not inferior in descent and talent to a Woodville was the maid at Hever Castle. Wolsey might oppose him, for the Cardinal wanted him to marry a political consort. Henry hardly knew his mind; how true the woman was; or how far he might go to gain her heart. His fancy had been touched by a mysterious spirit, and after his repulse he never dreamt, in all the years through which he was to wait her answer, of renewing his unhallowed suit. Expecting every day to hear that his affairs were ended, he supposed he might be free in form, as Wolsey told him he was free in law, to enter on

another tie. That freedom was his own to use. If he could marry Renée, he could marry Anne. And why, in such a matter, should he not consult the fancy of his eye, the feeling of his heart?

5. Henry at thirty-five was still a young man in the flower of life; tall, fair, and supple, with a roundness in his face and figure that relieved his height. All foreigners, Italians most of all, were struck by his personal beauty. "Henry," said Conaro the Venetian, "has a very handsome face, a nobly moulded figure. He is learned, grave, and wise, and is endowed with every fine accomplishment." These words were not for Henry's eye. A little later, Surian described him as "looking very grand and very handsome." No man in his court had such a presence. Moriano, six years later, goes still further in his praise. "As the ambassadors were speaking, I had nothing else to do than sit and feast my eyes on the King's physical beauty. Never in my days have I seen so fine a face; I will not say in princes, who are few in number, but in any class and kind of men. Never have I seen a man so handsome, elegant, and well proportioned, as this English King. Tall, agile, strong, with flesh all pink and white, graceful in his mien and in his walk, it seems to me that Nature, in creating such a prince, has done her utmost to present a model of manly beauty to these modern days."

6. To charms of person, which are never wholly lost on female eyes, were added many gifts of mind. Foremost amongst these gifts were his taste as a poet and his talent as a musician—things in which

Anne Boleyn had herself attained a high degree of excellence. Henry composed as well as played, and many of his happiest hours were spent with clavicorde and lute. His skill in music drew all lovers of the art to him, and every one who rose to fame desired to play before so fine a judge. Not many weeks had passed since Zuan da Leze, an accomplished organist, had come from Venice with a wonderful instrument, hoping to achieve his fortune. Henry heard him play, and tossed him twenty nobles, on which Da Leze, who had been expecting an appointment in the household, hung himself in a fit of wounded pride. As poetess and musician, Anne lay open to these intellectual spells.

7. She kept her royal suitor at a distance, not so much because she thought him another woman's husband, as because her heart was not yet freed from the remembrance of her lover. Not her father only, but the oldest and the wisest men about her—Warham and Wyat—held that Catharine was, in law and fact, the dowager Princess of Wales. The woman might be pitied, but her rank as Queen was tacitly denied. Like all her kindred, Anne believed the King was free. Reports of his approaching nuptials with Madame Renée were afloat. Such rumours caused Anne Boleyn no surprise; for she had heard such things discussed at Hever Castle and Howard House, as long ago as she could recollect any talk of men. If Henry turned his eyes from Madame Renée towards an English lady, he might do so free from blame. But Percy's image was not yet effaced, nor was her anger at their

separation spent. Her uncle and the Cardinal were still her enemies. Yet Henry, being a King, could not be driven away from Hever, like an ordinary man. He took advantage of his rank to keep her in his sight. At length he got from her a ring, and pressing it on his little finger said he would always wear it for her sake.

CHAPTER II.

May-day Dream.

1526.

1. A SECOND Court of Love was formed, though with a more imposing figure in the palmer's part. Percy was gone, with much repining, to his noble bride. Shrewsbury was cheating him about the lady's portion, and the bride and groom were sickening on their splendid hearth. Percy could not forget his love, nor Lady Mary that a rival owned his heart. Linked in a marriage without love, a man of many talents, and a woman of many virtues, were driving each other crazy with their mutual spite. Percy and his consort knew they had been sacrificed by Wolsey; and in the crowds who watched the Cardinal hastening to his fall, no eyes were glittering with a fiercer hate than those of Percy and his miserable wife. The Border chief was gone away—the majesty of England bore his palmer staff.

2. A greater and a lesser minstrel sang the lady's charms—her playmate Wyatt and her brother George. Rivalry, so needful to the course of a poetic passion, set the muse of Wyatt on her wing. The troubadour is slighted in his heart. The bard who loves so well and serves so faithfully:

“And dearly have I held also
The glory of thy name,”

is forgotten in the face of this new suitor for her smiles:—

“Broken now are her behests,
And pleasant looks she gave.”

The minstrel pines in thought, yet casts no blame on the dear object of his verse:—

“I have no wrong where I can claim no right.”

The very poverty of his pretension, as against this splendid rival, is paraded as a cause of his platonic woes:—

“I am all comfortless,
Since I of blame no cause can well express.”

The palmer has her time, her word, her smile, her pity; while the bard, who has been true to her so long, is left unnoticed in the crowd:—

“I see that chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to live in pain;
And to another given the fee,
Of all my loss to have the gain.”

Song, sonnet, ode, and roundel, bear the burthen of this lofty and poetic strain.

3. The tone throughout is grave and pure:

“I may not sigh in sorrow deep
Nor wail the want of love,
Nor I may neither crouch nor creep
Where it doth not behove.
But I of force must needs forsake
My faith so fondly set;
And from henceforth must undertake
Such folly to forget.”

The minstrel tries, and tries in vain, to oust the idol from her seat. She will not be dethroned, and cannot be replaced. At length, he yields his spirit to the golden chain; for even though another has obtained her heart, he will remain her servant to the end:

“Though for goodwill, I find but hate
And cruelty my life to waste;
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last;
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.”

The sentiment breathing through all the minstrel's songs and sonnets is that of resignation to his fate.

4. Was the palmer growing jealous of a minstrel so discreet? The palmer was a minstrel also; and a minstrel yearning for poetic fame. He too, had written songs and sonnets. He was dreaming of a tragedy, in which his songs and sonnets might be introduced. The spirit of his verse was neither lofty nor etherial, and the younger critics of the court were apt to smile at his pretensions to the poet's crown.

5. Wyat, the minstrel, had many claims on Henry, other than those which grew out of his piping in a Court of Love. His father's service had been faithful, and his own deserts were high. Henry was fond of his society, and spent so much time in his chamber, that Wyat's room became, in popular phrase, a pathway into royal favour. When a man obtained a grant, an office, a preferment, it was commonly said, “He has been in Wyat's closet.”

6. Russell, one of the six gentlemen of the bed-chamber, had been abroad some time; chiefly in Italy, waiting near the camp of Bourbon, and watching the great drama in the Milanese. On Wolsey's change of policy, much going to and fro of men was needed; for a league of priests and princes, dukes and kings, had to be formed, in which a hundred jarring enmities and interests were to be combined. Wyat was sent abroad, but ere the year was out he was again at court.

7. Wolsey was too busy with his schemes to take much notice of a May-day game, that seemed to him no more important than the usual masques. He thought the King dishonest in his suit to Anne, and he had no objection to dishonest love. A graceless priest, he took so little care to hide his shame, that everybody knew Tom Winter as his son. This lad was now at school in France, where he was lodged in princely style, and visited by the greatest people for his father's sake. "Every one praises him," wrote Russell to the Cardinal, "both for his own deserts, and for your Grace's sake. He lives here openly, and many worshipful men resort to him, French as well as English." Wolsey put his son into the church, and heaped on him the livings of a dozen parish priests. The lad was Rector of Rugby and Ipswich; Prebendary of Lutton, Strensall, Bedwin, Beverly, Lincoln, and Southwell; Archdeacon of York and Richmond; Chancellor of Salisbury; Provost of Beverley; and Dean of Wells. So shameless an abuse of patronage had not been seen since Morton's days; but Wolsey was not satisfied with

two rectories, six prebendary stalls, two archdeaconries, a chancellorship, a provostship, and a deanery, for his bastard son. Henry had promised him a bishopric for the lad, and Wolsey kept his eye on that of Durham, as the richest see in England, with the greatest house in London. Had the Cardinal been chosen pope, Tom Winter might have worn a cardinal's hat.

8. A man so shameless as Wolsey was not likely to reprove his master, while he thought that master meant no good. That Henry liked Anne's company, and that he sought her out in every place, were clear to Wolsey's eyes. The Cardinal looked on, as he had done with Mistress Blount; encouraging his sovereign's fancy, and providing feasts and dances, where the King might meet his lady, and enjoy the fantasies of his love. York Place grew gay with light and music. Henry came in cloak and mask; going in and out among the dancers; chatting for an instant here and there; but nestling down before the same bright eyes and merry tongue. The world took notice of the pair; one bold and loud, the other soft and shy; but no one fancied, even on a May-day, that the impetuous suitor of Anne Boleyn would be satisfied to wait for her bright eyes through seven long years!

CHAPTER III.

York Place.

1527.

1. THE New Year revels at York Place ran high, and Wolsey gave a supper which has taken an immortal place on Shakespeare's page. The Queen and Lady Willoughby were absent, for the Cardinal meant the night as one of love and merriment. But all the ministers of foreign states—the Papal nuncio, the French ambassador, the Venetian envoy, with the greatest peers and brightest dames in England—supped and danced beneath the Cardinal's roof that night. To every guest a lovely damsel was assigned. When all were seated at the board, the King led in a band of masquers, and having bowed to the Cardinal, and thrown a cast of dice, took off his disguise, and went into a cabinet to sup.

2. Italians, used to every luxury of earth, declared that they had never seen such fruit, and never drank such wine before. A comedy by Plautus followed supper, after which came verse and compliment, and then more wine and sweets were handed round. A masque was played. Venus and six attendant nymphs were seen in front. Three boys drew in a Cupid on a car of love, to which were fastened six old palmers, dressed in silver cloth, whom Cupid presented to the goddess as faithful swains who wore their souls away in sighs. Venus turned to

her attendants, and commanded them to soothe these palmers and requite them for their love. A blare of horns struck up, the nymphs advanced, the palmers seized their hands, and all the figures twirled a merry dance. The King and his companions rose, and taking each the lady of his fancy, kept the revelry alive till daylight broke. "I went home sated with the revel," wrote Spinelli to the Doge; and Wolsey hoped that after such a night the King would drop his fancies, turn from courts of Love, and seek a second wife in France.

3. "Sated with the revel," says Spinelli quaintly, "I am writing a public letter to the Signory, to be given to Sir John Russell, now on the eve of his departure for France, on his way to the Pope." While young and old were feasting at York Place that night, Wolsey was busy with his schemes, now quickened by the latest news from Italy and France. Keen wits were needed in both countries if a league was to be formed and an alliance carried out. Rochford was named for Paris, Russell for Rome; and the affairs of Rome being urgent, Russell was required to start at once. Wyatt was to go with Russell, and in the depth of winter the adventurers set out.

4. The Pontiff was insulted in his palace, and the temple of St. Peter was profaned. Ugo de Moncada, the Imperialist commander, who combined the office of a Prior with the instinct of a bandit, whispered to Pompeo Colonna, an implacable enemy of the Pope, that his master, the Emperor, had resolved to ruin Clement, and depose him from the holy chair.

Moncada urged Colonna to be quick in seizing on such portions of the papal spoil as suited him. Acting on this hint, Colonna, after throwing the Pontiff off his guard by signing a false truce and making a false start for Naples, suddenly returned to Rome and filled the streets with his Italian troops. The cardinals hurried to the Vatican in search of Clement: catching in their wake the tramp of men, who crossed the Ponte Sisto, crushed the gates of San Spirito, and defiled in front of the basilica of the Catholic world. Clement and his cardinals hastened by the covered passage to St. Angelo, while Colonna's soldiers broke into St. Peter's and the Vatican, where they laid their impious hands on pyx and cross, on cup and candle-stick, on lamp and relic. What the men could carry off they stole; what they could not carry off they spoiled. Nothing was spared; and Catholics in every part of Europe heard with horror that Colonna's troops had trampled under foot the consecrated host.

5. Moncada, on pretence of coming to the Pope's assistance, gained admission to the Castle of St. Angelo; and on finding that the fortress had no store of food and ammunition, he compelled the Pontiff to accept humiliating terms of truce. Clement was obliged to desert his allies; to withdraw his troops below the Tiber; to abandon Genoa to her enemies; and withdraw his countenance from the League.

6. Moncada's insult to the Pontiff led to more confidential talk between the courts of France and England. François raised no objection to Mary's person, but his cabinet said her birth was subject to

canonical doubts. "Your Highness has good cause to trust the king," said Clerk to François, "since he is ready to give you his daughter, the jewel of his kingdom, and the pearl of the world, esteemed by him more than anything on earth." "Well," cried François, "on the faith of a gentleman, I had a mind to marry her before I went to Italy." "At what, sir, do you stick then?" asked the English bishop: "it standeth only with yourself that it is not performed, for she is offered to you under those conditions that you cannot wish them better; and she is, besides, of that beauty and virtue——" "Stay!" exclaimed the King, "I pray you speak no more. I know well enough her education, her form and fashion, her beauty and virtue, and what father and mother she cometh of, and how expedient and necessary it is for me and for my realm that I shall marry her." Louise of Savoy held a similar language. She told the bishop that her son's mind had long "been clearly fixed" on marrying the King's daughter, "as the thing most profitable to his realm." Acute observers thought the King of France would end by marrying Mary. Rosso wrote from Paris to the Signory, "He will wed the King of England's daughter, and is sending two ambassadors to conclude the match."

7. Henry was deeply moved by what had taken place in Rome; the more so as events were throwing the Pontiff more completely under Charles's feet. Clement, if left alone, seemed willing to do right. The Emperor was pressing him to cite the King and Queen of England to appear in Rome; but Clement

told him such a thing could not be done, unless the Queen made oath that justice was denied her in the English courts. On hearing of the Pope's distress, Henry sent money, and the cardinals in Rome were loud in their appreciation of his gift. Russell and Wyat took out no less than thirty thousand ducats in English gold; and they had orders to obtain and add to this amount the tribute due from France. Henry was more than popular with the Roman priests and cardinals. He was their prince, their pillar, their defence. Cardinal Campeggio wrote to say the Pontiff was expressing his sense of the King's bounty in full conclave, calling him a true Defender of the Faith. Wolsey, wishing to take advantage of this leaning in the Pope to push the secret matter and the French marriage, dropt a hint that England could not join the French league until the match had been arranged. This match required the Pope's assistance. Mary and Charles were pledged, according to the canon law; Elinor and François were pledged according to the canon law; and those whom God had sealed could be separated only by the Pope. Two bulls were therefore wanted from the Vatican. Yet underneath these open topics, and of nearer moment to the Cardinal, since his master was beginning to suspect him of lukewarmness, lay the "secret matter" of the King.

CHAPTER IV.

Sack of Rome.

1527.

1. SPURRING from London as the Cardinal's guests were reeling home, Russell and Wyat crossed the Straits, and got to Paris on the tenth of January. François was hunting, and the envoys were detained. Rosso learnt that they were carrying thirty thousand ducats to the Pope; that they were charged to make him promises of support; that they were going to Lannoi, Viceroy of Naples, and warn him not to raise his hand against the Holy See. Five days they spent at Poissy and St. Germain, waiting for the King and talking with Louise. The envoys, wishing to go forward, hinted to the King that it was time for him to give up hunting swine: without being able to procure the French arrears, they leaped into the saddle, rode to Lyons, and ascending by the Rhone, arrived at Chambéry, where they found Duke Charles of Savoy, half-brother of Louise. Charles offered them his service; but he told them the roads were bad, the passes of Mont Cenis deep in snow. The Alpine towns were much disturbed, and gangs of ruffians lurked among the rocks. To get the thirty thousand English ducats safely through the Alps would be no easy job.

2. An embassy from the King of England, mov-

ing with a train of mules and lancers, would be sure to draw attention. What protection could a Duke of Savoy, living at Chambery, give them in such Alpine gorges as St. Michel and Molaret? Listening to good advice, Russell and Wyat resolved to leave their servants at Chambery, and taking a single herald in their company, go up the snowy wastes alone. Outside the city gates they met a horseman spurring in with news from Milan. "Push on fast!" he cried to them; "the enemy is seizing all the roads; in a few days no one will be allowed to pass." Plunging into the snow, the horsemen clomb the mountain, crossed the summit, dropped into Turin, and reached Savona on the twenty-eighth. Here they found Count Pedro de Navarre, who had deserted Charles and taken service with the King of France. His galleys being at sea, they had to lose some days in waiting their return; yet early in February they got away, and making for Civita Vecchia, landed on the fourth. No horses could be hired in the old papal port, and after waiting thirty hours they started on two wretched nags, attended by some footmen armed with guns. Near Castel di Guido they were met by Papal officers, bringing two good Arab horses from the Pope's own stables. Russell mounted one, Wyat the other, and on the backs of these good steeds they entered Rome.

3. Seldom have men such welcome as they found. The Pope desired to lodge them in his palace. Clement, receiving them early on the morrow of their coming, told them the King's gift

pleased him more than seven times thirty thousand ducats would have done from any other prince. Rome was unbounded in her thanks. "I cannot tell you," wrote Campeggio to Wolsey, "with how much delight the College of Cardinals heard from the holy father that the King had sent an envoy with a great sum of money, and with orders to denounce war against Bourbon and Lannoi, unless they quit the territories of the Church. The cardinals are of one mind in declaring that the King is the blessing of God, the patron of Italian freedom, and the true Defender of the Faith." Russell and Wyatt told the Pope that their master wished to have his sanction for a family alliance with France. The "secret matter" ought to be decided soon, but the affair of François could not wait an hour. Clement was willing to promote the match; for every one in Rome appeared to look on that alliance as the only means of holding the Imperialists in check. Some minor English matters occupied the college: a breve for Wolsey's son to hold the deanery of Wells and other livings; corrected breves for the suppression of various priories and convents: all of which were to be got on asking from the grateful Pope: but the affair of moment to all parties was the Union of François with the Princess Mary. Much debate occurred; but in the end a scheme was framed that seemed to satisfy all parties in the Church. François was to marry Mary, Bourbon was to marry Elinor. These marriages appeared to promise peace, and Clement bade his nuncio in Paris spare no pains in carrying out a plan so advantageous for the Church.

4. Lannoi was hanging over Rome with an army which the Pope had reason to believe was animated by a bad spirit. Russell employed strong language in the way of warning, and Clement implored him to go and see the Viceroy in his camp. Lannoi replied that he was anxious to oblige the English King and offered to arrange a separate peace. Another minister was also busy in this matter of a separate peace—a Spanish friar, Francisco Quiñones, General of the Order of St. Francis. Clement, who varied in opinion day by day, as either good or bad news reached him, felt inclined to treat with Lannoi; but Russell told him it was not the King's wish that he should make a separate peace. Quiñones pressed his point, supported by the Archbishop of Capua and other partizans of Charles. Then Clement turned to Russell. Rome was afraid of a renewal of Moncada's violence. What could the Pontiff do? The French were far away, and paid their money slowly. Four or five months' arrears were due, and François, deaf to Russell's hints, was still engaged in hunting deer and swine. Urbino, commanding the Venetian forces, had no love for him. Unless his allies moved in earnest, Clement saw no safety for himself, except in listening to Quiñones and the brethren of his Order, who desired to have a separate peace.

5. Russell and Wyatt offered to start for Venice, where they might see the French ambassador and the Doge, if Clement would agree to wait for their return before accepting Lannoi's terms. Clement agreed, and they set out. In riding up the moun-

tains, Russell had a fall, and being hurt in the leg was put to bed at Narni, in the Appennines. Wyat pushed on alone. Arriving in Venice, Wyat sought an audience of the Doge, Gritti, who read his articles and showed them to Bellay, the French ambassador. Bellay, seeing that if his business was to prosper he must work more actively with the Italian dukes, proposed to cross the country to Ferrara, and try if he could get Alfonso da Este to join the league. Alfonso was a soldier, and his territories lay between the hostile camps. Casale offered to go with Bellay; for the Duke was proud of speech, and having a grudge against the Pope, was likely to be stiff. Wyat returned in company of Bellay and Casale to the ducal court.

6. When he had seen the city of Ferrara, Wyat obtained a passport from the Duke, and talking of a ride through Florence back to Rome, set out in a wild scamper round the district, hoping to see a little of the war. Too soon he found himself a captive in the hands of Bourbon's troops, who cared no more about Alfonso's passport than they cared about the King of England's envoy. Wyat was worth some money, and the soldiers asked three thousand ducats for his ransom. Russell protested. England and the Emperor were not at war; yet Bourbon took no heed of his appeal. "Three thousand ducats!" said the captors. Wyat refused to pay. A man so quick and daring is not easily held in check. Watching his chance, he slipped away, and riding for his freedom got into Bologna, where his passport from the Duke sufficed. With warier

step, and safer knowledge of the road, he made his way to Rome. In Wyatt's absence Clement had played his allies false, and at the instance of Quiñones he had signed a separate peace with Spain.

7. Swiftly came his punishment. On making peace with Lannoi, Clement imagined he was making peace with Charles and all his armies; but the mercenaries serving under Bourbon, many of them Moors and Lutherans, paid no heed to what the Viceroy and the Pope had signed. Burning and plundering open towns, they swarmed through the legations, crossed the Appennines into Tuscany, and leaving Florence to their right, advanced on Rome. Too late, the Pontiff saw his folly and prepared some measures of defence. On a Saturday morning Bourbon was at his gates. Refused a passage through the city, Bourbon drew away his troops as though he were about to pass the Tiber by the Ponte Molle; but on Monday night he wheeled about, and when the morning came, his troops were swarming underneath, below the walls and ramparts of the Vatican. With daylight came a fierce assault. Bourbon was the first to fall. No one seemed to mind him, but his troops broke through the walls and gates. Tearing through the streets, the mercenaries fired and stabbed at every one they met. Eight thousand Roman citizens were slain. Next morning the infuriated soldiers, drunk with blood, began to pillage, and for several days the streets were searched by gangs of men, who entered every house, and wreaked on every one the wild excess of brutal

strength. Nothing was sacred in their eyes; neither church nor convent, neither school nor home; and when the fury ceased, the city was a moral and material wreck.

CHAPTER V.

The Cardinal.

1527.

1. THESE horrors served the Cardinal's purposes, as helping him in a demand for higher powers. Clement was a prisoner; and thirteen cardinals following him into the castle of St. Angelo, had to share his captivity. These princes of the Church consented to remain at either Gaeta or Naples till the Emperor signified his pleasure. Charles, with meek, unsmiling face, knelt in his chapel, praying that the holy father might be spared from injury. Pretending that the town was sacked without his orders, he affected to be overwhelmed by the disaster; yet, his prayers being ended and his tears being dried, he read the terms imposed on Clement by his captains with attentive care. Parma, Piacenza, and Modena were to be surrendered. Ostia, Civita Vecchia, Castellana, and St. Angelo, were to be garrisoned by his troops. Clement was to pay a ransom of four hundred thousand crowns.

2. This crime drew France and England closer to each other. François saw a great advantage for his policy in Bourbon's sacrilege and death; while Henry, truly Catholic, was goaded into frenzy by this violence to the Holy See. François and Henry both sent challenges to Charles, as to a miscreant

who had raised his impious hands against the Vicar of Christ. The Emperor replied that the true blame rested on the princes who had driven him into hiring Lutherans, Moors, and other reprobates, to do his work! Thus, ground for an alliance was prepared to Wolsey's hand. Gambara, Papal nuncio in London, urged his brother nuncio in Paris to support the Cardinal's scheme. No spur was needed to engage that prelate's service. "I have spoken to his highness many times about this marriage," wrote the nuncio in Paris, "and have always found him in the mood to hear me. I have told him that the Pope approves it in a high degree, as necessary to his safety and the peace of Italy. I beg him not to dally in the treaty, since he has no better way to get his children back and hold the Emperor in check. He tells me the affair is finished and the match is made." A few days after Russell and Wyatt had passed through Paris on their way to Rome, François had sent Gabriel de Gramont, bishop of Tarbes, to London, with instructions to negotiate between the crowns. Passano was at Greenwich, near the King and Cardinal, and Gramont had the benefit of his ready knowledge and unscrupulous tongue.

3. Gramont was to frame a treaty that should strengthen François with an ally in the field, without engaging him to wed a girl of whose legitimacy he felt much doubt. Wolsey, on the other hand, by putting the marriage first, compelled the French bishop to explain himself. Gramont and Wolsey were negotiators worthy of each other. Gramont

was ordered to get his treaty signed at any price, except a binding article of marriage. Wolsey, guessing his object, took a lofty and retaliating tone. When Gramont thanked the Cardinal in public for his offer of the Princess, Wolsey denied that Mary was being offered to the King of France. The offer, he declared, had come from Paris. "The King of France," said Wolsey, "seeks this match; but is *he* free to choose? He is engaged to marry Elinor; he has spoken of Elinor as his wife; he has sent Chevalier Bayard to demand her!" Gramont replied that François had been forced into the treaty of Madrid; that he had entered a solemn protest against it; that the Emperor had broken it; that every one regarded it as set aside. When Gramont had his audience of the King, this subject was renewed. A dozen councillors were present, amongst them Norfolk and Suffolk, Rochford, More and Sampson. Henry assumed that Gramont had come to ask for Mary, and to treat about a general peace. "I am obliged to my brother, the King of France," he said, "for deigning to court my little girl, who has not earned so great an honour." But he wished to hear about the King. Was he not pledged to Elinor? England could not give her daughter to a man about whose right to marry there was any doubt. Gramont replied that François would be hurt by these suspicions, and the King assured him that nothing was meant by his questions, save to learn whether the King were really free.

4. Catharine was ill when Gramont came to London; sick in body and estate; fighting with her

maladies, in order to appear at court and keep her place as Queen. In Rome, where her affairs were causing so much trouble to the Pope, a rumour got abroad that she was dead. But Catharine was too stout to die. She hardly guessed the Cardinal's purpose, even in respect of Mary, but when Gramont came from Paris she was told that he was come to treat about a general peace. A general peace was good for Charles. She was assured his talk about a match with France meant nothing. Fifteen days elapsed, and many points were settled, ere her husband let her see the envoy, even in a formal way. Catharine asked the Bishop whether he had come to make a general peace? "Well, Madame," he replied, "we have that in hand which must precede the peace." He paused. Henry was less reserved. "My lord of Tarbes is speaking of the marriage of our daughter." Gramont entreated Catharine to promote his suit. "But what concerns two princes only," she replied, evasively, "should not delay the profit of all Christian men." Gramont hinted that when the two kings of France and England were united in one family, the King, her husband, would be able to go between all parties, and settle their disputes without the cost of blood. Catharine was not deceived. "Such a marriage would cause the King, my lord, to be suspected by the Emperor," she said. Gramont replied like one who was already certain of his game: "In such a case the two kings would be strong enough to impose their own conditions." Hints so broad were trying to Catharine's patience; for the Emperor, in spite of all his

faults, was dearer to her heart than any other man, except the King.

5. More envoys came from France, whom Wolsey would not suffer to reveal their purpose to the Queen. On every side she was deceived. When Gramont raised the question whether Henry's union with the Queen was lawful, Wolsey assured her that the object in appealing to the Pope was to confirm, not to dispute, the validity of her marriage-rites.

6. Catharine seemed more concerned about her friend Maria, Lady Willoughby, than about herself. Her spirit was too high to dream of personal danger; but the Cardinal, as she saw too often, had weight enough to ruin any subject whom he cared to crush. Maria was the solace of her life,—a reason why the Cardinal should seek her ruin, now that he had turned his face towards France—a reason, too, why Catharine should support her in a trial otherwise beyond her strength. Willoughby had left his widow with an only child, his daughter Catharine, to whom he had bequeathed by will his lands and tenements in Suffolk, Middlesex, and Norfolk, not included in the family entails. But the Willoughby settlements were old and intricate, the family having held their lands as barons since the reign of Edward the Second. Christopher, the next male heir, believing that the Spanish lady meant to cheat him, was disposed to fight. The matters in dispute were many—heir-looms, tenements, and manors. As a ward in Chancery, Catharine Willoughby lay in Wolsey's charge. At first Lady Willoughby was disposed to leave the case with Wolsey, till a doubt arose in her

mind as to his fairness, when she broke away and sought her remedy in the courts. Christopher obtained a writ, naming a day for holding a legal inquest on his brother's property; but Lady Willoughby got that writ discharged. If Wolsey chose to storm, he might; the Spanish lady was too proud of nature to abase herself before the Cardinal of York.

7. Wolsey made an order for Lady Willoughby to produce in court such evidence as she had of the conditions under which her husband's property was held. All parties in the suit, he said, should know which lands were settled on the heirs male, which on the heirs general. Lady Willoughby refused to let him see her marriage settlements and her husband's will. She laid a little coffer down in court. That box, she said, contained the only evidence she would show. All other papers in her keeping touched the lands belonging to her jointure, and the property mentioned in her husband's will. Those papers she would not produce! Two of Wolsey's officers went to the Barbican; but the documents they sought were said to be at Parham. When they rode to Suffolk, they found the Spanish lady had been there before them and had carried them away. A stranger, she was not aware how much she risked by this defiance of the Chancellor; and but for Catharine's kindness Lady Willoughby would have been committed to the Fleet.

8. A treaty was at length devised in vague and general terms. By the fourth article Mary was to marry either François or his son Orleans, and the two kings were to meet at Calais and renew their

personal ties. Norfolk, Suffolk, Rochford, More, and Fitzwilliam, were the King's commissioners. As soon as this treaty was made known, England and Spain would be at war. The treaty was to be an instrument in Wolsey's hands.

CHAPTER VI.

Divorce.

1527.

1. A TIME had come when Catharine could no longer be deceived with words. Gramont may have raised the question as a means of putting the affair before the public and the Queen herself. This method suited Wolsey's plans. On hearing that the matter was before his Holiness in order to confirm her marriage and her daughter's birth, Catharine might be induced to shut her eyes and wait for news. If time were gained, men's minds might be prepared. But Catharine caught a whisper of his doings, ere the Cardinal was ready with his case. Who told her that his object was to cast her off and marry Henry to a French princess, he could never learn, but he was soon involved by her impetuous pride in all the passion of a matrimonial war.

2. Surprised by Catharine's questions as to what his agents were about, Henry pretended that his object was to learn the truth only, that nothing had been done except in answer to the Bishop of Tarbes. Catharine was not induced to wait. She sent a messenger to Fisher, her confessor, and to other persons; telling them, in downright words, what she had heard, and what the King had said; and casting all the blame on Wolsey, as a man who for his worldly ends was bringing her to public shame. The

news soon spread from town to town, and princes who had treated the affair with great reserve, began to talk of the divorce as something nigh at hand. Then Wolsey spoke to her, and Sampson, Dean of Windsor, spoke to her, in their most soothing tones; but Catharine met their blandness with a towering pride of speech. The case was put to her as one of fact, and law depending closely on that fact. She was Prince Arthur's widow, said these priests; and being his widow, could she be truly married to the King? Gramont, they said, had seen the dispensation, and this eminent foreign prelate had denied its virtue, as against the text of Holy Writ. The Cardinal of York, Longland the King's confessor, and other learned men, she was informed, were of opinion that her marriage with the King was null and void. Catharine took her stand on facts. They might be right or wrong about their law. She was no canonist; but she knew her own estate. Their case of fact and law was not her case; for she had never been Prince Arthur's wife, except in name. She was the King's wife; she had never been his brother's wife.

3. They read to her the papal bull, in which the facts were all set forth. That instrument described her as wife and widow of the Prince. It was a question whether, being a widow, Julius had the power to grant a license for her marriage; but the fact of her being the Prince's widow was stated in the bull itself, and was not, they conceived, a matter of debate. But Catharine held her ground. That statement in the document was false. She had not

been Prince Arthur's wife. She came to Henry free from their canonical flaws. What proof had she? A breve, in which the truth was told. A breve; a papal breve, she said, which had accompanied the bull. Where was that breve? the Cardinal asked. In Spain, she said; the document was safe in Spain.

4. That such a paper, if it were in being, should be out of England, seemed incredible to men of business. Nearly all the councillors thought the Queen was trying to mislead them, with a view to gaining time, and sending to her nephew for advice. A search was made among the records, but without success; no trace of such a document was found, nor had the statesmen who conducted the affair with Rome a recollection of that breve. If it existed anywhere, it should be found in the King's chancery. It was not there. If it were now in Spain, as Catharine alleged, who had stolen it? Puebla was so strange a fellow, that the theft would not have seemed to him a great offence. His son, Gonsalvo, had a heap of papers, and instead of coming back to London, where he held a post as precentor of St. Paul's, he stayed in Spain, where Charles retained him near his person, and appointed him his household priest. The paper might exist, and might have got through Puebla into Charles's desk.

5. Since Henry had consulted his confessor and his councillors, Catharine said she should consult Fisher and others, who might give her counsel, whether natives of the country or of foreign lands. These words alarmed the King, for if the Queen

should have her way, all nations might become involved in what was properly an English question. Fisher supported her, though on a ground she had not dared to take; the absolute supremacy of the Holy See. A pope had given a dispensation for her union with the King. His seal was law. The facts were nothing; if a Pope had spoken, everything was done. Some echo of these words by Fisher reached the Cardinal's ear; and Wolsey, finding that his warnings were without effect, called on the Bishop to consult his books. Fisher was but too ready for a fight. "On looking into such authorities as lie at hand," he wrote, "I find they differ very much; some holding that the thing is not lawful, others that it is. On full reflection, I see an easy answer to the first, and none at all to the second. It is not, I think, clearly forbidden by the divine law for a brother to marry the wife of a childless brother; and considering the plenary power given by our Lord to the Pope, who can deny that the Pope can grant a dispensation for any serious cause? Even if the arguments were balanced, my opinion would be that since it is the Pope's province to clear ambiguous passages of Scripture, his decision rules the question. I have no scruple in asserting that the dispensation lies within the papal power."

6. Wolsey was not inclined to push the argument, that when God has spoken popes have no authority, too far. In heart, he was with Fisher, and his policy was to make a compromise, by which the marriage might be rendered void, without suggesting that the pontiff had been guilty of usurping power. He sought

a middle term. One day he said to Sampson, "If there were no affinity," contracted by the previous marriage, "yet in that she was married *in facie ecclesiæ*, contracted *per verba de præsentî*, there did arise *impedimentum publicæ honestatis*, which is no less *impedimentum ad dirimendum matrimonium* than affinity, whereof the bull makes no express mention." Wishing to find a flaw, not in the Pope, but in the bull, Wolsey was driven to quips and cranks which made the King suspect him. But a word from Henry pulled him up; for Wolsey, at the height of his renown, was conscious that the hand which struck down Buckingham could also send him headlong to the block. He was about to start for France, and make a match with either Marguerite or Renée, when warnings came to him through Father Wolman, one of the royal chaplains, that his master was displeased with him about the secret matter. In a moment, he was in the dust. "At the reverence of God, Sir, and most humbly prostrate at your feet, I beseech your Grace . . . to conceive no opinions of me, but that in this matter, and in all other things that may touch your honour and surety, I shall be as constant as any living creature, not letting for any danger, obloquy, displeasure, or persecution; yea, and if all else fail and swerve, your Highness shall find me fast and constant."

7. On his way to Dover, whither he rode in state with something like the following of a king, he pushed the business well. At Dartford, Warham came to meet him, and the two great primates held a long discourse. Warham was eighty years of age,

a man of venerable face and eminent parts, whose chief desire on earth was to lay down his head in peace; yet in the hour of need, when Rome lay wrecked and broken by the hand of Charles, he left his books and prayers to add a final protest, as a Catholic prelate, to the many protests of his earlier years, against the great iniquity into which his country had been led by Spain. The Cardinal told Warham what the King had done, and what the Queen had said. The Primate wondered how, and through what persons, she had heard this news. He thought the King might cause her to reveal their names. Old age had neither dimmed his sight, nor quenched his fire. "Noting his countenance, gesture and manner," Wolsey wrote, "I perceive he is not much altered from his first fashion; expressly affirming that, however displeasantly the Queen took this matter, yet the truth and judgment of the law must have place." The Cardinal spoke to him of Rome, and what the King was doing for the Pope. Warham was much rejoiced. Such piety, he said, was honourable to the King, and serviceable to the divorce. Warham had always been in favour of a match with France.

CHAPTER VII.

A Declaration.

1527.

1. AFTER signing the treaty of Westminster, Rochford went to Paris, with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to settle for the Cardinal's journey, and prepare a meeting of the kings. Rochford remained in France some months, and in his absence from the Court, his daughter's lover made to her a formal declaration of his honourable love and hope.

2. Anne's coldness to the King was natural in a woman of her years and training; though she saw in him, as every female saw in him, a handsome man, a splendid scholar, and a powerful prince. She never thought of him as of a man not free to wed. She had been taught to think he had that right. Her father was in Paris seeking a successor to the English queen. But Anne was suffering from a cross in love, and Henry, since his separation from his wife, was playing fast and loose, and there were stories in the ante-room about his ways of life. One tale concerned her cousin Bryan. Frank was in love with a lady in the Court, whom Henry much admired; a minx, who, while she liked Bryan, let the King suppose he had a corner in her heart. It was a dangerous thing to come in rivalry with Cæsar, and the henchman, hoping to drive his

master off, told him the lady he admired was false; offering, under promise of a pardon, to place the King where he should see her kiss another man. Henry agreed, and standing in a passage saw the lady kiss his henchman! Keeping his promise, he forgave the youth, and left the lady to herself. Such stories were not likely to endear him to a woman, who with all her gaiety of heart and nimbleness of tongue, was Tyndale's pupil and Rochford's child.

3. Anne's notes were growing colder in their tone, and Henry, fearing lest his prize should fail him, poured out all his soul to her. "On thinking over what is said in your late letters," he wrote to her in French, "I have thrown myself into a fever, not knowing how to take them, whether to my gain or not, as in the case of others. I implore you with the deepest sense of what I say, to let me know your mind, as to the love that is between us. I am bound to put this question, having suffered for a whole year past from the shaft of love, and yet not sure if I shall win or lose you. Whilst I am in doubt, I dare not call you mine—my darling—since you only treat me in the ordinary way; but should you please to take the place of a true friend and sweetheart, and give yourself to me, in person and affection, as I give myself to you, in loyal service—so far as you will let me—I promise to renounce all others, and to hold by you alone. Give me, I beseech you, a true answer to my rude letter, that I may see on what ground I stand. If you would rather not reply in writing, let me know some place

where I can see you, and I will fly to you with all my heart."

4. Anne read his words, and with poetic coquetry turned his passion into compliment, by saying that instead of taking the high place which he was offering her, she would rather choose that of his most humble and faithful servant. Henry was delighted with her wit. "Though it is not becoming in a gentleman to take his lady for a servant," he replied in her own airy vein, "yet since you wish to have it so, your suit is granted, in the hope that you will be less ungrateful in the place chosen by yourself than in the one given by me. I shall thank you very much to have me sometimes in your thoughts." After this formal declaration of his love, affairs went on more smoothly, and the King rode down to see her. Every yokel in the Weald of Kent can show the hill on which he blew his horn, the road by which he tore into the Eden valley, and the castle tower from which he caught her welcome sign.

5. Through all these scenes of courtship, Anne had the countenance of her pious father, of her worldly uncle, and of all the persons in the midst of whom she lived. Rochford and Norfolk thought the King was free to marry any one. They were scheming at the moment of his declaration for a match with Renée, and were well content that he should find a consort of their blood. That union, if it came to pass, would make their fortunes. Norfolk already saw himself in Wolsey's place, as foremost minister of the crown. There was a talk of

making Rochford Duke of Somerset in order that his daughter might have precedence in the Court.

6. Anne bore herself as playfully and meekly as a May-day queen, and those who envied her the homage of so great a lover, hoped she might escape unhurt the perils of his ardent suit. Even Catharine felt an interest, not unmixed with pity, for her maid of honour. Like the Cardinal, she thought the King's regard for Anne no more than one of those passing humours which he had indulged of late. The rival she had learnt to fear was Renée, who could bring her husband, not a great connexion only, but pretensions to the duchy of Bretagne. Catharine was living in no May-day dream, with minstrels at her side and palmers at her feet. A hard and bitter lot was hers; but still she never backed one inch from her high post and place. That kings might fall in love like meaner mortals, she had found in early life; but that a King should choose a wife for love was too absurd a thing for her to dread. Her eyes were fixed on France, and Wolsey's doings in the court of France.

7. The Queen was fond of her maid of honour, who had served her well, according to the duties of her place; but Anne had pleased her most by her refusal to admit, as other ladies in her Court had done, the King's unlawful suit. Catharine kept her by her side, to chat and sew, to sing and play at cards. By keeping Anne engaged, she thought the King would see her less. She also thought that if the King dropt in, he would have a better chance of noticing the boss and nail, than when he saw

her dressed in hanging sleeves. The game they played was one in which the cards were dealt until a queen meets a king. Anne had a run of luck. Her queen was always meeting with a king. Catharine looked at her bright face and said, "My Lady Anne, you have good hap to stop at a king: but you are not like the others: you will have all or none."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Response.

1527.

1. ON Wolsey crossing into France, Rochford returned to his official duties, and on Henry starting for a hunting trip, Rochford and his son George rode with him. "The King is merry and in good health," Fitzwilliam wrote from Beaulieu; "hunting every day, and supping every night in his privy chamber, with the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, and my Lord of Rochford." Rochford and Clerk had seen enough in France to tell them that the Cardinal's schemes would fail. François would never marry Mary, nor would Henry find his second wife in France. Renée was pledged to Ercole da Este, heir to the duchy of Ferrara; Marguerite married to Henry d'Albret, titular King of Navarre. Henry was free to follow the devices of his heart, and absence from his idol only served to deepen the impression of her image on his brain.

2. "Although, my darling," he wrote to Anne, "it has not pleased you to keep your parting promise, that you would send me good news, as well as an answer to my last letter, it seems to me that a true servant (seeing that he would otherwise learn nothing!) ought to send and ask about his lady's health. In the duty of a true servant, I send you

this note; beseeching you to tell me how you are; and praying to God for your welfare, even as I wish my own. That you may think of me the oftener as I am, I send you a buck, killed with my own hand late last night; hoping when you eat of it, you will remember the hunter." Farther off and later in the year, he wrote with more of passion in his words. "My darling and my friend, I and my heart are in your hands; imploring you to look on them in kindness, and not to suffer absence to diminish your affection for them. Absence is pain enough; pain more acute than I have ever dreamt. This pain reminds me of a fact in astronomy—the farther the Sun is off, the longer day and fiercer heat. So is it with our love. We are far away, yet love still burns within our hearts—at least it burns in mine. I hope the same of you; and tell you that the pain of absence is for me too great. And when I pause to think how long this separation is to last, it would seem beyond my strength to bear, were it not for the firm belief I have in your unalterable affection for me. Unable to be with you, yet desiring to be somewhat in your sight, I send you my portrait in a bracelet, with the whole device which you already know."

3. In return for this bracelet, Anne sent the King a model boat, in which a damozel was tossed about by angry waves, accompanied by a parable; in which she turned the moral on herself. "Your gift," he wrote in answer, "is so pretty that, take it altogether, nothing could exceed it. Pray accept my hearty thanks, not only for the rich diamond,

and for the ship in which the solitary damozel is beaten to and fro, but chiefly for the fine interpretation, and for the far too lowly deference which your goodness pays to me. It would be hard for me to merit so much praise, unless I were helped by that goodness and favour of yours, which I have sought, now seek, and ever shall seek to keep, by every service in my power. This is my firm intent and hope. *Aut illic, aut nullibi.* The proofs of your affection are so strong, the noble thoughts in your letter are so well expressed, that I am bound to honour, love, and serve you evermore in singleness of heart. I beg you to remain as firm and true; confident that I shall pay you back in truth and love. I also beg of you, that if I have at any time offended you, you will grant me the same absolution that you ask for yourself; assuring you that my heart is dedicate to you alone. I wish my person was so too. God can make it so, when He shall please. To Him I offer up my daily prayer. These prayers I trust may soon be heard; but I shall think it very long till we two meet again."

4. Wyat returned from his adventures full of quips and sayings. Wyat was so fond of Anne's society that he followed her about—his Beatrice, his Laura—with his lively flash of wit and nimble flow of verse. One day, when prattling at her side, he saw a little jewel hanging by a lace from her pocket. In a trice he snapt it off, and thrusting it into his bosom, skipt and teased, and would not let her have it back. Putting the lace about his neck, he made a pastime of wearing this jewel as her

chosen minstrel, till the palmer saw it, and a jealous scene ensued.

5. The King was playing at a game of bowls—Henry and Suffolk against Bryan and Wyat—when Henry, in a sportive mood, pretended that his bowl was nearer to the jack than Wyat's. Bryan thought otherwise. The King stood smiling: "It is mine, yea, mine," he said pointing with the finger on which he wore Anne's ring; "I tell thee, Wyat, it is mine." Wyat saw the ring, and knowing whose it was, replied with jest for jest, as minstrel might reply to palmer: "If it may like your Majesty to give me leave to measure it, I hope it will be mine." Taking off his lace, and stooping to measure the cast with Anne's riband, the poet let Henry see the jewel, which he knew was also Anne's. "Mine!" cried Wyat, archly. But the King, too much in love for such light humours, spurned the ball with his foot, saying moodily, "It may be so, but then I am deceived." Going in, he sought his love, who told him how her playmate got the jewel from her belt, and Henry, having heard her tale, was satisfied with the minstrel's jest.

6. But Suffolk bore this scene in mind. He hated Wyat, as a dull fellow who has risen in the world by favour, hates a man who seeks to rise by wit and merit. He hated Anne still more, as a woman who might possibly rob his children of the crown. If Henry's fancy should continue, Suffolk must find some means of compromising Rochford's daughter; and a handsome poet, who adored her in

his public sonnets, was a likely man to charge with offering her in private a less ethereal suit.

7. When Wolsey came to Dover, with the fruitless treaty of Amiens in his pocket, Henry was at Allington, on a visit to Sir Henry Wyatt, surrounded by friends of Anne. Rochford had just received from Basel a copy of Erasmus's Commentary on the Twenty-second Psalm: "Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The words poured out by David, and repeated on the cross by David's Son, were Rochford's favourite text, especially after Anne's mother had been taken from his side, leaving her three orphan children in his charge. The text required some gloss, as Rochford thought, and he proposed that the great scholar should expound it for the good of sorrowing souls. Erasmus undertook the task, and now his noble Commentary was complete. In gracious mood, the King took up his pen and wrote in his own hand to ask Erasmus over. "I remember you used to say that England should be your refuge in old age. I shall esteem your conversation and advice a great advantage, and we will strive with our united energies to extend the gospel of Christ." On coming to Allington, Wolsey was surprised to find the King, though civil in speech, indifferent to his projects for seating a French princess on the throne. Wolsey remained two days at Allington, excited and alarmed by what he heard, and then rode forward to York Place, leaving the King behind in Kent.

CHAPTER IX.

Wolsey and Anne.

1527.

1. WHILE Wolsey was in France, promising Louise of Savoy that within a year a princess of her family should be Henry's wife, the King sent out an agent of his own to Rome, in Father Knight, his confidential secretary. From kindness to the Cardinal, Henry had requested Knight to see him on his way, and make pretence of taking his instructions how to act in Rome. But Wolsey, seeing the peril of a separate mission, and ignorant of the power acquired by Anne, took on himself to stop the secretary's journey. Knight affected to receive his orders, but he knew his business, and was ready to set out next day, even though he had to start without the Cardinal's leave. That night a messenger came in, and Wolsey, finding how the tides were running in his absence, smoothed the matter over, and allowed the secretary to depart.

2. Again at York Place, Wolsey sought to turn his master from his course; falling on his knees and crying in the bitterness of his heart; for he had promised Henry to Louise; and he was but too well aware that Anne was not his friend. Her uncle, Norfolk, was his rival at the council-board; her father, Rochford, was his rival in the closet; and her neighbour, Warham, was his rival in the

Church. Wyat and Carey, Norreys and Brooke, were seekers after light. From such a party he had little to expect; nor was he ignorant that the most learned and aggressive persons in the land were at their back. In spite of Henry's Defence of the Seven Sacraments, the new opinions were gaining ground. Some of the prelates were suspected. Warham was talking of reform, and how could an infallible Church require to be reformed? Some of the peers, and notably Lord Rochford and Lord Cobham, were associated with the scholars who were carrying on the work of human freedom. Many of the clergy and their congregations clung to the old English doctrines of John Wycliffe. Latimer was denouncing Rome, in language worthy of a Lollard, and the portreeves could not hinder Tyndale's New Testament from coming in. Wolsey was shrewd enough to see that Anne Boleyn's rise must be his fall. New doctrines would produce new men. If she were Queen, Tyndale might be left to write in peace, and Latimer might become her chaplain, while the favour long enjoyed by Forest and his brethren would be given to advocates of a National Church.

3. That he was hated and maligned, the winds of heaven made known to him. His wealth, his genius, his success, disgusted every man who thought high birth entitled him to place and power. His grasping at so many bishoprics annoyed the clergy, who were pushed aside in favour of the greatest pluralist on earth. His dissolution of the convents, to enrich his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich,

alarmed the monks and friars of every order; and he was conscious that the Preaching Friars were treating him with all the rancour of a privileged class. Catharine assailed him as the cause of all her miseries; nor was her woman's instinct wholly wrong. The great and rapid fall of Henry from the high estate he held in youth, was due in no small measure to the Cardinal's arts. Charles was denouncing his venality and treachery to the world. "I would not gratify his greed," the Emperor proclaimed, "nor send my army into Rome to make him Pope, which he entreated me to do, and in a spirit of revenge he has raised this storm." The Cardinal had no reply to make. His character was bad. Wolsey was one of those ecclesiastics, common in his day at Rome and Paris, who regarded personal virtue as a thing of no account. He took no pains to hide his shame. That he should keep a concubine was bad enough, but Wolsey had the impudence to thrust his children into prominent places in the Church. His son was Dean of Wells, his daughter Abbess of Salisbury. Yet this scandalous priest was punishing inferiors with extreme severity for vices which he nursed so carefully at home. Peers, prelates, commoners, and monks, were all in cry. Ballads and songs were coming out against him, and his only safety lay in Henry, who was now Anne's suitor, and might soon become her slave. He had to choose between appearing for the moment to adopt Anne Boleyn, and the loss of every post he held, as well as every chance of reaching Rome.

4. The world was strong within him, and he chose the baser part. Ceasing to speak of Renée, he turned his eyes towards Hever, and began to worship at the Kentish shrine. Converts are expected to be zealous, and no convert ever seemed more zealous than the Cardinal. He wrote to Clement, begging him to help his master and the Church. He sent Casale to the Roman court, with ample funds and orders how to spend them; also with copies of a breve and bull which Clement was to be induced to seal. The breve appointed Wolsey judge; the bull allowed the King to marry when the Cardinal's sentence had been given. "My duty to your Holiness," he wrote, "compels me to let you understand that if you wish to keep the King and kingdom as your friends—if you desire to see the Papal chair restored, you must seal the breve; sending me a decretal commission, with the fullest powers and in the simplest words." Wolsey was anxious to procure the breve, though he had other uses for it than the King supposed. He was not risking war with Spain and Germany, and losing the Imperial votes, to put Anne Boleyn on a throne.

5. Wolsey was careful not to question the Pontiff's right to have granted the original bull. Wakfeld was ready with his tractate, proving that the divine law prohibited the marriage of a brother's wife, but Wolsey waived the point, so hotly argued in the English cloisters, as to whether a Pope could set aside the law of God. He merely claimed that the original bull might be reviewed. "The bull,"

he said, "was founded on certain false suggestions of fact; such as, first, that Henry had wished to marry Catharine, in order to promote a good understanding between Henry the Seventh and Fernando Cattolico: second, that he had knowingly consented to the publication of the bull. Neither of these pretended facts was true." He dwelt on Henry's repudiation of his betrothal in Salisbury Court; and told the Pontiff that the King referred the deaths of all his male children to the wrath of Heaven. The name of Warham was to be inserted in the draft as one of the Pope's commissioners. Of course his views were known, and an appeal to him was nothing but a legal form. All parties were to treat the thing as one of form, and Clement was the first to call these forms unmeaning and absurd. Casale was to say how warmly every one in England, peer and commoner alike, desired the King to have a son, in order to prevent a fresh dynastic war.

6. The bull to be submitted by Casale to the Pope was drawn in vague and general terms; somewhat like a general pardon, covering all sorts of canonical offences; so that nothing might arise in after-times to bring the instrument under doubt. No one inferred that the offences specified in this draft had been committed; any more than that a peer who begged a general pardon from the Crown, was guilty of the treasons, murders, heresies, rapes, and arsons, which were usually inserted in the list of crimes to be forgiven. Yet, under Henry's eye, some special disabilities affecting Anne were touched.

A contract having been drawn by Wolsey for a marriage of Anne Boleyn and James Butler, a question might arise in after days how far the lady had been promised to the Irish chief. Nothing had come of that design; yet who could say, when the imperial crown of England was at stake, how much might some day turn on that abortive scheme? Wolsey inserted in the text an article providing for the Irish suit.

BOOK THE TWENTIETH.

THE DIVORCE.

CHAPTER I.

Divorce forbidden.

1527.

1. THE Cardinal's plan for ruining Catharine, and replacing her by Renée, was to get her, while in ignorance of his purpose, to submit her case to him as papal legate. Sure that she would send for Fisher, he sounded that prelate, and having learned his views, forbade him to speak with Catharine on her cause. Fisher imagined he could get the Queen to take a milder course, but Wolsey was too much afraid of her to let him try. Fisher was told to go directly to the King, and take his orders how to act.

2. Alone and sick, without a friend to counsel her, deserted by the King, and menaced by the Cardinal, where could Catharine turn for help? To Spain. But how was she to let her nephew know the state of her affairs? Her genius for intrigue came into play. Among her servants was a Spaniard, Francisco Felipo, who was free of all her secrets. She arranged with Felipo in private that he was to come

before her with a long face, saying his mother was ill in Spain, and ask for leave to go and see her. Catharine was to set her face against his going, as a man she could not spare; counting on the King's good nature, when he heard the tale of Felipo's affection for his dying mother, to back her servant's prayer. In that way, it was thought, Felipo might obtain a passport.

3. Act the first began. Felipo asked the Queen for leave to go and see his mother on her death-bed. Catharine refused his suit, and begged the King and Cardinal not to let him go. Henry, believing she was at her tricks, put on a mask and played a part. Feigning to receive Felipo's reason as the true one, he besought the Queen to spare him for a little while. She spoke of pirates and the perils of a voyage to Spain. To ease her mind, he promised that in case her man was taken captive, he would provide his ransom. Act the second now began. Felipo, on the eve of starting, was invited to the King's closet, where Henry told him of his promise to the Queen, and offered him a pass through France. Felipo said he had his papers already signed. Henry asked to see them, so that he might know the route. Felipo showed his passport, marked for Calais, and the usual route from Paris to the Pyrenees. Henry was content, and Felipo departed on his journey. Act the third began. Henry was in his closet with his secretary, who was copying out instructions for the Cardinal, then at Calais. Wolsey was to keep an eye on Felipo, whom he must cause to be traced, pursued, and caught. If he took the road through

France, he was to be entrapped and kept a prisoner in some obscure place in such a way that no one should suspect the cause of his arrest. Act the fourth began. Felipo was at Dover, waiting for a boat; Wolsey at Calais, waiting for Felipo. A boat put off the shore, but not for Calais; and a fortnight later, while the Cardinal's men were watching in the port of Calais, act the fifth began by Felipo landing in Spain, and concluded by his placing Catharine's letter in her nephew's hands.

4. Charles took his line with an unusual promptness. Were Catharine driven away, and Mary blighted in her birth, the gains of fifty years would all be lost, and France might reap the harvests sown by Spain. While he had power to hinder, Catharine must not be deposed. "Felipo has told us by the Queen's directions," he wrote to Mendoza, his agent in London, "what we already knew from you respecting her affairs. It is not our intention to desert her: on the contrary, we mean to do what we can in her behalf." Mendoza was to be extremely smooth, treating the question as an idle rumour, and pretending to submit all matters in dispute to Henry's will. Through other agents Charles suggested to Wolsey that the King's son, Henry Fitzroy, might have Maria of Portugal, daughter of his sister, Queen Elinor, and be created Duke of Milan. Wolsey knew that such an offer was "a blind." As yet the name of Anne Boleyn was not mentioned in imperial circles. Catharine was thinking of Renée; Charles of a union of the French and English crowns. Soft words and pleasant looks were to be tried. The years and

virtues of the Queen, her lofty birth, her strong affection for the King, were points on which Mendoza dwelt. "Entreat His Highness," said the Emperor, "to take what we say in good part, as coming from our love, and from our sense of what is best for him and for ourselves; to put an end, as soon as may be, for the honour and service of God, to this affair; and to arrange the matter with as much reserve and secrecy as it demands."

5. To Italy he wrote in a more stringent tone. Lannoi, the Pontiff's jailor, was commanded to repair in secret to his Holiness, and get from him a breve addressed to Henry and his councillors, persuading them, as from his own paternal heart, to put an end to the great evils which must flow from a design so scandalous as the divorce. Through other channels, Charles entreated Clement to revoke the legatine powers now held by Wolsey, and to prohibit either Wolsey or any other English prelate from dealing with the cause. The Cardinal, he said, lay under suspicion of ill-will towards Catharine, and the Emperor required to have her case removed into a Roman court.

6. Charles was advised by one of his most crafty servants to buy the Cardinal as the cheapest way of getting out of his trouble. This crafty servant was a Savoyard, named Eustace Chapuys, whom the Emperor had found in Ghent. He was a learned man; supple as an Italian of the plains, tenacious as a Switzer of the Alps. "The King's purpose," said Chapuys, "in entering on a league with France, is simply to get his money, which François will agree

to pay. Either the Dauphin or the Duke of Orleans will marry the English princess. If the Dauphin marries her, Henry will have his bastard son, of whom he is extremely fond, declared his successor. To prevent an alliance so fatal to Spain, the Cardinal must be gained over; his pension of nine thousand crowns a-year must be paid, augmented by twelve or fourteen thousand crowns, to be secured on the best bishopric in Castille. If Wolsey were secured, the Emperor might make excuses for breaking off the match with Mary." Chapuys advised that English jealousy of France should be excited. Most of all, he said, the Emperor ought to work on England's desire of being regarded as mistress of the sea. Charles acted on this crafty counsel; writing a letter in his smoothest vein to Wolsey when the Cardinal returned from France.

7. But Charles had still more powerful means of acting on his uncle and his pontiff. The Franciscan Order was a state within the state, a church within the church. In every country, from the Tiber to the Thames, the members of this Order were entrenched as preachers to the poor and as confessors to the rich. They stood above the ordinary codes, being free to wander up and down the world, unquestioned by the civil magistrate, and even by the local bishop; knowing no master save their General, and obeying no law except their Founder's rule. Their General was an absolute prince. In ordinary times this General ostentatiously obeyed and served the holy chair; but he was always conscious of his power, and when the Church, in his opinion, seemed

to be in danger, he was strong enough to make conditions with the Pope. Father Quiñones, General of this Order, was a Spanish subject, bound to Charles, not only by his birth and family, but by a proud and passionate love for Spain. Quiñones thought the Church of Spain had kept the sacred dogmas in a purer state than that of Rome. Rome, he believed, had lost her way on many points—to wit, on that of the Immaculate Conception, one of those dogmas which his fraternity had always held, and he was urging in the ears of a reluctant Pope. For some time past Quiñones had been used by Charles to terrify the Sacred College, under the pretence of seeking to restore a state of peace. The Emperor wanted peace, but only on his own conditions, which the General was employed to urge with the authority of a man who by a single word could set ten thousand preaching friars to agitate the world. Quiñones' power might be employed in London with as much effect as in Toledo and in Rome.

8. In crossing from Italy to Spain, Quiñones had the good or evil fortune to be captured by a Barbary crew, who jerked out one of his teeth, slapped his feet with rods, and held him to a ransom of four thousand ducats. Spain hastened to release the holy man, who entered Valladolid in all the glory of a suffering saint. No man was humoured more by Charles. "Unless your Majesty does your duty to the Pope, you will no longer be called the Emperor, but Luther's captain," said Quiñones; and the Emperor bowed to this rebuke a patient head. Calling the General to his closet, Charles desired

him to depart at once for England, carrying instructions for Mendoza in his pocket, with such further details and commands as could not well be written out. Quiñones was to feel his ground in London. Having the Franciscan orders, whether male or female, Minorite or Clare, observant or conventual, at his elbow, he could work unseen, and choose his time and means for striking a decisive blow. On leaving England, he was to make for Rome, to seek the Pontiff in his prison of St. Angelo, and in the Emperor's name forbid his Holiness to take a second step in this affair.

9. Quiñones carried out his mission with the zeal of an ascetic called by Providence to support his Church against the wickedness of her enemies and the weakness of her friends. Like other Spaniards of his Order, he regarded Spain as necessary to the Church, and any service done to Spain as so much glory gained for Christ. He came to London, where he roused the members of his Order into action; after which he went to Rome, not only as a friar entitled to advise the Pope, but as ambassador from the Emperor with full authority to treat of peace. Clement was a prisoner, and Quiñones had the power to set him free. Charles left the matter in Quiñones' hands, and the ascetic friar forbade the Pontiff to concede a single point affecting Catharine till the Emperor gave him leave to act.

CHAPTER II.

The Pontiff.

1527-28.

1. WHILE Clement was a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, calling on England to set him free, Anne Boleyn was at Hever with her stepmother, Lady Rochford, who preferred her garden and her home, like Lady Wyat, to the glare and bustle of a court. Anne, too, delighted in her home and garden, and the ardours of a royal suitor failed to draw her from her castle in the Weald of Kent.

2. "The time seems to me so very long since I last heard from you, and about you," the King wrote to her, "that the great love I bear you forces me to send the bearer of this note, that I may learn something about your health and wishes; the more so as since we parted I am told you have changed the opinion in which I then left you, and that you will neither come to court with my lady your mother, nor in any other way. If this report be true I am very much surprised by it, since I cannot call to mind anything that I have done to offend you; and it seems to me a very small return for the great love I bear you, that I should be kept at a distance from the person and presence of a woman whom I esteem more than any other in the world. If you love me as much as I trust you do, I am sure that

the distance by which we are separated must be a little trying to you; though it does not belong to the lady so much as to her servant to say so. Think, my Darling, how much your absence grieves me. I hope it is ~~not your wish~~ that it should be so. If I should hear that in very truth you desire it, I must, grieving over my hapless fortune, try to forget my folly. So in haste I make an end of my poor note."

3. Arriving at Foligno, on his way to Rome, Knight learned that Clement was kept a prisoner in St. Angelo; that no one was allowed to enter Rome without a pass; that no man, even with a pass, was suffered to see his Holiness. Until the Pope was free, it would be hard to get a word with him, and harder still to treat with him about the King's affairs. Quñones was the lord of all. Lautrec, instead of advancing to the Pontiff's help, was making conquests and alliances in the north of Italy. Clement had need to help himself. On a dark day in December, a man in a great hat and cloak came down from the castle stairs to the gate of St. Angelo. A valet to the master of the papal household, he was sent, he said, to prepare a lodging and a dinner for his Holiness when he came forth according to the Emperor's word. No one seemed to know the Pope by sight; the gates were opened; and he passed the foreign guard. Once in the streets, he walked on rapidly, his cloak about his face, until he reached a garden near the city wall. This garden had a door by which he passed into the open country, where he found a groom in wait.

ing with a Spanish horse. Mounting this horse he rode away, taking a northern course, and never resting from the saddle till he reached Orvieto, on the frontier of his states.

4. A crowd of English agents hurried to meet and greet the Pontiff at Orvieto; for the King was eager in his suit, and Anne, with maidenly reserve, remained at Hever with Lady Rochford till the bull was sealed and judgment given. Knight came to Orvieto as a personal envoy from the King. Casale represented the Crown. Gambara and Gardiner were sent by Wolsey. Rochford had his chaplain near the Pope. Stafileo came as clerical ambassador of the Kings of France and England, now at war with Spain, with secret orders to devote his great abilities to procuring the divorce. The Pontiff raised no serious obstacle to either breve or bull. The matter must, he said, be judged in England; yet, since Catharine pleaded as a stranger, it was well to have a foreigner associated with the English judge.

5. Clement was much abused by friars, who, hearing that the King had fallen in love with one of his own subjects, and having little to allege against the English case, had taken to defaming Anne. Wolsey was well aware that Anne was of a liberal school. He knew she was supporting his suspected priests and reading his forbidden books. There was the case of William Tyndale. Tyndale was in Antwerp: living in exile for conscience sake. Such priests as Tyndale were abominations in the sight of rich and worldly cardinals. Yet Tyndale, poor

and patient, eating his crust of bread and drinking his cruse of table-beer, was strong enough to do his Master's work. Two years ago he had finished his translation of the New Testament. He had recently produced his "Obedience of a Christian Man, and how Christian Rulers ought to Govern." He was labouring, in company with Miles Coverdale, at a rendering of the Pentateuch. All Tyndale's writings were condemned, and reading them was an offence at law. Yet Anne was known to have these writings in her cabinet. Tyndale's "Obedience of a Christian Man" was one of her favourite books.

6. An incident occurred which should have opened Wolsey's eyes. George Zouch, the lover of her maid, Anne Gainsford, was one day caught by Sampson, dean of the chapel, reading a book in very earnest spirit. Sampson had the curiosity to see the title, which he found to be the "Obedience of a Christian Man." "What is your name, and whose man are you?" asked Sampson, in the tone of an inquisitor. Zouch, a man of old and noble family, heir-general of the Greys of Codnor, answered, "He had got the book from Anne Gainsford, maid to Mistress Anne, daughter of my Lord of Rochford." Zouch, in courting that young lady, had caught the volume from her in his sport. Where had Anne Gainsford got the book? From Mistress Anne. Sampson kept the book, and sent it to the Cardinal. When Anne Boleyn asked her woman for the book, she heard this story. "Well," said Anne, "it shall be the dearest book that Dean or Cardinal ever took away." Going straight to the King, she

dropt on her knee, told him her tale, and begged his help in getting back her book. A sign from Henry, and the volume was restored; on which she took it to the King, and asked him to peruse the work describing how a Christian ruler ought to govern. Henry read and liked it much. "This book is one for me and for all kings to read," he said on seeing her again. In such things Anne was "lewd," but in no other way; and, used as Wolsey was to clerical abuse, the falsehoods palmed on Clement as to Anne Boleyn stung him, for a moment, into honest rage.

7. "If God has given any light of true doctrine to the greatest divines and lawyers of this realm," he wrote to Rome, "and if in this angle of the world there be any hope of God's favour, I am well assured, and will put my seal upon it, that the King's desire is grounded on justice, and not on any grudge against the Queen, whom the King honours and loves. On the other hand, the approved excellent qualities of the gentlewoman; the purity of her life; her maidenly and womanly pudicity; her soberness, chasteness, meekness, and wisdom; her descent of right noble and high regal blood; her education in all good and laudable manners; and her apparent aptness to have children; with her other infinite good qualities; be the grounds on which the King's desire is founded."

8. While the Pope was only asked to talk, he stood on England's side; but when the breve and bull were claimed from him, he sighed and shook his head. What would Quiñones say? What would

the Emperor do? "This act will be my ruin," he exclaimed, and then sat down and wept. "We live on the Imperial mercy. We have little hope in France. Florence desires our ruin; and our only safety lies in Charles. Yet we shall turn his heart against us; he will say that we have done this deed from hatred of his majesty." Casale tried to cheer the Pope; but Clement had been scared so much, he hardly dared to think of what the Emperor might do. "Will the King desert me?" he inquired. "Never," said Casale. "Swear it to me," he cried. Casale pledged his master to support the Holy Chair. Then Clement handed him the breve. "We put ourselves," he murmured, "in the King's hands; we shall be driven into perpetual warfare with the Emperor."

9. Knight set out for England with these instruments. A few days after he left Orvieto, Clement had a singular conversation with Casale, to whom, as an Italian, he could speak more freely than to Knight. Wolsey was asking for a cardinal to be sent out as legate to assist him, on pretence of keeping up the Roman forms. No great astuteness was required to see that sending out a cardinal would compromise the pontiff still more deeply with the Emperor. Clement told Casale that, not being himself a man of learning, he had consulted two experienced cardinals, Santi Quattro and Symonetta, who were of opinion that the King himself should do what needed to be done. "Let the King marry at once," said Clement; "let him follow up the trial; let him ask in public for a legate, after

he is married; this will be the better way for him to act." By any other course delays would come. "It is already known," said Clement, "that when the Queen is cited to appear, she will refuse the place and judge, and ask to have her marriage judged in Rome. This course would stop the King's nuptials." If the Emperor backed her suit, she could not be refused a hearing. As the Roman courts were slow, he saw that by appeals, commissions, and adjournments, the divorce might be in hearing for a dozen years.

CHAPTER III.

Henry and Anne.

1528.

1. "If the King will marry first," said Clement, "they cannot ask me to grant a prohibition; they can only say the court and judge are open to suspicion; and demand that the inquiry shall be held in Rome. In that case, we should give our judgment openly before the world, and neither German nor Spaniard would be able to complain." Clement desired to see this method followed, but he begged Casale not to make it known that he had urged it on the King. Clement was not yet aware how much the Cardinal was secretly opposing the design to marry Anne.

2. Anne was too scrupulous to adopt this line of action. Living at Hever with Lady Rochford, she only saw the King, when he rode down into the weald, and sought her in the panelled chamber by the moat. "Darling," he wrote to her in English, "these shall be only to advertise you, that the bearer and his fellow be despatched with as many things to compass our matter, and to bring it to pass, as our wits could imagine or devise; which brought to pass, as I trust, by their diligence, it shall be shortly, you and I shall have our desired end; which should be more to my heart's ease, and

more quietness to my mind, than any other thing in this world, as with God's grace shortly I trust shall be proved, but not so soon as I would it were. Yet I will assure you that there shall be no time lost, that may be won, and further cannot be done, for *ultra posse non est esse*. Keep him not too long with you, but desire him for your sake to make the more speed, for the sooner we shall have word from him, the sooner shall our matter come to pass. And thus upon trust of your short repair to London, I make an end of my letter, mine own sweetheart. Written with the hand of him which desireth as much to be yours, as you do to have him."

3. When Lady Rochford joined her husband in the palace, Anne came up with her from Kent. Some sickness raged about the city; prelude to the outbreak which was soon to craze the world with terror; but the malady seemed dying in the breath of spring; and every one felt merrier for the recent fear and the auspicious change. A feast was given by Henry in the little park at Windsor, where a vast array of creams and spices, and the cates and comfits which beſeem a fairy banquet, were disposed in tents. Some news, which Henry called good news, had come from Italy. A league was formed for the defence of Holy Church. War was declared against the Emperor, with a view to driving him from the Papal States. Anne Boleyn was to be the genius of this crusade for replacing Clement in the Holy Chair.

4. Strong in the Holy League, Clement had

yielded in the matter of a cardinal legate, and Lorenzo Campeggio was coming over as his deputy. A canonist, springing from a family of lawyers, who had studied the affair for years, Campeggio was known to be a friend of Henry and his cause. Catharine, in fact, objected to him on the ground of undue leaning towards a patron who was loading him with offices and gifts. A house in Rome, fit residence for a cardinal, had been presented to him by the King. The bishopric of Salisbury enriched his coffers. When in want of money, he had never scrupled to apply for loans, which all the parties understood were not to be repaid. He was appointed English agent at the Vatican; a post of profit which he turned to good account. The shrewd Italian had a family to feed, and was unlikely to oppose so rich a patron as the English King. On hearing that Campeggio was coming, Henry concluded that his work was done.

5. Anne wrote a playful letter to the Cardinal of York:—“In my most humblest wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her, that is much desirous to know that your grace does well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do. The which I pray; for I do know the great pains and troubles that you have taken for me, both day and night, is never like to be recompensed on my part, but alonely in loving you, next unto the King's grace, above all creatures living. And I do not doubt, but the daily proofs of my deeds shall

manifestly declare and affirm my writing to be true, and I do trust you do think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you news of the legate; for I do hope, an they come from you they shall be very good, and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more." Handing her pen to Henry, she desired him to add some gracious words. "The writer of this letter," he adjoined, "would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand; desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I ensure you, there is neither of us but that greatly desireth to see you, and much more joyous to hear that you have scaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, specially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the Legate's arrival in France causeth us somewhat to muse; notwithstanding, we trust by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble."

6. Anne was too meek of nature and too light of heart to nurse a passion of revenge. Heneage, one of Wolsey's gentlemen, happened to be one day kept at Windsor waiting on the King. Carey was absent, and Norreys, left alone, required assistance in the ante-room. Each afternoon, the King went out into the park, and either rode or walked about till late, when he came in to dine. As he was passing into his closet, Anne whispered, in her pleasant banter, to the Cardinal's servant, that his master was forgetting her. "The Cardinal's messenger," she said, "has come to court, and

neither been to see me nor sent me any token of remembrance!" Wolsey was, in truth, omitting to observe his customary guile. Heneage excused him, saying his master was overcome by work. "Then ask his grace," said Lady Rochford, "to bestow a morsel of his tunny on me." The King passed in to dinner, and while he sat at meat, he ordered Heneage to carry down a dish into Lady Rochford's room. Anne invited Heneage, as the Cardinal's man, to stay and dine with them, saying, she wished she had some of the Cardinal's good things, such as carps and shrimps, to set before him! All her bantering words were instantly reported to the Cardinal's eye.

7. Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, came to London as ambassador, to help the Cardinal in seating a French woman on the English throne. Bellay, a lively wit and learned canonist, was quick of eye; but he was full of Wolsey's plans and notions, and he needed time to clear his sight. Putting their wits together, the Cardinal and ambassador agreed that in a week or two the King would gain his senses, and the maid of honour would be flung away. Wolsey was waiting for that change; and now and then, deceived by false appearances, he played too carelessly the part he had assumed of Anne Boleyn's friend.

8. Campeggio was instructed by the Pope to see the Queen, to work on her religious feelings, and induce her to retire into a holy house. Such things were often done. Jeanne de France and Juana the Excellentia had passed from thrones into

conventual cells. A similar hint was given to Catharine, by a man who honoured her. "It is most rare," Erasmus wrote to her, "to find a lady born and reared in courts, who binds her hope on acts of devotion, and finds her solace in the word of God. Would that others, more especially widows, would learn to follow your example; and not widows only, but unmarried ladies too, for what so good as the service of Christ? He is the Rock—the Spouse of pious souls—and nearer than the nearest human tie. A soul devoted to this Husband is at peace alike in good and evil times. He knows what is best for all; and is often kindest when He seems to turn the honey into gall. Every one has his cross to bear; without that cross no soul can enter into rest!"

CHAPTER IV.

Cranmer.

1528.

I. ANOTHER argument was needed, not for Catharine only, but for Anne; which other argument was found by accident in a singular quarter and an unknown man. A rich and ready talker, with a fair amount of learning, and an eye for dogs and deer, as well as dialectics and humanities, was Thomas Cranmer, Doctor of Divinity, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cranmer was a curious study. Though a bold and dashing sportsman, who could tame the wildest horse and draw the longest bow, he had so little confidence in himself that he declined the easiest task, and quailed beneath an inferior's eye. He knew his weakness, and explained it by the drubbings he had borne in childhood from a tyrant and a dunce. Timid in heart, yet bold in speech, Cranmer had fallen in love with Black Joan, niece of the hostess of the Dolphin tavern, and forfeited his fellowship by leading her to church. But this first wife having died before his years of grace were out, he had been welcomed back into his college room, in which his wit, his learning, and his modest manner, made him a general favourite. Loving his books, and shrinking from the eyes of men, he was content to close his door, to say his office, and confine his hopes be-

tween the college garden and the lecture-hall. Such was the retiring man who in a few short months was to become a ruler of events.

2. In the early days of May, the Court, now moved to Greenwich, was alarmed by several persons in the household falling sick. The Queen, the Princess Mary, and their households, were at Greenwich for the Mayings. Lord and Lady Rochford and their daughters, Anne and Mary, were at court. Henry and Catharine lived apart; but every one was treating Catharine with respect—the partizans of Charles as Queen, the partizans of Henry as Princess of Wales. Henry looked on Catharine as his brother's widow, though he gave her still the titular rank of Queen, as due to her until the Court had met and judgment had been given. Revels and jousts, with all the customary games, were on, when some of Catharine's maids fell sick. The Princess Mary was attacked, and the infected rooms had to be cleared.

3. Anne was removed by Lady Rochford from the Queen's apartments to a lodging in the tilt-yard, where her parents hoped she might escape attack. "Her reign is over," chuckled the French prelate, seeing her move from the palace. Wolsey shared in this opinion of his colleague. Fox, the King's almoner, found her on his return from Italy in these new lodgings. Fox had brought, as he supposed, a breve from Orvieto; and the King, not waiting for his story, sent him to the tilt-yard to report what he had done. Anne heard the almoner with sparkling eyes, and when he spoke of Gardiner's

zeal in hurrying on the legate, she became so wild in her excitement as to call the almoner Gardiner, and to promise him a fit reward for his success. Henry dropt in to hear his story out. When Anne retired into an ante-room, Henry asked his almoner for letters. One of his letters was from Clement, a second from Stafileo, a third from Gardiner. Pushing the other two aside, he opened that from Gardiner, and going to the window, read the contents to himself in silence. Fox explained to him what Clement was prepared to do.

4. The King was highly pleased, and, sending for Anne, desired the almoner to go through all the details once again. Much questioning took place as to the terms in which the breve was drawn, as to the Pope's private views in the matter, and as to all the tissues of intrigue going on in Rome. Fox went on to Wolsey, whom he found at Durham House—York Place being in the decorator's hands—and though the Cardinal was gone to bed, the almoner was admitted to his room. On reading the breve with reference to his purpose, Wolsey was perplexed. He sent for Rochford, and the despatches being read to him Rochford seemed no less confused. The Cardinal's end was gained. As Rochford was impressed with an idea that the breve was not enough, and they would have to send once more to Italy, some months were gained by Wolsey, who would now have time to see how Lautrec sped, and watch until the royal whim should change. Annoyed by what he heard was a mistake of words, Henry gave orders that his ministers should

ask the Pope for a decretal in the very words sent out by Wolsey. If the Pope refused, they were to tell his Holiness that a denial of his just request would drive the King and kingdom into variance with the Holy See.

5. Early in June the King rode out to Waltham Abbey, leaving Rochford and his family at Greenwich Park. The sickness hung about in many places. It was bad in Cambridge, and the doctors and their pupils had been scattered up and down the country. Cranmer sought a refuge with his pupils, sons of Mr. Cressy, of Waltham, at whose table Gardiner and Fox met him. Cranmer was shy, and spoke but rarely, yet Gardiner and Fox, hearing that he was a fine scholar, who had given the secret matter much attention, pressed him to explain his views. At length they forced his lips, when the official doctors were astonished by the boldness and the clearness of his speech.

6. In Cranmer's view, the question was not one for Rome to hear and judge. The point had been decided long ago, and there was no occasion for the Pope to speak. Some hints had been already dropt of going to the universities of Europe with the question,—Can a man legally contract a union with his dead brother's wife? Cranmer was of opinion that this question should be put. They should begin, he thought, with Cambridge and Oxford; they should go to Paris, Padova, Bologna, and other universities not within the Emperor's territories. Cranmer had no doubt of their reply:—the universities would say that such a union was for-

bidden by the text of Holy Writ. If that were so, asked Gardiner, what course would he advise the Crown to take? Again the timid priest drew back; but his superiors in the Church constrained him to go on. Well, then, he said, the course to take was clear. The match being lawless, there had never been a binding rite. No sacrament had been given. The King and Queen had lived in sin, not knowing it; but they had never changed their single state. The man remained a bachelor, the woman a widow. There was nothing to annul, and little to undo. The royal pair must part; and on the day they ceased to live in sin, each would be free to form another tie.

7. Gardiner and Fox repeated Cranmer's words next day at Waltham Abbey. "Who is this Doctor Cranmer?" cried the King; a new light breaking on his mind. "Where is he? Is he still at Waltham? Marry, I will speak to him. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear." Cranmer was fetched to Greenwich, and Henry, noting his timidity, urged him in the warmest words to give up teaching lads, and undertake the business he knew so well. Henry was aware that many laymen held the views of Cranmer, but the views of laymen were not all in all to Anne. Here was a learned man, a priest in orders, a doctor of divinity, who taught the doctrine that he had never been a married man and had no need for a divorce. "Come, master doctor," said the King, in his cajoling way, "I pray you, and as you are a subject I command you, other business being set apart, to take some pains to see this my

cause to be furthered by your advice, so that I may shortly understand whereunto I may trust." Cranmer was overpowered. Henry gave him letters to Lord Rochford, who, on finding what sort of man he was, engaged him as his chaplain, took him to his house, and made him tutor to his daughter Anne.

CHAPTER V.

The Sweat.

1528.

1. As the summer warmed, the sickness broke out everywhere. The royal household was invaded, and the "secret matter" was forgotten in a panic of dismay. Anne suffered from a slight attack, but rallied quickly, and her friends were hoping that the worst was over. George fell down, and sickened to the point of death; and other gentlemen of the chamber took their beds. Waltham being infected, Henry had to seek a change of air. George invited his master to remove to Hunsdon, the great house which had formerly been occupied by Norfolk. Here he found a fresh and wholesome air.

2. From Hunsdon Henry wrote to Anne: "The doubts which haunt me as to your state of health worry and frighten me very much; nor should I have been able to rest at all had I not received a good and sure account of you. Since you have felt no symptoms, I hope you are as free from it as myself. When we were at Waltham, two ushers, two grooms of the chamber, and your brother fell sick. They are now out of danger. Since we came to your house at Hunsdon we have been quite well, thank God, and have not a single person sick amongst us. If you would leave the Surrey

side as we have done, you would escape all risk. One other thing should comfort you; few, if any, women have been taken ill; no one of our Court, and not many beyond it, have died. I entreat you, my beloved, to have no fear, and not to tease yourself about our absence; for, let me be where I may, I shall be always yours. We must sometimes bow to our destiny. He who fights against his fate mostly comes off badly in the end; for this reason bear up bravely. Treat the evil as lightly as you can; ere long I hope to make you sing our happy meeting. I wish I had you in my arms, that I might chase away your credulous fears." Henry was to find ere long that even his manly heart was hardly proof against such fears.

3. This sweating-sickness was no stranger to the soil; in fact, the French and Germans called it "the English Sweat;" but science had neither traced a cause nor found a remedy for the disease. Sir William Butts, the King's physician, had an opportunity of studying it in a personal attack. A flush of fire ran through his veins; then came a sudden faintness, followed by cramp in the stomach, pain in the head, a sleepy stupor in the body, and a foetid ooze from every pore. Five or six hours the agony lasted. If the patient lived so long, he had a chance of pulling through. A day and night sufficed to either kill or cure. The heat within his veins was hard to bear; he screamed for cooling drinks; yet any cooling drink was death. Not many who were taken ever lived to tell the story of their pain. "Scarce one among a hundred," says the

chronicler Holinshed, "escaped with life." When this disease last appeared, Anne was abroad, but she remembered, with alarm, that it had fallen on the royal household, that the King had fled from London, that the Cardinal was attacked, that thousands of all classes had been swept away. Anne had cause to mourn the ravage of that year; the sweating-sickness having carried off her grandfather, the Great Duke.

4. Ten days after her first attack, the sickness caught her in more serious form, and messengers, speeding after Henry, roused him in the night with their alarming news. Butts was away from court, and could not be recalled in time. Another doctor was despatched to Anne. "News came to me in the night," Henry wrote to his beloved, "the most distressing I have ever heard. Three things alarm and pain me. First, the illness of my love, whom I esteem beyond everything in the world, whose health I cherish as my own, and half of whose suffering I would gladly bear; next, my fear lest the separation I regret so much must last a little time longer, though I pray God to shorten it; and third, because the doctor in whom I trust is absent at the very moment when he could do me the greatest service. I might hope through him, and through his service, to obtain one of my brightest joys in this world, the swift recovery of my beloved. In place of him I send you my other doctor, the only one near me, praying God that he will cure you soon, when I shall like him more than ever. Pray be ruled by his advice about your illness, so that I may see you

shortly in your usual health, a greater cordial to me than all the jewels in the world."

5. The doctor found Lord Rochford and his daughter ill. In each the malady was taking an unhappy turn; a chill coming on and perspiration ceasing long before the usual time. Butts soon came, but Anne seemed lying in a hopeless state. Around her were the dead and dying. Norreys and Carey sickened, and in six hours Carey was a corpse. Compton died. Poyntz died. Courtney took his bed. A little later in the year, his mother, Lady Catharine Plantagenet, passed away. Wallop, Cheney, Bryan, all the grooms and gentlemen of the chamber, with a single exception, suffered from the malady. Kingston, Captain of the Guard, was stricken down. Every one was scared, and Wolsey most of all. The King held up, and by his good example kept the court from panic. "Eat small suppers, drink but little wine, and take a pill once a-week," was his advice to Wolsey. Anne's fine constitution bore her through.

6. On her recovery she was taken down to Hever, where Lady Rochford's nursing set her on her feet once more. All through the summer months this sickness lingered in the narrow streets and by the water-side. Wolsey was overcome by terror; thinking each hour would be his last, confessing every night, and taking the wine and wafer once a day. Though sobered by the frightful scenes about him, Henry never sank into the abject terrors of the Cardinal. Shut up in Hampton Court, Wolsey locked his gates, and lighted fires around his garden-

walls. No man was suffered to approach his person, lest the poison should be breathed into his lungs. "Be of good comfort," Henry wrote to him by the hand of Bell, his chaplain, "put away fears and fantasies, and make as merry as in such a season of contagion you may; put apart all cares for a time, and commit all to God."

7. Wolsey's "cares" were numerous: not the least of them a certain election at Wilton Abbey, in which Anne Boleyn had been led to interfere. Sharing in the view of Bellay, that her reign was over, Wolsey had been taking an incautious line. But Anne, in place of falling out of notice, was a stronger power than ever. Since she frightened him so much at Hunsdon, Henry had been drawing her kinsmen more and more about his person. George, his close companion, had a fresh pension granted from the prizes of wine. Bryan was made a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Even the Irish cousinry were taken into favour. Piers came over from Kilkenny, and having finally resigned the titles in dispute, he was created Earl of Ossory assigned a pension, and restored to his old place of Deputy. But Wolsey only saw the outer side of things, and those in an imperfect light. Henry was ceasing to tell the Cardinal his secret thoughts, and eyes as keen as Wolsey's go astray when they are groping towards an object in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

Wilton Abbey.

1528.

1. Two months before Carey died, that favourite had moved his master on behalf of his sister Elinor, a nun in Wilton Abbey. Cecilia Willoughby, Lady Abbess of that house, was dead; and Father Benet, one of Wolsey's chaplains, had applied for leave to hold a chapter and elect her successor. Isabel Jordan was the Prioress. She had made herself agreeable to Wolsey and his chaplain, by whose help she meant to have herself elected to the vacant chair. In laying two names before the King, Benet had placed the name of Elinor Carey on his list, in compliment to her friends at court; an error, as the thing turned out; for Carey and his friends took hold of the occasion to promote her over Isabel Jordan's head.

2. Isabel Jordan had a better claim. An aged lady, who had served as Prioress in another house before she came to Wilton, she had years and reputation in her favour. Wolsey made a feint of backing Carey's suit, yet Carey soon had reason to believe the Cardinal meant to give the chair to Isabel. Like other young men in the closet, Carey disliked the Cardinal. Yet Carey had no easy task in fighting him on such a ground. To put the

Cardinal's client out of court, he had to find some reason to believe Isabel Jordan unfitted by her reputation for the government of a house of nuns. Unhappily, the convent had a bad repute; a dozen scandalous tales were whispered in the town; and Isabel seemed by public rumour no less guilty than the rest.

3. Armed with some tale against the Prioress, Carey applied to Henry, and got his brotherly petition backed by Anne. No proofs were given against the Prioress, for no inquiry had been held; and charity in such a case might think the best; yet, in an age and country eager for reform, it seemed unwise to place a woman in the highest seat of a religious house whose character was publicly defamed. Anne spoke to Henry, and the King forbade the Cardinal's chaplain to proceed. "Isabel Jordan shall not be Abbess," he said to his groom; "Isabel shall not be Abbess," he repeated to a dozen persons. Now, if Isabel failed, Carey supposed his sister sure to win. The Cardinal heard of Henry's words; but in his fancy that Anne Boleyn's reign was past, he ventured to go on with the election. Another candidate was started for the chair, in Elinor's elder sister and superior in the convent. Every one could see the Cardinal's game, and Henry, quick to feel and to resent such moves, declared in yet more menacing terms that Isabel Jordan should never be elected Abbess. The affair was pending when the sickness came and Carey died.

4. That Anne should try to comfort her sister

Mary in her weak and widowed state, by doing what she could for Carey's sister, was a thing of course. No one ever came to her in grief without receiving help. Anne knew the sister of William Carey only from report, and never dreaming that the vices which had tainted others in her convent might be found in her, Anne pressed her claim for Mary's sake. Henry took the charge of Elinor Carey's fortunes on himself; but Wolsey was not beaten off even now. Of Elinor, a more comely person than the aged Isabel, there were also tales. These tales were carried to the King. This sister of his dead servant was, it seemed, a shameless woman, who had lived in sin, not only with a priest but with a layman. Henry was annoyed, but having heard these stories, he postponed the election till inquiry had been made. Wolsey was enjoined to call the nuns before him, to compel them to disclose their secrets, and to make report of what he learned. To guard against deceit, the nuns were all examined in the presence of the royal chaplain, Dr. Bell.

5. These measures brought the truth to light. Elinor confessed. It was a bitter piece of news for the poor invalid at Hever; but the story could not be concealed from Anne; and Henry told her what had happened in a tone as honourable to the man who wrote as to the woman who had to read his words. "As touching the matter of Wilton, my Lord Cardinal hath had the nuns before him, and examined them, Master Bell being present; which hath certified me for a truth, that *she* hath con-

fessed herself (which *we* would have had Abbess) to have had two children by two sundry priests; and, further, since hath been keeped by a servant of the Lord Brooke that was, and that not long ago. Wherefore, I would not for all the gold in the world, clog your conscience, nor mine, to make her ruler of a house which is of so ungodly demeanour. Nor I trust you would not that, neither for brother nor sister, I should so destain mine honour or conscience. And as touching the Prioress or dame Elinor's eldest sister, though there is not any evident case proved against them, and that the Prioress is so old that of many years she could not be as she was named; yet, notwithstanding, to do your pleasure, I have done that neither of them shall have it; whereby the house shall be the better reformed (whereof, I ensure you, it hath much need), and God much the better served." He added some few words about herself: "As touching abode at Hever, do therein as best shall like you; for you know best what air doth best with you. But I would it were come thereto, (if it pleased God) that neither of us need care for that, for I ensure you I think it long."

6. Anne was content to set both Prioress and her rival on one side, and get a more sedate and honest woman chosen for the place; but Wolsey, with the madness that precedes a fall, instructed Benet to prepare a chapter and decide the vote for Isabel Jordan. Benet obeyed, and Isabel was elected. Then the royal rage broke out. "It is not the part," said Henry, "of a loving friend and

trusty servant to elect and choose a person by him forbidden; but your cloaking your offence by saying that you did not know my mind, displeases me still more. . . It is a double offence, first to do ill, and then to colour it. Do it no more. For there is no man living that hateth it more than I do . . . As a master and friend, I must desire you to take what I say in good part; for I do it upon no other ground, but the wealth of your soul and mine." Wolsey, on seeing the greatness of his error, made an abject answer. He was afraid, he said; his servants were unwell; and the affair had overslipt his memory. Yet the evil was not done; for the election was conditional only; and the matter in his Majesty's hands. "Seeing the humbleness of your submission, I am content to remit it," said the King with high disdain. But he reminded Wolsey that the monks accused him of robbing convents, that the peers resented his arrogance, that every one exclaimed against his pride and waste. The charm of his ascendancy was broken, and the hour of Isabel's success at Wilton Abbey was the hour in which the Cardinal began to fall.

CHAPTER VII.

The two Legates.

1528.

1. WOLSEY had cause for much alarm. The French were losing time in Italy; and Henry was impatient for the papal answer. Suffolk and Mary were against him. He had nothing to expect from Rochford; nor could he easily conceal his treacheries much longer from the eyes of Lady Anne. Cranmer was writing on the dispensation in a sense to widen the dispute with Rome, and ruin the Cardinal's chances of succeeding to the triple crown. All parties were in league against him. In his dread of losing what he had, he clutched at more and more. Fox died; he took the See of Winchester into his hands. As if to test his power, he asked the King to give the See of Durham to his son, Tom Winter. Henry had lately made this youngster, who was still at school in Paris, Warden of St. Leonard's Hospital. He refused to make him one of his bishops, and the Cardinal of York was in despair.

2. In speaking to the Bishop of Bayonne, Wolsey expressed his weariness of the world, and his increasing wish to go into his diocese and give up public life. "If I could see the league of France and England firmly made, the King's divorce ar-

ranged, his Highness married to a second wife, the dynasty secured in the birth of a Prince, the laws amended, and the Church reformed, I would retire from Court, and spend the remnant of my days in serving God." The Bishop chuckled in his sleeve. A man as keen of sight as he was quick of wit, Bellay began to see that the King's inconstancy, on which both he and his English brother had been counting, was a failure. "Yes," he wrote to France, "I have been called a bad prophet; let it be so; for I now think the King so much in love, that God only can get him out of his mess." Bellay went on to say, "The Cardinal is still resolved on having Madame Renée for his master; and this affair may come about, unless something else shall happen first." Cranmer, by his appeal from Rome to Holy Writ, had given the whole affair a hostile turn. Henry was urging Cranmer to go on, and Cranmer's arguments were winning over many voices in the universities. Until Campeggio came, Wolsey must court the favourite, in order to retain his place; but Bellay saw that he was sinking in the midst of all his plots. "As to the Cardinal, I believe, in spite of all his airs and talk, that he has no true idea of what is going on."

3. Few persons guessed the spirit in which Campeggio was coming. In the face of Henry's gifts—his house in Rome, his loans of money, and his English mitre—he had sold himself to Charles. That Campeggio was a worldly priest, with children to support, the Cardinal knew; that England offered him a better market for his vote than Spain the

Cardinal thought; but no one understood how much the scare of two attacks and two captivities within a year was acting on the nerves of aged cardinals. Detained in Rome almost as much by gout as by his captors, Campeggio lived in mortal fear of the Imperialists. In name, he was the Governor of Rome; in fact, he was a puppet in Quíñones' hands. This friar forbade the Pope to take one step without his previous knowledge and expressed consent. "Write to his Holiness," said the stern Franciscan to Campeggio, "that his Majesty will not have him grant the Papal breve." Campeggio trembled and obeyed.

4. Leaving Farnese governor in his room, Campeggio quitted Rome before the stroke of war had been delivered. Lautrec was advancing towards the south, where Orange and Moncada were hanging on his flank. Campeggio was ordered to relieve his gout by easy stages, so that news might reach him ere he crossed the Straits. His action must be governed by events. In any case he must consider what was best for Clement and the Holy See. Campeggio nursed his gout with care, not only in obedience to the Pontiff, but in deference to the Franciscan General. He could not ride; he could not walk. When news came tardily from the seat of war, he was too ill to leave his bed. The pain being chiefly in his hands, he could not hold a pen. Bryan was sent to spur him forward, but the gouty cardinal was hard to move. In Paris he had men to see. He had to speak with François and Louise, whose captains were not doing much in Naples.

Clerk was with him; but a Papal legate was too great a man to press. Campeggio would not mount his horse, and litters had to be procured. At length, however, he set out, his mind a little cleared by his Italian news.

5. All parties were impatient for the legate's coming. Anne wished to hear the news, and Henry sent such scraps as he received to Hever Castle. "The reasonable requests of your last letter," he wrote, "with the pleasure I also take to know them, cause me to send you these news. The legate, which we most desire, arrived at Paris on Sunday or Monday last past, so that I trust by next Monday to hear of his arrival at Calais; and then I trust, within a little while after to enjoy that which I have so long longed for, to God's pleasure and both our comforts. No more to you at this present, mine own Darling, for lack of time; but that I would you were in my arms, and I in yours, for I think it's long since I kissed you."

6. At length the legate's gout was got to bed in Bath Place. An air of mystery surrounded him. He was too ill to rise, and Wolsey, eager to inspect his comrade, took a boat and saw him in his rooms. He talked about the Lutherans and the Turks, and hinted that the King should fix his thoughts on a recovery of Jerusalem. A second and a third time Wolsey rowed to Bath Place. The Bishop of Bayonne also went to see the legate, but the airy Frenchman was perplexed. "What it will come to no one knows," he wrote. Catharine seemed to be the only person at her ease. She knew a great

deal more about Campeggio's plans than either Wolsey or Bellay, and while an ordinary eye saw nothing in her future but despair, she talked as though her darkest hours were past. A foreign cardinal was sure to do her justice, and her nephew had the means of forcing Clement to sustain her cause. London was full of peers and knights, as though a royal marriage and a coronation were expected. Anne and Lady Rochford were at court. Rochford, whose recovery had been slower than his daughter's, came from Kent. Norfolk and Suffolk had been summoned from their country-seats; and every tongue was busy with the great affair. Yet Catharine kept her place and post as in her regal days. She got up dances and other pastimes in her chambers, and desired the ladies and gentlemen of her household to be merry. A common interest and a common danger brought the King's sister to her side; for Mary, thinking of her children, was averse to Henry's match with Anne; and, like the Queen, she was involved in a disputed point of matrimonial law. The Duke's first wife was still alive; and who could say what Lady Mortimer might not attempt if Catharine's marriage were dissolved? The two Queens felt a common duty in persuading Henry to desist.

7. Wolsey and Campeggio peered into each other's eyes. These legates were to sit in judgment under one commission, but their objects in the suit were wide apart, and each was bent on finding out his colleague's means and ends. "At my departure," said Campeggio, "his Holiness led me to believe

that your Reverend Lordship would assist me to induce the King to go no further in this business?" Wolsey shook his head. "I am instructed by his Holiness," Campeggio added, "to see the King and try what can be done by argument." "The marriage is no marriage, and the safety of the realm requires a dissolution," answered Wolsey. Hours were spent in urging the Imperialist view. "I spoke with all my force," Campeggio wrote to Clement, "but I could not move the Cardinal from his point." "The King's desire is just," said Wolsey; "learned and godly men have strengthened his opinion; and the kingdom will not wait." Wolsey said he knew his country well. If justice were denied, two things would happen. He would fall; and when he fell the Papal power would vanish from the land! Not once, but many times, he spoke these words. "In our last discourse," Campeggio wrote to Rome, "he said to me again and again, 'Beware, most reverend lord, lest England be driven to follow in the wake of Germany. A cardinal estranged the Germans from the Holy See. Let it not be said that another cardinal has caused another loss. Unless this marriage is annulled, the authority of Rome is gone.'"

8. Campeggio waited on the King, and in a private audience lasting four hours, went over all the ground. At first, as he perceived, the King had entered on his "secret matter" solely to protect his consort and secure his dynasty. No second love-affair was in his thoughts. He wished to have the Julian breve confirmed, so that the law might be declared afresh. Leo had refused his confirmation

of the breve; and Clement, even after Henry had exalted the pontifical office, had declined to seal a second breve. Then had come the change of front, when Wolsey, seeking an alliance with the court of Blois, had asked the pontiff to annul the marriage. Clement had done neither. Henry, as Campeggio saw, was fixed in purpose. "He is a great theologian and a greater jurist," said the Italian, "and an angel from heaven would not be strong enough to argue him down. He tells me the divorce is an accomplished fact, as for the past two years he has been thoroughly separated from the Queen."

9. Unable to move the King, Campeggio tried his wiles on Catharine. Would she go into a convent and become the spouse of Christ? The King agreed that Catharine should retire on any terms. She might retain her rank, her rents, her ornaments, her pensions. In the absence of male heirs, her daughter should be declared the King's successor on the throne. The legates went to see her, and having read the Pope's letter, Campeggio, with the art of which he was a master, told her that the Pope, being bound to render justice to every one, had sent the Cardinal of York and himself to hear her case; but since the thing was high and difficult, his Holiness advised her, in his paternal office, out of his great affection for her, not to press for trial; but in her own prudence, and with his paternal blessing, to adopt some other course of settling the affair. He carefully refrained from mentioning a convent; yet she understood his meaning well. Both sides were thinking of some Abbey of St. Clare;

but Catharine had no mind to enter a religious house. "I know, most reverend lord," she answered, "the sincerity of my own heart. I wish to die in the Holy Faith, and in obedience to God and Holy Church; but I desire to state this business to his Holiness. I have heard you would persuade me to enter a religious house?" Campeggio told her that was true, and urged with all his eloquence, that such an act of self-denial would become her well. He quoted the example of Jeanne of France, who was alive in her retreat, honoured and respected by the world. "By entering a religious house, your Majesty will satisfy God, preserve your conscience, and sustain the glory of your name. You will avoid public scandal, retain your dowry, and support your daughter's rights." But Catharine would not listen to his voice. The news from Italy was high and stirring. Lautrec was dead; the French were broken and dispersed. A victory as great as that of Pavia crowned the Emperor's arms. Charles was once more master of the Vatican; and Catharine, as Queen of England, not as sister of St. Clare, would submit her conscience to the Pope.

CHAPTER VIII.

Appeal to England.

1528.

1. SEEING that Wolsey laid no stress on Henry's love, Campeggio paid no court to Anne Boleyn, and hardly took her into his account. A strange idea flashed into his mind. The question moving every one was that of the succession. England wished to have a king. Catharine had no son, and Charles insisted that his cousin Mary must be queen. Might not these claims be reconciled? The King was fond of Richmond, the handsome boy of nine, now living at Sheriff Hutton with his council, learning how to rule, if not to reign. The King had thought of declaring Richmond his successor on the throne. A bastard ruled the Vatican. If a natural son could be a pope, why not a king? Campeggio asked why Richmond should not wed his sister Mary, and enjoy the throne with her?

2. A dispensation for this marriage would be needed, but Campeggio knew the ways of Rome, and with a prudent handling of the matter, he believed a dispensation might be got. If Charles approved the match, his trouble would be slight. Charles had no great reason to prefer one prince above another for his cousin's hand. To him, the only point of moment was that Mary should suc-

ceed her father on his throne. Quiñones had received a Cardinal's cap; and since the victories of Orange, he had only to express a wish in Rome to find himself obeyed. But neither Wolsey nor Campeggio understood the master passion that controlled events. Had nothing more been meant by Henry than a political union with Renée, the proposal might have taken Henry's fancy. He was fond of Mary, but he was fonder still of Anne.

3. One morning, as Campeggio lay in bed, Wolsey came in with news that upset all his plans. Campeggio was beginning to hope that Catharine would retire. Knowing that Fisher enjoyed her confidence, he had seen this prelate. Fisher, he fancied, was content to let her do so, and Campeggio gave him orders how to act. But Wolsey now removed all doubt of Catharine's future course. Henry had asked his partner, what she wished? She spoke of proctors, advocates, and councillors. At first she wished to have imperialist proctors, advocates, and councillors; a claim that could not be allowed by law, since England was at war with Spain; and then she mentioned Warham, Fisher, Clerk, and Tunstall; three of whom were her devoted partizans. By naming Warham, she prevented his appearance on the other side. Henry added that the Queen might have a Spanish proctor and a Flemish advocate. She asked his leave to send for Luis Vives, one of the few great scholars left in Spain, a correspondent of Erasmus, who had also been connected with the university of Oxford. He assented to her wish. All hope of striking out a middle course was vanish-

ing into mist. A court must be convened; the matter must be opened; and the legates must decide. But Wolsey had another piece of news. The Queen was asking to confess herself to the Italian legate, and the King was yielding to her wish. She would arrive that morning at Bath Place. Campeggio must be ready to receive her when she came.

4. She came at nine o'clock, and stayed till noon. Speaking under the seal of confession, she first desired the legate to make every word she uttered known to the Holy Father, and then explained to him the whole of her life since she was married to Prince Arthur. She had never been that prince's wife. Campeggio, in the fulness of his ghostly power, advised his penitent to put an end to all her troubles by retiring from the world. "Never!" cried Catharine, proudly: "I will never do it. I will die as I have lived, in that estate of matrimony to which God has called me." The Italian hoped she would relent. Hinting that some of her friends were indiscreet, and that the council might indict them for conspiracy to imagine the King's death, he tried to frighten her by saying the charge would ruin her, whether she were guilty or not guilty. Death by the axe might be her sentence. Mary would be buried in a convent. Surely, she would change her attitude! "No," said Catharine, with a slow and solid emphasis, "I shall never change." In vain Campeggio pointed out how much her obstinacy would hurt her nephew and disturb the Church. A sense of personal injury buoyed her up. The question should be tried; the world should know her wrongs. If judg-

ment passed against her marriage, she would be free, even as the King was free. Change that opinion? Never! If the greatest punishments were threatened, she would never flinch. Were she condemned to be torn limb from limb, she would not alter; nay, if after death she could return to life, rather than change, she would prefer to die again. So said the Queen. "Having said all I could, and having found her so firm," wrote Campeggio, "I let her go. She left me. I am much annoyed at her obstinacy in rejecting good advice."

5. Bellay, who had frequent interviews with Campeggio, was watching the affair with open eyes. "This is the way the matter stands," he wrote to France. "Fisher and Tunstall, I understand, are of the Queen's opinion; also the dean of the chapel; but I fancy they must lose their cause. I keep my former view. If all the cardinals in the church, not only in the present, but in the past, had approved the marriage, they could not have made it valid. . . God Himself has long ago pronounced the sentence."

6. Wolsey was fighting for his seat against the party looking for support to Anne. "I hear on good authority," said Fisher to the Signory, "that Cardinal Wolsey is not now in favour of a divorce; because he sees the King will marry Boleyn's daughter; and the father, who is one of the greatest men in England, will deprive the Cardinal of his place." Wolsey, More, and Tunstall, men of the old order, were engaged in buying up and burning Tyndale's translation of the New Testament and other pious

books, printed in Antwerp, and scattered over England by an unseen agency. That traffic was too great to be suppressed, and with the least encouragement might spread to every corner of the realm. Wolsey felt so sure of falling with the old order, that he wrote a secret note to Clement, urging him not to concede a dispensation for the King's marriage. Letters sent in public must be read by him between the lines; but Wolsey's private feeling was that Henry's union with Anne Boleyn would be dangerous for the Papacy.

7. The affair was nearer to a turning-point than Wolsey knew. Wakfeld had sent his second book into the world; proving, with ponderous logic and quotations, that Henry had been living for twenty years in mortal sin. Wyat, who held with Cranmer and Wakfeld, that the King was living in a state of sin, supplied the password of the day, in one of those pregnant sayings which helped to make his fame. "Lord, sir," said Wyat to his master, "that a man cannot repent him of his sin, but by the Pope's leave!" Anne, too, was coming round. A gentle, learned, and persuasive man like Cranmer, stamped conviction in her heart. The "vain thoughts and fantasies," as her royal lover called them now, were giving way, and she was coming to regard the situation from Cranmer's point of view. Henry was enchanted by the change. "What joy it is to me," he wrote, "to understand of you, conformable to reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain thoughts and fantasies! I assure you all the good of this world could not counterpoise for my

satisfaction the knowledge thereof. Wherefore, good sweetheart, continue the same, not only in this, but in all your doings hereafter; for thereby shall come both to you and me the greatest quietness that may be in this world." Henry was in the mood to dwell on Wyat's words. Why should he ask the Pontiff's leave to repent him of his sin? The Pope was Cæsar's vassal, and Cæsar was not only a public enemy, but a personal party in his suit. Cæsar was sending agents to Cork and Edinburgh to stir up war. Gonzalo de Puebla was in Munster, holding secret intercourse with the rebel Desmond. Sauvage, Chancellor of Castille, talked of hurling Henry from his throne!

8. On Sunday afternoon, the eighth day of November, an assembly of peers and judges, councillors and officers of state, met the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and a body of merchants and bankers, at Bridewell Palace. Hall, the chronicler, was present, and preserved a note of Henry's words. "Our trusty and well-beloved subjects," said the King, "it is not unknown to you how we have reigned over this realm for nearly twenty years, during which time we have so ordered as, thanked be God, that no outward enemy hath oppressed you or taken anything from us; but when we remember that we must die, we think that all our doings in our lifetime are effaced, if we leave you in trouble at the time of our death." He spoke of what had happened on the death of Edward the Fourth, and of the slowly dying fires of the great civil war. He told them of the negotiations opened for a marriage of his daughter;

of the question raised by a learned bishop; of consultations with his ghostly father and with other learned clerks. Every man stood still in grief and wonderment. Some sighed and said nothing: some were sorry to have heard such news: yet few, if any, doubted that the sad affair must now go on. Henry wished to know their views of what was right in law and reason; and desired his hearers to make known in every quarter that their Prince would do nothing but what was right.

CHAPTER IX.

To Rome.

1529.

1. CATHARINE felt this meeting of peers and commoners as a fearful sign, and went to Greenwich very much depressed. Her tone of victory was gone, yet her resolve to stand on her rights seemed firm. Vives came to her from Spain, and undertook to write in her defence. But Henry stayed at Bridewell Palace, as though that meeting with his peers and commoners had ended his affair. Anne Boleyn retired to Hever, whence no messages of love had power to bring her back. Catharine found no fault with Anne, who kept aloof from her impetuous lover, even at the cost of separation from a father whom she loved. Yet, why had Henry stayed behind? Was she dismissed for ever from his house? If so, those dances and those junkets of her ladies had been sadly premature.

2. Though every art was used to cause delay, the time was coming when Wolsey and Campeggio were compelled to hold a court and throw away their masks. Byron was gone to Rome as envoy; partly with a proposal from the Cardinal, partly with a mission from the Cardinal's enemies. Wolsey proposed a compromise. "A pontiff," Wolsey argued, "was an infallible priest, who held the rules of earth as

freely as he held the keys of heaven. Whatever he might do was right in fact and sound in law. Would he allow the King to have two wives?" The case of holy men in Israel having several wives was pointed out, and Bryan was asked to learn from canonists whether the Pope, although unable in his ordinary power to dispense with the divine law, might not do so of his higher will and power, as judging this affair to be a case beyond the reach of law? Wolsey's enemies engaged this envoy to unearth the Cardinal's intrigues. A cousin of Anne Boleyn, and a favourite of the King, Bryan was eager to promote the match. Keeping his eyes open, he soon saw reason to suspect the Cardinal of underground proceeding at the Vatican. He heard of Wolsey's secret letter to the Pope, and those who sent him out were warned that Wolsey, earnest though he seemed, was playing one game in London, another game in Rome.

3. When pressed to show the breve, which she alleged in her defence, Catharine produced a copy of a paper, the original of which was said to be in Spain. The King believed it spurious. Wolsey and Campeggio refused to read it. No one had ever heard of it before; nor were authentic copies now produced. The date and contents were suspicious; yet the matter seemed so grave that nothing could be done till the original was in the legates' hands. The Queen demanded time; and Henry, fretting at these interruptions of his suit, consented to allow her time. But war between the Crowns was raging, and unless the French allowed her messenger to

pass, no one could say how long he might take to reach the Spanish court. Henry asked Bellay to get the man a pass. Charles asserted that he had the breve, but he refused to send it to his aunt for her defence. He dared not trust it to the papal legates; but he offered to produce it in a Roman court. Charles knew that England would not argue in a foreign court, especially in a city occupied by Spanish troops, so that an offer to produce that document could be safely made.

4. Clement was vexed with Wolsey for insisting on his plan. "Would to God," wrote Sanga, the Papal secretary, to Campeggio, "that the Cardinal of York had let the matter take a proper course. If the King had done as he thought fit without requiring a papal sanction for his acts, the Pope would not have been to blame." Clement implored his legate to induce the Queen to enter a religious house. When it was clear that Catharine would not enter a religious house, Sanga proposed a curious bargain. If the King would lay aside all further thoughts of a divorce from Catharine, Clement was ready to entertain that project of a marriage "between the King's son" and "the King's daughter." Sanga was also forgetting Anne! Bryan contrived to see a copy of the breve, which he reported to be forged. As Clement's policy seemed delay and nothing else, Rochford and Suffolk were despatched to Paris with a view to sounding François on a course that might result in separating England from the see of Rome. François was delighted by their embassy; for he was tired of Wolsey's tricks; and saw

a great advantage for himself in Henry's separation from the Holy See. Taking Suffolk aside, he bade him beware of the two cardinals: not less of Wolsey than of Campeggio. Suffolk reported his advice, for Suffolk hated Wolsey, as he hated every one who wished to see the crown secured by the birth of males.

5. At last a court was held in the palace of Blackfriars, at which the two Cardinals sat as judges. Warham and the whole body of bishops, excepting Fisher and Standish, occupied the bench. Gardiner acted as chief clerk. Behind the bar stood the chief advocates and proctors; on the King's side, Sampson, Bell, and Tregonell; on the Queen's side, Fisher, Standish, and Ridley. Silence being ordered, the Pope's commission was read, and the crier called out, "Henry, King of England, come into the court!" to which the King made answer, "Here, my lords!" The crier went on, "Catharine, Queen of England, come into the court!" Catharine rose. Making no answer to the court, but, looking round to see how she could get near the King, she passed by the bars and benches, and kneeling down before her husband, cried in passionate accents, "Sir, I beseech you for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right! Take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman, and a stranger born out of your dominion. I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel. I fly to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion have you of dis-

pleasure, that you intend to put me from you! I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife . . . I loved all those whom you loved, only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or enemies . . . If there be any just cause by the law that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment, to put me from you, I am well content to depart, to my great shame and dishonour; if there be none, I must lowly beseech you, let me remain in my former estate . . . In the way of charity and for the love of God, spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take. If you will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, then your pleasure be fulfilled, and I commit my cause to God."

6. She rose, and every one supposed she was returning to her former place; but making a proud curtsey to the King, she took the arm of her receiver-general, Griffith, and left the court. "Recall her Highness," cried the King. "Catharine, Queen of England, come into the court," roared the crier. "Madam, you be called again," whispered Griffith in her ear. "On, on!" quoth the Queen; "it maketh no matter. This is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways!" Seeing how bravely she bore herself, the King's old love and admiration swelled within his heart. "As the Queen is gone," he said, "I will, in her absence, declare unto you all, my lords here presently as-

sembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity!" Wolsey, ever watching for a sign of change, and thinking that his hour was come, made haste to get himself excused, asserting that he had never been a mover in this great affair.

7. "I moved this matter first," said Henry, "to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father; and, forasmuch as then you were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my Lord of Canterbury, asking your license (as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question: and so I did of all you, my lords, to the which you have all granted by writing under your seals." "That is the truth," said Warham, "and I doubt not, but all my brethren here present will affirm the same." Fisher stood out; "No, sir, not I! you have not my consent thereto." "No!" cried Henry; "look here on this—is not this your hand and seal?" Henry passed towards him a paper. "It is not my hand nor seal," said Fisher. "How say you?" asked Henry, turning to the primate, "is it not his hand and seal?" "Yes, sir," replied Warham. "That is not so!" cried Fisher; "you were in hand to wish me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had done, but then I said to you I would never consent to no such act." "You say truth," replied the Archbishop; "but at last you were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your

name, and put a seal myself, and you would allow the same." Fisher denied that he had given this leave. "Well, well!" cried Henry, losing patience, "it shall make no matter: we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man."

8. A day arrived when sentence must be given. Henry sat in a gallery above the court; Norfolk, Suffolk, and a crowd of peers were in the court below. The case presented by the King's councillors was strongly put. Catharine had been Arthur's wife. Was not the bull of dispensation evidence of the fact? If that original statement were untrue, the bull was vitiated by the falsehood, and the marriage based on it was void. This argument compelled the Queen's advocates to admit that Catharine had been Arthur's wife and widow. Then, rejoined the King's councillors, the case was clear. The canons had laid down the rule that a man cannot marry his brother's wife; therefore the King's pretended marriage had been always null and void.

9. They asked for judgment. Then Campeggio threw aside his mask. "I will give no judgment in this cause until I have made relation to the Pope of our proceedings. Wherefore I adjourn the court." Every one stood amazed, and Suffolk gave the wonder and the fury voice. With lofty mien and flashing eye he strode into the centre of the group, and cried, "it was never merry in England while we had cardinals among us!" Wolsey retorted sharply, "Sir! of all men within this realm you have least cause to be offended with cardinals; for if I, a simple cardinal, had not been, you should have

had at this moment no head on your shoulders.” Henry left the court abruptly, while the peers and prelates looked into each other’s faces for a sign. All felt that something great and striking had occurred, but few conceived the greatness of that hour. The revolution had commenced.

BOOK THE TWENTY-FIRST.

REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

Catharine and Anne.

1529.

1. FROM the moment of Campeggio's speech and his adjournment of the court, a revolution set in. Henry, the devoted servant of his Church, had done with cardinals, and, like his people, he was in the temper for a breach with Rome. Before the legates showed their game, news had come from Bryan, full of reproach against the cardinals who were near the Pope, and more than all against that Spanish friar whom Clement had created cardinal of Santa Cruz. Bryan told the truth. "The Pope," he wrote, "will do nothing for your grace." A layman, why should he conceal the truth? Cardinal Quiñones struck him as "a whorson, flattering friar." Bryan was unearthing Wolsey's underground intrigues. By means of a lady, he procured the Cardinal's secret letter to the Pope. He wished to bring that document home, the contents being too perilous for common eyes to scan. The first part of

his mission bore no fruit. "The Pope will do nothing for your grace," he wrote; "I trust never to die but that the Pope and popes shall have, as they have had, need of your grace, and that your grace will quit them." Bryan entered Rome a faithful servant of his Church; he was about to leave it in a bitter and rebellious mood.

2. So long as any hope remained, Bryan had sent his news to Anne; but when he saw too plainly that his country would be sacrificed, he ceased to tell her what was passing, and referred her to the King for news. "I write a letter to my cousin Anne," he said to Henry, "but I dare not write the truth of this affair, because I do not know whether your Grace will be contented that she should know it so shortly or no; but I have said to her that your Grace will make her privy to all our news." A morbid feeling was engendered in the English court, and many were of Suffolk's mind that cardinals were becoming evil things. Wolsey was out of favour; for the King accused him of delay, if not of something worse. A candidate for the Papacy, Wolsey was less attached to England than to Rome; and when his countrymen perceived this fact the Cardinal of York was lost.

3. On news arriving in Rome that Catharine refused to plead before the legates, Contarini, the Venetian envoy, waited on the Pope to learn what steps he meant to take. The war was dying out. François, broken by his many losses, was inclined to peace. The Signory was no less eager than the French, since Charles was now too powerful to resist.

But Henry was not likely to accept a general peace until his cause was ended; and the King of France could hardly sign unless his powerful neighbour also signed. Clement produced his latest news from Paris. Contarini thought the letters bad. "I hardly read them so," said Clement, "though the English King, who wants a sentence of divorce before anything else is done, delays the peace." His Holiness was much perplexed. The utmost power of Spain was placed at Catharine's service; for the cause of Catharine was no other than the cause of Spain. If Bryan was exacting on one side, Quiñones was more exacting on the other. "Cæsar is coming into Italy," Quiñones said to Clement; "act with him, and Ostia and Civita Vecchia shall be yours, and all the cardinals who are held as hostages shall be free." How was the Pontiff to resist such pleas, preferred by a General of the Order of St. Francis, and supported by an army at the gates of Rome?

4. "These Imperialists," said Clement to Contarini, "urge me to revoke the suit from England to a Papal court, but as that course would interrupt the peace, I ask them to let the matter stand over, and I send a rescript into England not to meddle further in that business till the peace is made. But they refuse, and push their pleas against the Queen. So I have called a council for to-morrow, and shall stay their further doings in the matter." "Then your Holiness will revoke the suit to Rome?" "I do not know," he answered, "for I wish to do what can be justified." Next day his council met. Quiñones told the cardinals what they were to do;

the Pope, as he alleged, desiring to revoke the suit to Rome. This council was composed of three members, besides the friar: the cardinals of Ancona, Cesis, and Santi Quattro. Quiñones proposed that the cause should be heard in Rome; the other three cardinals voted as he bade them. Thus, the hearing was revoked to Rome. England was told by four old gentlemen sitting in the Vatican that English judges were unable to decide an English cause; in other words, that England had no right to call herself an independent state. What England might reply to that announcement from the Vatican was a thing of which the cardinal-friar took no account. Cæsar had sent him to Rome, and while he stayed in Rome the will of Cæsar should be done.

5. Henry replied by summoning a Parliament of his realm. Wolsey detested Parliaments. In five years he had called no meeting of the Houses, and for thirteen years the two estates had only sat a few weeks. Had Wolsey kept his seat, no peers and burgesses would have met to vex his soul; but men were getting near the King who wished the people to be made the partners of his fight with Rome. How they would fight if called into the field was known to many and surmised by all. A table of Wolsey's lawless acts, drawn up and signed by thirty-four leading councillors and peers, was laid before the King. Henry was amazed. Wolsey was misleading him on many points; but having left affairs so much in Wolsey's charge, he hardly liked to take away the Seals. He thought it wiser to

conceal his mind. From Wolsey he had caught the art of plotting with a smile and slaying with a gift. He kept him busy while he conned in privacy that table of his crimes. But Wolsey's rivals pushed him towards the wall. Norfolk took the lead in council. Suffolk and Rochford came between him and the King. Gardiner was employed as Secretary of State. Norreys was in closer favour. George Boleyn went as minister to France. Wyatt was near the King; and every door at court was held by partizans of the Queen-elect. Wolsey hung about, attending to the duties of his place, yet frightened at the signs of his approaching fall.

6. The writs were hardly out before a cry of gladness seemed to rise from town and shire. Parliament was called for the first week in November, and for months before that time arrived the country seemed to feel by instinct that the King and Cardinal must part before the Houses met. On every side accusers raised their heads. The rhymesters set their verse against him. Men whom he had tolled and polled, men whom he had plucked and screwed, men whom he had gnawed and scourged, assailed him in the public streets. The friends of Catharine joined the friends of Anne in railing at a tyrant who had used and tricked all parties in his turn. Tyndale smote him in his "Practise of Prelates." Latimer appealed to the King against him, in favour of "free liberty to read the Holy Scriptures." Roy assailed him in his pungent satire. Yet these opponents were so cowed by his great fortunes, that the fiercest of their tribe held out some hope of

pardon if the Cardinal should repent him of his pride. Let this peacock look to his feet and lower his tail, said Roy; let him put off his golden shoon; let him lay down his pillar, his pole-axe, and his cross; let him cease to pill the people; let him give up his superfluities, and creep back again to the place he held; then God may make him worthy of the people's love.

7. Henry rode out with Catharine to Woodstock, where he stayed some weeks, believing that the Queen, advised by the two legates, was deciding to retire. Wolsey was left behind, nor was he asked to come when French ambassadors arrived. All business lay in Rochford's hands. Lady Rochford and his daughter were at court, and every one seemed waiting for the final act, when a strange matter came to light. One of Anne's cabinets was opened, and some of the King's private letters were removed. No one saw the theft, but the two cardinals were suspected of the deed. Nor were they lightly charged. The notes were stolen from the lady's cabinet for the purpose of defaming Anne. Campeggio sent them by his son Ridolfo to the Vatican, where they still remain; but neither priest nor friar could find in them a trace of evidence against the Queen-elect.

8. Riding from Woodstock, Henry left the Queen behind; now to be his Queen no more, not even in courtesy; and made for Grafton, where he had a hunting-lodge. Rochford, with his wife and daughter, rode with him to Grafton. Norfolk pro-

posed to send for Wolsey and Campeggio, to receive them coldly, to dismiss the Italian priest, and put the Cardinal of York to open shame. The secret letter of the Cardinal was placed in Henry's hands.

CHAPTER II.

Fall of Wolsey.

1529.

1. ON his arrival at the gates of Grafton, Wolsey was struck by his reception. No great officers of state appeared to hold his bridle and conduct him to his room. A servant waited on Campeggio, as a stranger and a guest; and Wolsey, in a tremor, walked with him to his apartments, after which he turned to seek his own. No room had been provided for his use! Norfolk took care that he should have no lodging near the King. "There is no room for you," said one of the attendants, who at other times would not have dared to speak save on his knees. Wolsey was fit to sink. Was he a stag at bay? Norfolk, he felt, would not have dared so much, unless the King had made some sign. Was he closing on enemies whom he had often vexed in a last bout for power and life? The Cardinal felt faint. Norreys came up, and seeing him in trouble, offered him the use of his closet for retirement. "Sir," said Norreys, in a soothing tone, "there is little room in this house; scantily sufficient for the King; therefore I beseech you accept of mine for the season." Thanking Norreys for his gentle offices, Wolsey went in to rest and change his clothes.

2. Some friends slipped in to warn him how his

matter stood, for every one except himself, even traders in the city and the steel-yard, seemed to see his peril. Henry, they said, was sore; for something had been found in Rome which he must presently explain. These hints sufficed, and Wolsey took his line. As they were speaking, Norreys called him to the presence-chamber, where he found the lords and councillors waiting for the King. All eyes were bent on him as he strode in; a hundred wagers having been staked on Henry waving him aside in fierce disdain. When Henry came, and stood beside his chair of state, the Cardinal, taking off his cap, threw himself at his master's feet in tears, and would not rise till Henry buoyed him up, and held him in his arms. Some councillors' faces fell. Stepping into a bay window, Henry called the Cardinal, and spoke to him alone. Once only those about him caught his words. "How can that be?" cried Henry, taking out Wolsey's letter from his bosom, "is not this your hand?" No one caught the Cardinal's answer, but his speech was long and low; and in the end he seemed to have soothed his master's rage. More faces fell. Coming back into his place, his Highness said aloud, "My lord Cardinal, go to your dinner; my lords here will keep you company; after dinner I will resort to you again."

3. The King retired to dine in Rochford's chamber, where he talked about the scene below. "Sir," said Anne, "is it not a marvellous thing to consider what debt and danger the Cardinal hath brought you in with all your subjects?" "How so, sweet-

heart?" "Forsooth, there is not a man in all your realms worth five pounds but he hath made you his debtor." Anne referred to a recent loan, which had become a topic of the ballad-mongers. Henry smiled. "Well, well, as for that, he is not to blame. I know that matter better than you or any other." "Nay, Sir," returned the lady, "see what things he hath wrought within this realm to your great slander and dishonour! There is never a nobleman within this realm that if he had done but half so much but he were worthy to lose his head. If my lord of Norfolk, my lord of Suffolk, my lord my father, or any other noble person within your realm, had done even much less than he, they should have lost their heads." "Why then, I perceive," cried Henry, "you are not the Cardinal's friend." It must have been the first time Anne had spoken out. "I have no cause," she answered, "nor has any one that loves your grace." Dinner was over, and the gentlemen in attendance heard no more.

4. No less dramatic was the scene below. Norfolk and Wolsey sat and smiled, like duellists about to close in deadly strife. Each knew it was a duel to the death, as in the lists when Buckingham had fallen. "It were well," said Wolsey, going in appearance with the party of reform, "if the King would send his chaplains and bishops to their cures and benefices." Norfolk rejoined, "Yea, marry, and so it were for you too." Wolsey took no heed of the offence. "I would be contented therewith very well," he answered, "if it were the King's pleasure to grant me license, with his favour, to go to my benefice

of Winchester.” Norfolk was not disposed to let him off. Winchester was in the south. Esher, the Bishop’s seat, was close to Hampton Court. He must be banished to a distant shire. “Nay,” cried Norfolk, “to your benefice of York.” The Cardinal merely said, “Even as it shall please the King.” Henry came back into the chamber.

5. Calling the Cardinal aside, he spake with him a long while in the great window, in a voice too low for any one to catch his words. Wolsey appeared to hold his ground, and men who had been betting heavily were shaking in their shoes. The talk became so secret, that the King, not finding the bay window private enough, took Wolsey by the hand into his closet, where he sat with him alone till it was dark. How Wolsey brought the King to listen is unknown; but there were points which such a man as he could urge with great effect. Anne, it was thought, would never marry save on a canonical dispensation from the Pope. No man but Wolsey could procure that dispensation. Sooner or later, he might get it, while no other man would have a chance. Some day he might be chosen Pope. Clement was old and weak. Nine months ago, the Pope being reported dead, a majority of the Sacred College would have raised him to the Holy See. Clement might die at any hour, and when he died the business would be done. What service was the Duke expected to achieve? He had no voice in Rome. He had no love for Anne, whom he was only treating as a gamester treats his stake. Who were his chosen friends, the guests who

shared his cups at Tendring Hall? Not friends of Anne, nor even of the Crown. The Duchess was a Stafford, and, like every member of that fallen house, she nursed a secret grudge against the King. If Norfolk were in place, this woman would obtain more power to do the King and the King's sweetheart injury. Such arguments, delivered in a smooth and servile tone, were sure to reach their mark. Henry sat listening to his servant till the linkmen flashed their torches at his gate. As Wolsey had to ride some miles in search of lodgings, it was needful he should start betimes; so Henry, bidding him good night, desired him to come again next morning and renew their conference. Happy in this gleam of favour, Wolsey mounted his horse in lighter frame. Had he but slept that night in Grafton Lodge!

6. The instant he was gone, the peers and knights whom his recall might ruin put their heads together. Rochford had no liking for his brother-in-law, the Duke; but in the Cardinal they had a common enemy to foil. Rochford appealed to Anne, who saved these plotters from their foe. The course they ought to take was clear. Wolsey must see the King no more. But how were they to cross a meeting which the King had fixed? Anne undertook that charge. Had she no injuries to redress? Had she not Percy's blighted love and miserable marriage to avenge? Anne was imparking the estate now known as Hartwell Park. It was a royal manor, which the King had recently obtained from Dorset in exchange, and granted in his bounty to the

Queen-elect. She offered to invite the King to go and see the grounds. Anne was a splendid rider; light and lithe, yet strong and hardy; so that he delighted in being out with her afield. He would be sure to cry, "Ha, ha!" Campeggio had already taken leave, and was to start betimes. Wolsey was to see him safe, and they could hardly stay at Grafton Lodge beyond the hour of noon. By riding far, and dining in the park, she might detain the King until the Cardinals were gone. The peers approved her innocent device. Henry was eager for his morning ride; and horses were commanded for an early hour.

7. Wolsey, awake betimes, rode back to Grafton, where he found the royal party moving off. Henry was riding by the side of Anne, and Norreys, turning to the Cardinal, bade him see Campeggio to Bath Place, and wait in London till his Highness came to town. Wolsey was dismayed. A night-crow, he remarked, had been at work. Hoping that Henry might return, he hung about the lodge; but after dinner, seeing no sign of Henry's coming, he at last set out, dragging his weary way to St. Alban's Abbey, where he spent a restless night. His enemies were too many and too strong for him to fight alone, and he had always chosen in his pride to stand alone. Next day the legates jogged to London, where Campeggio, after receiving presents worth two thousand marks, took his leave. At Dover all his chests were opened by a royal order, on the chance of finding Henry's love-letters and other papers; but as the Italian had already sent his stolen

property away, nothing more curious was discovered in his trunks than heaps of rags and dirty clothes.

8. Campeggio stayed some weeks in Dover, waiting, he pretended, for a fairer passage; but, in truth, appalled and fascinated by the violence of that revolution which the Cardinal of York had warned him would commence the moment England was assured that justice was denied her by the Papal Court.

CHAPTER III.

A New Court.

1529-30.

1. THE King and Queen being parted, and the King appearing in his legal character of bachelor, Anne shrank from staying, even in her father's rooms, beneath the royal roof. She wished to be at home. Though legally a bachelor, the King had long been called a married man. The Church had not yet granted him a full release, and while she held with all her teachers, from the Great Duke, her grandfather, down to the learned priest, her father's chaplain, that no marriage had ever taken place between the King and Queen, she wanted, as a daughter of the Church, to see this doctrine of her lawyers sanctioned by a sentence of her Pope. On coming back from Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford went to live with her at Durham House.

2. This splendid pile, already noted as the residence of Catharine in her widowed days, had been conveyed by Wolsey to Rochford in the hour of his disgrace about the Wilton business. Durham house belonged to him as Bishop of Durham, and he occupied it during his repairs at York Place. As he had yielded Hampton Court to stay one storm, he gave up Durham House to stay another storm. "As touching a lodging for you," Henry wrote to Anne,

“we have gotten one by my lord Cardinal’s means: the like whereof could not have been found hereabouts.” At Durham House, Lord and Lady Rochford and their daughter found a pleasant home, with gardens in their rear, a bishop’s palace on each side, and the broad river in their front. By Rochford’s care, the library was stored with books and manuscripts. Here Cranmer toiled with ink and pen. Hither came all the wits and sonneteers, each with his posy and his compliment to the Queen-elect. Hither came also poor artificers and labourers who heard of the good lady and appealed to her for help. Anne was not rich, but what she owned was given with liberal hand. More court was paid to her than to the Queen, whose proud reserve kept every one apart. Anne held her maiden state amidst a crowd of poets who adored her wit, and scholars who delighted in her learning. From her old friend Wyat to her new friend Cranmer, every man of genius found a welcome, and the gallery of Durham House became a paradise of artists and of learned men.

3. Wolsey had given so much offence to both the old court and the new, that friends of Catharine joined with friends of Anne in hurling him from place. When Henry came to London, Hales, his Attorney-general, was instructed to prepare two bills against the Cardinal, which were drawn so secretly that Wolsey was but dimly conscious of a change. He sat in Council, and he occupied the marble chair. But on the opening day of Michaelmas term, two bills were suddenly filed against him in the

court of King's Bench, charging him with having exercised legatine authority in England contrary to law. A charge so scandalous had rarely been made in a court of justice, even by Wolsey himself in his worst days of power. What he had done as legate he had done by Henry's wish. The King had asked the Pope to name him legate, and had shared with him the profit of that post. But Wolsey knew that neither innocence nor service was of any weight against the royal will. On reaching York Place, he learned that Norfolk was resolved to have his place, if not his head. He sank into the earth. What could he do? A man, a cardinal, a papal legate, armed with genius, wealth, and knowledge of the world, he felt no stronger in the monarch's clutches than a little child. The King who raised him up, could just as easily cast him down.

4. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and threw himself for mercy at the royal feet. When Norfolk and Suffolk, who succeeded him in power as president and vice-president of the Council, went to York Place to fetch away the seals, he asked to see the royal order, and on reading it next day he meekly gave them up. Each day brought some new misery. The court of King's Bench condemned him; the court of Star Chamber condemned him; the court of Parliament condemned him. All these courts of justice left his punishment to the crown. Happily for him, the court of Durham House was one of poesy and love, not one of frenzy and revenge. "Let him fall as on a feather-bed," was whispered round the circle. Wolsey had to quit

York Place; to yield his property to the crown; to lay down his commissions from the Pope. But he was only sent to Esher, one of his country-houses, till the royal pleasure should be further shown. The citizens made holiday to see him go. A thousand boats were on the Thames when he embarked at York Stairs; for every one outside the circle thought he was committed to the Tower. His barge pushed up the stream.

5. On climbing Putney Hill, he met the welcome face of Norreys, who was bringing him a message and a ring; bidding him good cheer, and hinting that he who had cast him down might raise him up once more. Wolsey slipt from his mule, plucked off his cap, knelt in the mud, and blessed the master who had struck him to the ground. "Gentle Norreys," said the Cardinal, "if I were lord of a realm, one half thereof were insufficient reward to give you; but I have nothing left me but my clothes; therefore I desire you to take this small reward of my hands. When I was in prosperity I would not gladly have departed with it for a thousand pounds." It was a charm; a chain of gold, with a cross of gold, in which lay a piece of the true cross.

6. Rochford was created Earl of Wiltshire in England, with remainder to his heirs male, and Earl of Ormond in Ireland, with remainder to his heirs-general; so that George was now called Viscount Rochford, Anne was called Lady Anne Boleyn, and Mary was called Lady Mary Carey. Warham was invited to resume the marble chair; a compliment to his learning and his services; but the primate

was eighty years of age. Warham declined the Seals, and Bellay feared that no more priests would occupy the Chancellor's place. More, a layman, was selected: partly for his wit and genius, qualities in vogue at the new court, and partly for his knowledge of the King's affair. Long before Henry consulted his confessor, he had talked with More about the "secret cause" which led him to exalt the Papal power.

7. A wit, a scholar, and a writer of the highest rank, More would have been a man to shine in the new court, even in a company of Wyats and Cranmers, if his timid and conservative spirit had not shrunk from joining in a march of which he could not see the end. More was no bigot. If he loved his Church, he loved his country also; and his reading told him that the Church of England was a sister, not a vassal, of the Church of Rome. When Henry raised the Pope too high, More warned him from that dangerous ground. Yet while he read events in the broad light of day, he lacked the moral courage to adapt his actions to his facts. His enmity to some of the reformers, and especially to Tyndale, was the ulcer of his fame. That enmity was not unmixed with fear. "I pray God, son Roper," he exclaimed, in one of the typical sayings of his life, "that some of us, high as we seem to sit now on the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, do not live to see the day that we would gladly wish to be in league with them, to suffer them to have their churches by themselves, so that they will be content to let us have ours

peaceably to ourselves." More rivalled Tunstall in his zeal for buying up and burning Bibles. Yet, in spite of his fanaticism, he was a favourite. Anne approved of More's accession. Catharine spoke of him as being the one true counsellor of the King. With Henry he had always been a favourite; yet More had never closed his eyes to the uncertain terms on which he held this favour. "Yea," he one day said to Roper, after Henry had been showing him some kindness, "I find his grace my very good lord, indeed, yet I have no great cause to be proved thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." More took the Seals, well knowing what he had to do, and what a price he was to pay in case he failed. Riding a gale in which the Cardinal had perished, how was this timid lawyer to outlive the storm?

CHAPTER IV.

Eustace Chapuys.

1530.

1. PEACE being signed, Charles had a right to have an agent near his uncle, but the post was one for which a man of singular genius was required; a man of easy manner and still easier virtue; since his business would be that of helping Catharine and defaming Anne, of hiring spies and buying votes, and plotting to upset the government without offending the more obvious diplomatic rules. In Eustace Chapuys, master of requests, he had a man of law, a man of the world—urbane, alert, unscrupulous—who understood affairs, as his Report had shown; a man with wit enough to please the King, and gallantry enough to charm the Lady Anne; yet ready, on a hint from his employer, to defame with slander and destroy with perjury the hosts on whom it was his cue to fawn. Chapuys was chosen for the post; and from the hour of his arrival on the Thames, his spies were at the gates and in the ante-rooms of Durham House.

2. With artful eyes he scanned the scene in which he was to play henceforth a leading part. Catharine was at Greenwich, Henry at Westminster. Mary was with her mother, and from time to time the King himself took barge and paid them visits of

respect. Henry was hoping to proceed in his affair with the assent of Charles, if not of Catharine. "God is my witness," he declared to Chapuys, "that no fault in Catharine moves me; I am acting only for the general weal." On Chapuys asking to see the Queen, Wiltshire, as the lord-in-waiting, took the Savoyard to her apartments. Catharine eagerly inquired for news. "She told me all about her own affairs," he wrote to Charles, "and asked me if I knew the doings of people here. I gave her good advice, by which she seems to be consoled." Yet Chapuys felt some doubt of Catharine's main position—that her nuptials with the King were good in law. He sought for evidence that she had not been Arthur's wife; but he was never able to convince himself that Catharine told the truth.

3. Lady Anne was living at Durham House with her father and mother, surrounded by a court of wits and scholars—Wyat and Rochford, Cranmer, Latimer, and Shaxton. Chapuys noted as an evil sign that Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, was paying her an eager court. Anne was the subject of his keenest study. He had come to London with a bad impression of her character and conduct. He supposed she was some brazen hussy, living with the King in open shame, as he had seen the mistresses of emperors and popes. Nay, he had come to note her wickedness, and tell the world how vile a woman had ensnared the English King. But nothing of the kind was to be seen in Lady Anne. She lodged at Durham House, beneath her father's roof, surrounded by a bright and cheery, yet a learned and religious,

court. "Love laughed," as Russell said, "in Anna Boleyn's eyes;" but love in Anna Boleyn's eyes was innocent of everything save mirth. It was the Savoyard's task to see the worst, and say the worst; but malice found no opening in her conduct for direct attack. He called her the "dame," the "King's dame," and the "King's friend;" but his invention never passed beyond this vague abuse. In much alarm he noticed her high spirit, and he more than once spoke of her as being "brave as a lion."

4. Wolsey seemed gone, and Chapuys had no care for fallen greatness. If the King still showed the Cardinal gleams of favour, and Lady Anne felt pity for his abject state, Catharine pursued him in her ire, while Norfolk, though he held the language of a patron, was resolved that Wolsey should either live in York or perish in the Tower. No principle bound the men who had combined to overthrow him. Suffolk was against the King's divorce. Queen-duchess Mary was alarmed for the validity of her marriage with the Duke. If Catharine was a concubine, what was she? If Catharine's child was illegitimate, what was hers? A common interest in the question led her to side with Catharine rather than with the King. Suffolk had another motive. Catharine Willoughby, the heiress, was his ward. Having no son to marry her, he could only hope to get her lands by one day marrying her himself—as afterwards came to pass. His policy was to court her mother; so that Lady Willoughby, the nearest friend of Catharine, was a ruling power at Westhorpe Hall. He seldom sat in council, having no head for busi-

ness; but having two such women as Mary Tudor and Maria de Rojas at his side, no man could say what course the violent and ambitious Duke might take.

5. Norfolk was in favour of the divorce, but not in favour of the match with Lady Anne. Norfolk was jealous of his sister's children, who were rising into rivalry with his own. Alliances between the house of Tudor and the house of Howard might be well; but such alliances, he thought, should lie between the chiefs on either side. Chapuys had barely been a month in London, ere he learnt that Norfolk had a project of his own, which would induce him to oppose, as openly as he dared, the elevation of his niece; and Chapuys instantly laid siege to Norfolk's vanity, in order to procure his confidence, and use him as a tool and dupe.

6. Not for a Boleyn was the Duke of Norfolk labouring to divorce the Queen. In early life he had won the daughter of a king. Why should not Surrey, his accomplished son, unite himself with royal blood? Mary was rejected by the courts of Spain and France, and only lovers such as Reginald Pole and George of Saxony were in the field. Her parents were depressed and soured. If they should look near home for Mary, whither could they turn except to Howard House? Young, handsome, gallant, Surrey was a better match for Mary than the younger son of either a court chamberlain or a German duke. Chapuys indulged this fancy in his ducal friend. Catharine inclined towards Reginald Pole; but having no seat in council, Pole could do

little more than rail at Lady Anne. Norfolk was the man. Wiltshire was oftener with the King; but he was shy and studious, where his brother-in-law was bold and loud. Yet Norfolk had no love for Mary. He was treating her as he had treated Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth Stafford; and was ready to deal with Pole as he had done with Percy and Neville. Norfolk would either take her up or fling her off as suited him. If Richmond were made the heir, Norfolk would have him for a son-in-law. As either king-consort or queen-consort, he was resolved that one of his children should ascend the throne.

7. On learning Norfolk's plans, Chapuys saw how he would march. While he imagined Mary might be won for Surrey, he would secretly favour Catharine. If Mary seemed beyond his reach, he would support the project of divorce, in order that when Mary had been forced to take the veil, his daughter might ascend the throne as Richmond's wife. In either case, he had a motive for opposing the affair with Lady Anne; and Chapuys, having gained the ear of Norfolk, took good care to keep that motive present in his thoughts.

8. Since Charles had sent an envoy to London, England had to send an embassy to Charles, and Wiltshire was proposed as chief of this new mission. Scared by this intelligence, Chapuys ran to Norfolk. Taking the Savoyard aside, and saying he would speak to him as a friend and brother, not as to a stranger and ambassador, Norfolk made a strange suggestion for the Emperor's use. "He told me," Chapuys wrote, "that he knew very well the Earl, his

brother-in-law, not being a man of war, was easily frightened, and would never go to Italy, if he saw any danger, or even suspected any danger, in his going out. The Duke begged me to tell your Majesty he would be glad if you should think and act on what he says." Chapuys, careful not to compromise the Emperor, replied to Norfolk that his master had no need to act in such a way. The Duke was urgent, and insisted that his words should be reported to the Emperor. "I could not well refuse," said Chapuys, leaving the hint with Charles, "since I have found him up to this hour well inclined to serve your Majesty. The Duke is one of those men who look before they leap; and in what he now says, he is acting solely for the benefit of his house." Chapuys explained that Norfolk, though in favour of the divorce, was utterly opposed to the advancement of his brother-in-law and niece.

9. The Court was talking of what these ambassadors would say to Charles. "Among other things," Chapuys warned his master, "I think they will tell your Majesty that every man in this country is inciting the King to go on, and that all the doctors are advising as the people wish; but, on the contrary, see the writings of two chief doctors and prelates which I send, and others which I hope to send very soon." Chapuys had found a warm supporter in Fisher, who had secretly composed a book in opposition to the King; one of the two works sent over to be printed at the Spanish press. The Queen's party, he continued, agreed with Campeggio, while those who studied the King's pleasure stood

out against him. "The Queen has ordered me to say, that the King has caused the Archbishop of Canterbury, as primate and legate of this kingdom, to tell the Pope he must proceed with the marriage, or otherwise his authority, and that of all other ecclesiastics, will be annihilated; and that the King, the peers, and all the people, have already, in revenge for his revocation of the cause to Rome, ill-treated the ecclesiastics, and will end in going over to the Lutherans. But as to all that, I think they have only said so to frighten the Queen."

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS.

BOOK THE SEVENTEENTH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. IV.—1. Grant, April 24, 1522; Sackville-West, *Memoir of Lord Buckhurst*, VI.; Le Glay, *Négotiations*, II. 514; Howell, *State Trials*, I. 294-7; *Baga de Secretis*, pouches VIII. and IX.

2. Grants, Oct. 20, 1521, Mar. 12, 18, 29, April 12, 24, 29, Aug. 1, 1522; Signed Bills, April 10, July 12, Nov. 8, 20, 1522, July 4, 1523.

3. Cott. MSS. Cal. B. II. 310, 327, D. VIII. 83; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 98-101; Collins, *Peerage*, II. 381, 388; *Northumberland Household Book*, 1770; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, III. 1115; Lodge, *Illustrations*, I. 13, 16.

4. Lamb. MSS. 602, f. 71; Kildare, *Earls and Marquises of Kildare*, 77, 85; *Cal. Irish Papers*, I. 2, 3; Holinshed, *History of Ireland*, III. 79-81; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 160-2.

5. Tonniret to Wolsey, Mar. 7, 1520; François to Henry, Mar. 8, 1520; Brewer, *Lett. and Pap.* III. 241, 1539; Clutterbuck, *History of Herts*, III. 181. For an illustration of the King's practice of directing the marriages of his servants, see Lodge's *Illustrations*, I. 34.

6. Surrey to Wolsey, Oct. 6, 1520; Cott. MSS. Gal. B. VII. 45.

7. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. VIII. 170, 180; *Monumenta Hapsburgica*, 470; Le Glay, *Corresp. Max. et Marg.* II. 529; *Commentaires de Charles Quint*, 14-16; *Granvelle Papers*, I. 125. In ignorance of this Butler contract, Lingard (*Hist.*

Engl. VI. 172, note) and other writers have been much puzzled by the terms of the bull proposed to Clement. The words refer to Anne's supposed precontract with James Butler (see Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 707; Burnet, *Records*, I. 22; and Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1637).

CHAP. V.—I. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. VIII. 180; Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Jan. 10, 1561; Du Tillet, *Recueil des Guerres*, 156; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 112; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 1545. Lancelot de Carles, author of the *Epistre*—one of the leading documents for the history of Anne Boleyn, utterly unknown to her many historians—was a well-known bishop and man of letters (see *Biog. Univ.* VII. 140). He knew Anne Boleyn well, and, like all the liberal ecclesiastics, he felt for her a deep respect. He was in London at the time of her arrest, and wrote the account of her trial and execution, which he saw, within a few days of her death. “Ceci fus faict a Londres le 2 du mois de June en l'an 1536” (*Epistre*, 47).

2. Portrait of Anne at Woburn Abbey; Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 31, 1532; Tottel, *Miscellany* (Coll. rep.), 48-9; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 51, 112; Grainger, *Biographical History of England*, I. 78.

3. Chapuys to Charles, June 6, 1536; Tottel, *Miscellany*, 52, 85, 88; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 4, 5; Sanders, *De Schismate Anglicano*, I. III. The best portraits of Queen Anne Boleyn give her so little beauty, that admirers have been driven to the conclusion that she was painted by the Papists after her death. See Bliss, *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, II. 71.

4. Throckmorton to Elizabeth, Jan. 10, 1561; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 5; Carte, *Mem. Butler Fam.* I. LXXXIV.; Brayley, *London and Middlesex*, 348; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 3, 5; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 285.

5. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 5; Lanzi, *Hist. Paint. Ital.* Ep. II.; *Doc. Orig. l'Hist. France*, 349; *Œuvres de Clement Marot*, 1731; Nicéron, *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des hommes illustres dans la République des Lettres*, VIII. 371.

6. Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 3, 4; Tottel, *Miscellany*, 64; Hawkins, *History of Music*, III. 30, 31. Hawkins assigns the lines beginning "O Death, rock me asleep," to Anne Boleyn; Ritson to her brother George (see Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, 120).

7. Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 285. Anne's enemies bear witness to her extraordinary vivacity. (See Sanders, *De Schis. Angl.* I. III.) The expression of Henry after his first conversation with Anne showed the secret of her power to charm. (See Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 118, 121.)

CHAP. VI.—I. My Note Book; Hasted, *History of Kent*, I. 194.

2. My Note Book; *Historical Account of Hever Castle*, 26.

3. Howard, *Memorials of the Howard Family*, 12; Clutterbuck, *History of Hertford*, III. 72, 94.

4. Burke, *Dormant and Extinct Peerage*, III. 755; Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, I. 98; Walpole, *Works*, I. 528; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, II. 1501, III. 1260, 1539; Clutterbuck, *History of Herts*, III. 181; Anstiss, *Order of the Garter*, II. 358. Boleyn's barony is omitted in the peerages (see Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 63). But there is no doubt of the creation (see Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, III. 1260).

5. Pat. 3 Hen. VIII. p. 1, m. 4, p. 2, m. 2, 18; Signed Bills, June 30, 1511; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* II. 370; Green, *Prin. Eng.* IV. 7; Weever, *Ant. Fun. Mon.* 864; *Biographical Memoir of Lord Buckhurst*, by R. Sackville-West, prefixed to "Works," v. VI.; Bloomfield, *History of Norfolk*, III. 627.

6. Cal. Carew MSS. 85, 94; Lodge, *Peerage of Ireland*, II. 313; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, 86; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 164.

7. Howard, *Mem. Howard Fam.* 11-16; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 159; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, IX.; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 131-142.

8. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. I. 171; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, I. 3368; II. 218-20; Nott, *Mem. Surrey*, XI., app. II.; Dugdale, *Baronage*, II. 306.

CHAP. VII.—1. Carles, *Epistre de la Roynie d'Angleterre*, 5; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 5-6; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, III. 1559; Nott, *Memoir of Wyat*, XVIII.

2. Privy Seals, May 22, 1509; Signed Bonds, Feb. 15, 1512; Warham to Wolsey, May 3, 1524; Hasted, *Hist. Kent*, II. 184; *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sep. 1850; Grose, *Antiquities*, II. art. Allington; Nott, *Wyat's Works*, 268-9; Black, *Guide to Kent*, 135.

3. "Pedigree of Wyat Family," prefixed to Nott's ed. of *Wyat's Works*; Bruce, "Papers on Sir Thomas Wyat," in *Gent. Mag.* for June and Sep. 1850.

4. *Gent. Mag.* Sep. 1850; Bell, *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyat*, II.; Hasted, *Hist. Kent*, II. 184; Walpole, *Misc. Antiq.* II. 7. Nott half doubted the story of the cat (*Mem. of Wyat*, p. II. n. 1.), though he found it mentioned on the tomb at Boxley, and heard that the incident had been painted in a picture. Bruce settled the question by quotations from authentic Wyat Papers (see *Gent. Mag.* Sep. 1850). The picture with the cat was exhibited in the National Portrait Exhibition.

5. Collins, *Peerage of England*, III. 428; Hasted, *Hist. Kent*, II. 184.

6. Warham to Wolsey, May 3, 1524; *Gent. Mag.* Sept. 1850.

7. Nott, *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyat*, VII.-XXV.; Bruce, *Gent. Mag.* Sep. 1850; Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, I. 124; Bell, *Mem. Wyat*, 15.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Pedigree of Wyat Family; Nott, *Works of Wyat*, XVIII.; Banks, *Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England*, II. 112; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 118; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 76.

2. Cresembeni, *Vite dei Poeti Provenzali*, 13; *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*, I. 85; Jameson, *Memoirs of Women loved and celebrated by the Poets*, I. 14-54.

3. Tottel, *Miscellany*, (1557, rep. Collier), 295; Nott, *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyat*, XXI.

4. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 120.

5. Add. MSS. 19,398, f. 644; Thorpe, *Cal. Scott.*

Papers, I. 9, 10; *State Papers*, I. 109, XI. 618; Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, I. 20, 21; Hunter, *History of Hallamshire*, 236.

6. Cott. MSS. Cal. B. II. 310, 318, 327, VI. 242; Add. MSS. 24,965, f. 78; Grants, Feb. 16, 1522; Jeffery, *History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire*, II. 66; Thorpe, *Cal. Scott. Papers*, I. 12-15.

7. Warton, *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, II.; Collins, *Peerage*, VIII. 405; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, II. 872.

8. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 121; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 10-12. Cavendish imagines that Wolsey had been sent by Henry to part the lovers; but Cavendish, though a good witness in what happened in the Cardinal's house, is no authority for what was passing in the King's mind. I have no doubt that Henry was still thinking of Anne's marriage to James Butler as a means of pacifying the Irish Pale. See Wolsey's words to Percy, *Life of Wolsey*, 123.

CHAP. IX.—1. *Cal. Carew MSS.* 16; Lodge, *Peerage of Ireland*, I. 55-63; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 162.

2. *Lands. MSS.* 159, f. 3; *Cal. Carew MSS.* 22, 23; *State Papers*, II. 89; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 160-2.

3. *State Papers*, II. 88-91; *Cal. Irish State Papers*, I. 4.

4. Stile to Wolsey, Mar. 11, April 25, 1522; *Cal. Irish State Papers*, I. 4; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 161.

5. *Lands. MSS.* 159, f. 3; Kildare to Wolsey, Feb. 8, 1523; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 161; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, I. 84; Holinshed, *Historie of Ireland*, III. 79.

6. *Cal. Carew MSS.* 94; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 123; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 5.

CHAP. X.—1. Cott. MSS. Cal. B. VI. 13, 318; Add. MSS. 24,965, f. 70, 78.

2. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 122.

3. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 123.

4. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 123-4.

5. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 124.
6. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 124-5.

CHAP. XI.—1. *Regulations of Establishment of the Household of Henry Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, at his Castles of Wresill and Leckinfield, in Yorkshire, 1770*; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, III. 1; Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, I. 13, 16.

2. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 125; Lodge, *Illustrations*, I. 20.

3. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 126.

4. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 126-7; Lodge *Illustrations*, I. 21.

5. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 127; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, II, 12.

6. Ellis, *Original Letters*, 31, II. 131; Lodge, *Illustrations*, I. 22, 27; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 16; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 147. The great importance of this letter is noted by Mr. Froude (*Hist. Engl.* I. 67). The letter is unsigned; but I have no doubt, from internal and external evidence—from the story told, from the person addressed, from the references to Anne, to Wolsey, and to the King's anger, as well as from the fact that it was found in Cromwell's possession, among other Anne Boleyn papers—that Miss Strickland is right in printing it as Percy's composition (see *Hist. Queen. Eng.* ed. Bohn, II. 190).

7. Add. MSS. 24,965, f. 106; Cott. MSS. Cal. B. VI. 318; Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, I. XXIV.; Collins, *Peerage*, II. 394; *Chronica Juridicialia*, 153.

8. Add. MSS. 24,965, f. 78; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 129; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 10, 11.

EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Collins, *Peerage*, II. 389; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 129; *Gentleman's Magazine*, XXXIV. 237.

2. Charles to Sessa, Dec. 14, 1523; Sessa to Charles, Sep. 16, Oct. 28, Nov. 18, 1523; Novaes, *Pont. San Pietro*, VI. 221; *Monumenta Hapsburgica*, 506; Gachard, *Correspondance d'Adrien*, VI. 192-7; *Commentaires de Charles Quint*, 17; Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* I. 58-61.

3. Cott. MSS. Ves. C. IV. 260; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 511, 513, 516, 518, 531, 533, 536; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 250; More, *Collected Works*, I. 188; *State Papers*, VII. 171, 189.

4. *Historia Clementis Septimi*, in Schelhorn's *Amœnitates Hist. Eccl.* II. 210, et seq.; Novaes, *Pont. San Pietro*, VI. 221-5; Raynal, *Ann. Eccl.* 1523; Giovio, *Vita di Pompeo Colonna*, 160; Bullar, *Mag.* X. 22; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 534, 536.

5. Roscoe, *Life of Leo X.* c. 13; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, I. XV. c. 3; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 533, 538.

6. Walch, *Die Römischen Päpste*, 379; Novaes, *Pont. San Pietro*, VI. 221-60; Sismondi, *Hist. Rep. Ital.* VIII. 42-395; Charrière, *Négociations de la France dans le Levant*, I. 92.

7. *State Papers*, VI. 220, 221; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 539, 540.

8. *State Papers*, II. 257; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VI. 72.

CHAP. II.—1. Ruscelli, *Lettere di Principi*, I. 146.

2. Luther, *Tischreden*, c. LXXVII.; Schroeckh, *Kirchengeschichte*, XIX. 515, XXVI. 131-53; Mabillon, *Annales Benedict.* VI. 346; Masson, *Israel of the Alps*, I. 34; Brewer, *Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera quædam hactenus inedita*, XIX.; Middleton, *Biographia Evangelica*, I. 29.

3. *Antwort deutsch Mart. Luthers auf König Heinrichs von Engeland buch*, 1522; Walch, *Ausführliche Nachricht von D. Mart. Luther*, I. *Sämmtliche Werke*, XXIV; Seckendorf, *Historia Lutheranismi*, 41, 72, 73; Erasmus, *Epist.* XIV. 19.

4. Cott. MSS. Cal. B. VI. 171; Erasmus, *Epist.* XIII. 4, 21; Gratiano, *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, 185-92; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. I. 239; *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Mart. Lutherum*, 1521; More, *Coll. Works*, I. 188; Campian, *Narratio de Divortio Henrici VIII. ab uxore*

Catharina, ap. *Historia Anglicana Ecclesiastica*, 733. The real authorship of the treatise on the Seven Sacraments has been much debated. Cardinal Bellarmine attributes the book to Fisher (*De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, 309). Fisher was, I think, the chief author (Comp. Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, I. 110).

5. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IV. 156, 226; *Fœdera*, XIII. 756.

6. *Martini Lutheri, De Captivitate Babylonica*, 1524; More, *Collected Works*, I. 188; Ruscelli, *Lettere di Principi*, I. 146; Thuanus, *Historia sui Temporis*, An. 1520, 1524.

CHAP. III.—1. Pole, *Apologia ad Carolum*, 162; Conf. Sanders, *Col. Agrip.* 5.

2. *Monumenta Hapsburgica*, 135; More, *Coll. Works*, I. 188.

3. Sauch to Charles, Mar. 19, 1520.

4. Surian to Signory, Feb. 28, 1521, May 31, 1522.

5. Sanuto Diaries, May 27, June 6, 1521, June 29, 1525; Green, *Princesses of England*, IV. 42.

6. Contarini to Signory, June 6, 1522; *Antwort deutsch Mart. Luthers auf König Heinrichs von Engeland buch*, 1522.

7. Privy Seals, June 6, 1513; Harl. MSS. 417, f. 90; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* III. 392; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 244; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 222.

8. Pace to Wolsey, June 30, July 5, 1518; More, *Coll. Works*, I. 188.

9. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 2, 1528; Fisher, *De Causa Matrimonii Serenissimi Regis Angliæ*, 1530; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1471; Knight, *Life of Erasmus*, Ap. 8, 9, 25, 26; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 222-3.

CHAP. IV.—1. Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, I. 98; Howard, *Mem. Howard Fam.* 12, 13; Collins, *Peerage*, I. 79; Martin, *History of Thetford*, 124; Dugdale, *Monast. Angl.* V. 144.

2. Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, XI.; Clutterbuck, *History of Herts*, III. 177-9; Harl. Misc. I. 191; Botoner, *Itinerarium*, 88.

3. Collins, *Peerage*, I. 79; Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 352.
4. Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 99; Le Glay, *Corresp. Max. et Marg.* II. 461.
5. Le Glay, "Notice sur Marguerite d'Autriche," app. *Corresp. Max. et Marg.* II. 461.
6. Reiffenberg, *Chronique de Chastillon et Molinet*, 154.

CHAP. V.—1. Sampson to Wolsey, Aug. 16, 17, 1524; Contarini to Signory, Nov. 18, 1522, Aug. 7, 1524; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 244; Marian, *Historia de España*, II. 757; *Cal. Span. Papers*, II. 396, 7; Vera, *Vida y Hechos de Carlos Quinto*, 12-16.

2. Contarini to Council of Ten, Aug. 7, 1524; Contarini to Signory, Jan. 9; *Cal. Sp. Pap.* II. 397.

3. Clement to Wolsey, Sep. 7, 1524; Wolsey to Fisher, Nov. 2, 1524; Turner, *Life of Fisher*, II. 326; Fisher, *De Causa Matrimonii*, 1530.

4. Add. MSS. 15,387, f. 123, 130; Arundel MSS. 26, f. 44; *State Papers*, VI. 353; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 539, 543.

5. Add. MSS. 15,387, f. 101; Cott. MSS. Ves. c. II. 286, Vit. B. VI. 3, 9; *Mémoires de Martin du Bellay*, I. II. 261-4; Gaillard, *Histoire de François*, II. 17-58; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 44-56; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 134.

6. Cott. MSS. Gal. B. VIII. 101, Ves. C. II. 260, 274; Wolsey to Sampson, June 14, 1524; Jerningham to Wolsey, June 14, 1524; Champollion, *La Captivité de François Prem.* 30; Charrière, *Négociations de la France dans le Levant*, I. 116-19.

7. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VII. 120; Ruscelli, *Lettere di Principi*, I. 140; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 548.

CHAP. VI.—1. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VI. 17, 19; Wolsey to Clement, April 21, 1525; *State Papers*, I. 3; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* I. 143.

2. Moreau, *Bataille de Pavia*, 70-9; Gaillard, *Histoire de François*, II. 149; *Mem. de M. du Bellay*, I. II. 390;

Mariana, *Hist. Esp.* II. 757; Sismondi, *Hist. Rep. Ital.* VIII. 50-78; Champollion-Figeac, *Captivité du Roi François*, 30.

3. Wolsey to Clement, April 21, 1525; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VII. 120; Sanuto Diaries, June 29, 1525.

4. Cott. MSS. Ves. f. III. 18; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 387; Wood, *Letters*, II. 38-45.

5. Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, II. 1461, 1501; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 43; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, Ap. III.

6. Patent, 17 Hen. VIII. p. 1, m. 42, p. 2, m. 20; Add. MSS. 6113, f. 61; Signed Bills, June 18, July, 16, 1525.

7. *State Papers*, I. 159; Hardy, *Syll. Fœd.* II. 763; Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 133; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 387.

8. Signed Bills, July 22, 1525; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 135, 363, 438; Leland, *Itinerary*, I. 66; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 676-9.

CHAP. VII.—1. Reiffenberg, *Chronique de Chastillon*, 154; Le Glay, *Corresp. Max. et Marg.* II. 461; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 158-74.

2. Sanuto Diaries, July 17, 1525; Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 514.

3. Grants, July 2, 1524; Rawlinson, MSS. Bodl. XLVII. 43 (Cal. by Brewer, *Lett. and Pap.* IV. 865); *State Papers*, XI. 509; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 139; Bloomfield, *Hist. Norf.* III. 628; Naunton, *Fragmenta Regalia* (ed. Caulfield), 73; Anstiss, *Order of the Garter*, II. 358.

4. Lamb. MSS. 602, f. 30, 611, f. 55; *State Papers*, II. 108, 114.

5. Lamb. MSS. 602, f. 30; *Cal. Carew MSS.* 25, 27; *History of St. Canice Cathedral*, 248; *State Papers*, II. 121.

6. Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, 84-98.

7. Lamb. MSS. 602, f. 30; *Lands. MSS.* 159, f. 3.

8. *Cal. Carew MSS.* 30, 31, 128; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, 95, 97; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 130; Reiffenberg, *Chronique de Chastillon et Molinet*, 54.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Rawlinson MSS. XLVII. 34; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 133; *A Collection of Ordinances for the Royal Household*, 1790; *Fragmenta Regalia*, 55.

2. Grants, June 15, 18, 1524, Feb. 20, 1526; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VII. 102; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 316; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 863; Clutterbuck, *History of Herts*, III. 181.

3. Royal MSS. 7, f. XIV. 100; Harl. MSS. 433, f. 294; Rawlinson MSS. XLVII. 34; Campbell, *Materials for a History of the Reign of Henry the Seventh*, 43, 243, 482; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 299; Caulfield, *Fragmenta Regalia*, 55; Banks, *Dormant and Extinct Baronage*, II. 395-9.

4. Privy Seal, Feb. 17, 1518, Jan. 28, Feb. 20, 1519; Signed Bills, Feb. 18, June 18, 1519; Ruthal to Wolsey, Aug. 18, 1520; *A Collection of Ordinances for the Royal Household*, 1790; Dunkin, *History and Antiquities of the Hundreds of Bullington and Ploughley*, 111.

5. Royal MSS. 7, f. XIV. 100; Rawlinson MSS. XLVII. 34; *Collection of Ordinances*, 1790.

6. Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 133; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 58-64.

CHAP. IX.—1. Sampson to Wolsey, Aug. 16, 17, 1524; Sanuto Diaries, Aug. 18, 1525; *State Papers*, VI. 364, 412; Sandoval, *Historia de Carlos Quinto*, I. XII. 1-18.

2. Cott. MSS. Ves. c. III. 23; Wolsey to Tunstall, April 3, 1525; Sanuto Diaries, Mar. 5, 1525; Napier, *Hist. Not. of Swyncomb and Ewelme*, c. IX.; Giovio, *Vita Ferdinandi Avila*, VI. 397-402; Ruscelli *Lettere di Principi*, I. 152; Freundsberg, *Kriegsthaten*, I. III. 49-50.

3. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. IX. 112, Ves. c. III. 66, 184; *State Papers*, VI. 444.

4. Cott. MSS. Vesp. c. III. 23; Wolsey to Tunstall, April 3, 1525; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 506; Mariana, *Historia de España*, II. 758.

5. *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 349; Rochefort, *Rapport sur la Bataille de Pavia*, 147; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 221; Gaillard, *Histoire de François*, II. 160-201.

6. Contarini to Council of Ten, Aug. 15, 16, 1524;

Contarini to Signory, Feb. 24, 1525; Surian to Signory, Oct. 23, 1524, Feb. 2, 1525; Sanuto Diaries, May 11, Oct. 27, Dec. 6, 23, 30, 1525, Feb. 12, Mar. 2, 17, 1526; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 135; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 551.

7. Orio to Council of Ten, July 5, 1525; Contarini to Signory, Aug. 5, 1525; Tunstal to Wolsey, Aug. 10, 11, 1525; Tunstal and Sampson to Henry, Aug. 11, 1525; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 219, 300, 510; Charrière, *Négociations de la France dans le Levant*, I. 116-19; Hammer, *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, v. 66, 71; Sandoval, *Historia de Carlos Quinto*, l. XIV. S. 3, 11.

CHAP. X.—1. Egerton MSS. 990, f. 324; Cott. MSS. Cal. D. IX. 313; *Histoire de la Diplomatie Française*, I. 332-6; *Mém. du Bellay*, III. 18; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 170; Gaillard, *Histoire de François*, II. 201.

2. Bellay to Montmorency, Aug. 20, 1528; Champollion, *Captivité du Roi François*, 530; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 192-9.

3. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 182; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 666; F. de Sancta Clara, *Hist. Frat. Min.*, 18; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 364; Stevens, *Add. Mon. Angl.* I. 159; More, *Life of More*, 115; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 307, 312, 319.

4. Cott. MSS. Ves. C. IV. 43; Chiericato to San Pietro, May 19, 1519; Kayserling, *Geschichte der Juden in Portugal*, c. 7; Circourt, *Histoire des Arabes d'Espagne*, II. 220; Lämmer, *Monumenta Vaticana*, 25; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 202.

5. Cott. MSS. Gal. B. VIII. 111, Vet. c. III. 661, Cal. D. IX. 4; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 157; Ruscelli, *Lettere di Principi*, I. 167; *Fœdera*, XIV. 48, 58, 70.

6. Cott. MSS. Ves. c. III. 211; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 182; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* III. 62; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 666; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. II. 72.

7. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. IX. 179, 180; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 320; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 388.

8. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. IX. 187, Ves. c. III. 232, 238; Sandoval, *Historia de Carlos Quinto*, l. XV. S. 3.

NINETEENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Sloane MSS. 2495; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 48. I quote the Sloane manuscript with much hesitation. It has been used before—without a word of warning as to its character—and, after much consideration, I am inclined to think the interview took place, and something like the dialogue was held. The main facts are given in better form by Leti.

2. Bouchier, *De Martyrio Fratrum Ordinis Minorum in Anglia*, 12; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 48.

3. Sloane MSS. 2495; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 48; Madden, *Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary*, XLIX. n.; Strickland, *Queens of England*, II. 186.

4. Sloane MSS. 2495; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 7, 8.

5. Sanuto Diaries, June 6, 1521, April 16, 1523, Jan. 2, 1529; Scharf, *Remarks on some Portraits from Windsor Castle, &c.*, *Archæologia*, XXXIX. 249, 256; Anstiss, *Order of the Garter*, I. 268.

6. Sanuto Diaries, Dec. 24, 1525; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 2 S. I. 273; Chappel, *Music in the Olden Time*, 50-5; *Archæologia*, XLI. 371.

7. Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 5; *Harleian Miscellany*, I. 189-90.

CHAP. II.—1. Hunter, *History of Hallamshire*, 236; *Harleian Miscellany*, I. 189; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1467. Brewer, in calendaring the Love Letters of Henry, has adopted the text of Gunn (*Pamphleteer*, vol. XI.), and given to them an order somewhat different to that of Hearne and Malham. Brewer's arrangement renders these celebrated papers more interesting and important. (See *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1467, 1468, 1507, 1772, 1960, 1981, 2020, 2057, 2118.)

2. Wyat, *Songs and Sonnets*, 37, 44, 46; Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, I. 98; Chappel, *Music in the Olden Time*, 237. There is some uncertainty as to the pieces written by George Boleyn, but no doubt as to his poetical gifts.

Harrington has printed some of his verses in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, III. 286; and Walpole speaks favourably of George's poems (see *Walpole's Letters*, ed. Cunningham), VI. 200.

3. Wyat, *Poems*, 44, 234.

4. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Chappell, *Some Account of an Unpublished Collection of Songs and Ballads by King Henry the Eighth and his Contemporaries*, "Archæologia," XLI. 371-86.

5. Wolsey to Henry, May 26, 1526; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 78, 79.

6. Wolsey to Henry, May 9, 1526; *State Worthies*, VI. 163; Wiffin, *Memorials of the House of Russell*, I. 281.

7. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. x. 130, 417; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* I. 153, II. 187, 484, 489, 498, 651, III. 134, 141, 216; Fiddes, *Collections*, 227; *State Papers*, I. 328; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 308-19; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 364, 386.

8. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 4, 1527; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 134; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 309; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 346.

CHAP. III.—1. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 4, 1527; Shakespeare, *Henry the Eighth*, act I. sc. 4.

2. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 4, 1527. The steady march of Wolsey on Rome is apparent in the whole series of his correspondence; but see, especially, *State Papers*, VI. 276, VII. 149.

3. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. x. 130, Vit. B. VIII. 138; *State Papers*, VI. 561; Wiffin, *Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell*, I. 281.

4. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VIII. 118, 143, c. III. 284; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, l. XVII. c. 2; Giovio, *Vita di Pompeo Colonna*, 164-6; *Mém. du Bellay*, l. III. 29; Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* I. 213.

5. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. ix. 252, Vit. C. III. 284; Doge to Spinelli, Sep. 24; Oct. 13, 1526; Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 4, 24, 1526; Charles to Henry, Jan. 15, 1527; Mendoza to Charles, Mar. 10, 11, 1527.

6. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. IX. 262, 268, 284; Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 8, 12, 1527; Doge to Spinelli, Jan. 29, 1527. The French doubt whether Mary and her children would succeed to the Crown of England was expressed in the sixth and eighth clauses of the Treaty of April 30, 1527. (See Add. MSS. 25,114, f. 1, and Dumont, *Diplom. Franc.* IV. p. 1, 476.)

7. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. VIII. 148, 163; Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 19, 24, 1526, Jan. 4; Charles to Mendoza, Feb. 6, 1527.

CHAP. IV.—1. Cott. MSS. Cal. D. X. 130, 417; Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 4, 11, 1527; *State Papers*, VI. 561, 2; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1292.

2. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 26, 29, 38; Casale and Russell to Wolsey, Feb. 11, 1527; *State Papers*, VI. 561.

3. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 36, 38, 41, 42; Sanuto Diaries, Feb. 9, 1527; Ruscelli, *Lettere di Principi*, II. 51; Cardella, *Memorie Storiche de' Cardinali della Santa Romana Chiesa*, IV. 10-12.

4. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IV. 50, 55, 61; Sanuto Diaries, Feb. 14, 1527; Casale and Russell to Wolsey, Feb. 10, 1527; *State Papers*, VI. 563; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 230.

5. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 61, 71, 85; Sanuto Diaries, Mar. 2, 5, 6, 11, 1527; Wiffin, *Mem. House of Russell*, I. 290, 297; Frizzi, *Storia di Ferrara*, VI. 233; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 230.

6. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 85; *Fœdera*, XIV. 194; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 230.

7. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 100, 101, 102, 108; Freundsberg, *Kriegsthaten*, b. V. 106, VI. 109; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, l. XVIII. c. 3; *Commentaires de Charles V.* 20-1; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 230; Giovio, *Vita di Pompeo Colonna*, 172-5.

CHAP. V.—1. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 108; Mendoza to Charles, Mar. 18, 21, 22, 1527; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Romana Chiesa*, IV. 10, 11; *Commentaires de Charles V.*

20; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, l. XVIII. c. 4; Freundsberg, *Kriegsthaten*, l. VI. 123.

2. Cott. MSS. Cal. E. II. 19, Vit. B. IX. 21; Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43; Hardy, *Syll. Fæd.* II. 766; Pocock, *Rec. Reform.* II. 579; *Comment. Charles V.* 20; *Documents Originaux de l'Histoire de France*, 330.

3. Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43; *Doc. Orig. de France*, 330; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 122-3.

4. Cott. MSS. Ves. C. IV. 43, 114; Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 12-17.

5. Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43; *State Papers*, I. 194, 199.

6. Sir Christopher Willoughby to Wolsey, Aug. 16, Oct. 5, 1527; Suffolk to Wolsey, Mar. 1, 1528; Nicolas, *Testamenta Vetusta*, 620.

7. Sir Christopher Willoughby to Wolsey, Oct. 5, 1527; Add. MSS. 6363, f. 145.

8. Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43; *Syll. Fæd.* II. 766; Dumont, *Diplom. Franc.* IV. p. 1, 476; Du Tillet, *Recueil des Traictez*, 392.

CHAP. VI.—1. *State Papers*, I. 195, 197, VII. 594.

2. Cott. MSS. Gal. B. IX. 60; *State Papers*, I. 197, 199, 200, 201.

3. *State Papers*, I. 194-6; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 79-81; Fiddes, *Collections*, 212.

4. Lee to Wolsey, April 17, 1527; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* II. 440; Fiddes, *Collections*, 212.

5. Fiddes, *Collections*, 185; *State Papers*, I. 195; Fisher, *De Causa Matrimonii Regis Angliæ*, 1530; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 17.

6. *State Papers*, I. 195; *Fœdera*, XIV. 198, 207; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 146.

7. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 149; *State Papers*, I. 196-7; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, 2 S. I. 156.

CHAP. VII.—1. Cott. MSS. Cal. E. I. 31, 114; Gunn, *Pamphleteer*, XI.; *Harleian Miscellany*, I. 191.

2. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 177, 182; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 9-10.

3. *Harleian Miscellany*, I. 191-2. In translating Henry's letters to Anne from the quaint French in which they are written, I have rendered the French "Maîtresse" into the English "Darling:" first, because the word "Mistress" might be misunderstood by a modern reader; and, secondly, because Henry, when he writes in English, uses "Darling" as the corresponding word. (See *Letters*, VI. and VII).

4. My Note-book; *Harleian Miscellany*, I. 194; Hasted, *History of Kent*, I. 329-30, 395.

5. Le Grand, *Histoire du Divorce*, III. 73; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 146-7.

6. Add. MSS. 12,192, f. 43.

7. Wyatt, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 7.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Fitzwilliam to Wolsey, July 31, 1527; Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 8, 12, 29, Mar. 2, 1527; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 427.

2. *Harl. Misc.* I. 189.

3. *Harl. Misc.* I. 192-3.

4. Wyatt, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 5; Wyatt, *Songs and Sonnets*, 234.

5. Wyatt, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 6.

6. Nicolai Sanderi, *De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani*, 14-18; Wyatt, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 8-9; Nott, *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, XIX. XXVII.

7. Henry to Erasmus, Sep. 18, 1527; Erasmus, *Epist.* XXIX. 34; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 186; Le Grand, *Histoire du Divorce*, III. 166. Le Grand's work is of no more value than that of Sanders (*De Schismate Anglicano*), being written as a party pamphlet in two volumes (see Burnet's *Introduction*, 1713); but a third volume was added containing letters by Pace, Bellay, and other writers, as *Preuves de l'Histoire du Divorce*. The letters by Bellay are very lively and of considerable interest as a picture of English life.

CHAP. IX.—1. Add. MSS. 27,402, f. 39; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 11; Le Grand, *Preuves de l'Histoire du Divorce*, III. 186; *State Papers*, I. 277, VII. 1, 3.

2. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 204; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 2222; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, prefixed to *Works*, I. III. v.; Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography*, III. 490; Latimer, *Sermons and Remains*, 322; Tyndale, *New Testament*, 1526; Walter, *Memoir of Tyndale*, XXXVI.-VIII.

3. Roy, *Satire on Wolsey*; *State Papers*, I. 196-9; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 27; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 72, 331, 340; Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 369; Ellis, *Original Letters*, I S. II. 92; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 307; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 10-12.

4. Cott. MSS. Vlt. B. IX. 189, X. 52, 71; Burnet, *Collection of Records*, IV. 48. That Wolsey played this double part with Anne is obvious from his conversation with Bellay. (See Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 158.)

5. *Roberti Wakfeldi Sacrarum literarum professoris eximii Regiique Sacellani Syntagma de Hebreorum codicum incorruptione* (? 1527); Burnet, *Coll. Rec.* IV. 19-33.

6. Burnet, *Coll. Rec.* IV. 48-52. Lingard, in ignorance of all the facts about James Butler, infers that the Cardinal was providing against disability contracted by an imaginary connexion with Mary Boleyn (*Hist. Eng.* VI. 172). Attention is drawn to this important error by Brewer (see *Letters and Papers*, III. Int. 432, and IV. 1637).

TWENTIETH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. *State Papers*, I. 200; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 386-8; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 319.

2. Charles to Mendoza, July 29, 1527; *State Papers*, I. 215, 216.

3. *State Papers*, I. 215, 220.

4. Charles to Henry, July 28, 1527; Charles to Mendoza, July 29, 1527; Navagro to Signory, Sep. 27, 1527; *State Papers*, VI. 605-6.

5. Charles to Mendoza, July 29, 1527.

6. Discours de Messire Chapuys, 1527, Staats-Archiv, Wien; Charles to Wolsey, Oct. 28, 1527.

7. Novaes, *Pontefici da San Pietro*, VI. 261; Wadding

Annales Minorum, VI. 52; *Istruzione al Card. di Farnese, legato all' Imp. Carlo V. dopo il sacco di Roma*, Ranke, III. 31.

8. Navagro to Signory, July 27, 1527; Charles to Mendoza, July 29, 1527; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 100; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 256.

9. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 195; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV.

CHAP. II.—1. *Harl. Misc.* I. 190; Pocock, *Records of Reform.* II. 579.

2. *Harl. Misc.* I. 190-1.

3. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 202; Novaes, *Pontefici da San Pietro*, VI. 229-30; *Commentaires de Charles Quint*, 20; *State Papers*, 13, 14, 22; Giovio, *Historia sui Temporis*, l. XXV. 24-30; *Mém. du Bellay*, l. III. 70-5.

4. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IX. 202, 208, X. 15, 195; *State Papers*, VII. 23, 27, 29; Burnet, *Coll. Rec.* 40, 45, 50; Pocock, *Records of Reform.* I. 88-9.

5. Tyndale, *New Testament*, Antwerp, 1526; Tyndale, *Obedience of a Christian Man, and how Christian Rulers ought to Govern*, 1528; Walter, *Memoir of Tyndale*, LXIV.; Tyndale's *Collected Works*, I. 130; Russell, *Works of the English Reformers—John Frith and William Tyndale*, 1831; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, v. VIII.; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 720.

6. Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, 52, 57; Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* I. 112; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 119.

7. *Harl. MSS.* 419, f. 72, 103; Strype, *Eccl. Mem.* II. 26; Brewer, *Lett. and Papers*, IV. 1741; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 20. The calumnies invented in Spain and carried to Rome before enough was known about Anne Boleyn to give defamation an artistic turn, were noted by Cardinal Giovio (*Historia sui Temporis*), from whom they were copied, with improvements, by such native libellers as Nicolas Sanders (*De Schismate Anglicano*) and Edward Campian (*Narratio de Divortio Henrici Octavi ab uxore Catharina*). It is noticeable that, although Clement was satisfied by Wolsey's explanations (see Lingard's *Hist. Engl.*

VI. 178), these scandals were afterwards repeated by clerical writers, such as Gabriel de Sacconay (*Pref. Septem Sacramentorum*), Bernardo Dorenzati (*Scisma d'Inghilterra*), and Girolamo Pollini (*Storia della Rivoluzione d'Inghilterra*), from whom they passed into the ordinary corpus of Church History (see Novaes, *Pont. San Piet.* VI. 240). Against this clerical abuse, read the words of a good and true woman, who knew Anne Boleyn well; that Madame Renée of France, who was her rival for the English throne (Foreign Papers of Elizabeth, in Record Office, Jan. 10, 1561).

8. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 195; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 233; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 75; Pocock, *Records of the Reformation*, I. 22.

9. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 35; Burnet, *Coll. Rec.* IV. 43-4; *State Papers*, VII. 46.

CHAP. III.—1. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 35; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 157; Campian, *Narratio de Divortio*, 4-7.

2. *Harl. Misc.* I. 197; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1772.

3. Lands. MSS. I, f. 203; *Mémoires du Bellay*, c. III. 43; *State Papers*, I. 281-4; Mariana, *Historia de España*, II. 760.

4. Signed Bills, Mar. 12, 1519; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. IV. 39, 42, 44; Casale to Wolsey, Mar. 1, 1528; Contarini to Signory, Jan. 7, 1528; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 30, 31; Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, VII. 1120-30.

5. *Harl. Misc.* I. 199.

6. Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. II. 131.

7. Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 157, 164; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 145; *State Papers*, XI. 506; *Biog. Univ.* III. 552-4.

8. Erasmus to Catharine, March, 1, 1528.

CHAP. IV.—1. *Harl. MSS.* 417, f. 90; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, printed in Nichols' *Narratives of the Re-*

formation, 238-40; Cox, *Notice of Cranmer*, in *Miscellaneous Writings, and Letters of Cranmer*, VII.

2. Harl. MSS. 419, f. 103; Caius, *A Boke or Counseill against the disease commonly called the Sweat*, 1552; Lämmer, *Monumenta Vaticana*, 25. In 1528 Henry told Cardinal Campeggio he had been separated from Catharine more than two years (see Campeggio to Langa, Oct. 17, 1528).

3. Harl. MSS. 419, f. 103; Strype, *Memorials*, I. II. 26; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 164.

4. Harl. MSS. 419, f. 103; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. XII.; Collier, *Coll. Records*, IX. 77.

5. *State Papers*, I. 290; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 238; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 129. Bellay speaks of Henry breaking up his household and riding off on hearing of Anne's attack in a great fright (Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 129). This is one of the Bishop's many jokes. The King's departure for Waltham had been fixed some time (see *State Papers*, I. 290), and he left, according to arrangement, before Anne fell sick.

6. Harl. MSS. 417, f. 90; Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography*, I. 519; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, 241.

7. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 24, 1533; Harl. MSS. 417, f. 90; Fuller, *Church History*, V. 139; Cox, *Notice of Cranmer*, VII.; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, I. 440-1; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, 242.

CHAP. V.—1. *State Papers*, I. 289; Clutterbuck, *History of Herts*, III. 177; Hecker, *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 177, 349.

2. Harl. Misc. I. 196.

3. Harl. MSS. 6989, f. 25; Cott. MSS. Gal. B. v. 315; Caius, *Boke against the Sweat*; André, *Historia, Henrici Septimi*, 126, 128; Monk, *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, I. 22; Hecker, *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 238; *State Papers*, I. 312; Holinshed, *Chronicle*, III. 482.

4. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. I. 299; *State Papers*, I. 296; Harl. Misc. I. 191.

5. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. I. 299; *State Papers*, I. 300,

301, II. 134; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1931; Cleaveland, *Family of Courtney*, 247; Le Grand, *Preuves*, 143.

6. Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 130; Hecker, *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 238; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 243.

7. Pat. 19, Hen. VIII. p. 1, m. 11; Signed Bills, Sep. 26, 1528; *State Papers*, I. 301, 302, 312; Carte, *Memoirs of the Butlers*, I. XC.

CHAP. VI.—1. Privy Seals, Ap. 30, 1528; Benet to Wolsey, April 24, 1528; Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum*, II. 318.

2. *State Papers*, I. 313.

3. Wood, *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, II. 34; *Harl. Misc.* I. 197; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 157.

4. *State Papers*, I. 317; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 34-5.

5. *Harl. Misc.* I. 197.

6. Fiddes, *Collections*, 174; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 1970; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 36.

CHAP. VII.—1. Signed Bills, July 17. Oct. 20, 1528; *Harl. MSS.* 417, f. 90; Green, *Princesses of England*, V. 135-8; *State Papers*, I. 328; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* III. 16.

2. Cranmer, *Articuli duodecim, quibus plane admodum demonstratur, divortium inter Henricum octavum Angliæ Regem invictissimum et serenissimam Katherinam, necessario esse faciendum*; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 157-9; Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, 220-1. Cranmer's book on the Divorce was for a long time supposed to be lost. Jenkyns thought it had perished (*Remains of Cranmer*, I. VI.). It was found in the Cott. MSS. (*Vesp. B. v.*) and has been printed by Pocock in his *Records of the Reformation*, I. 334-99.

3. *Harl. MSS.* 419, f. 75, 110; Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 35, 195; Contarini to the Signory, June 7, 1528; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 33; Strype, *Memorials*, I. II. 23; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 570.

4. Cott. MSS. Cal.D.x. 227, Vit. B. XII. 2; Contarini to Signory, June 7, 1528; Giovio, *Historia sui Temporis*,

l. XXVI.; Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, l. XVII. c. 6; Giannone, *Istoria Civile del Regno di Napoli*, l. XXXI. c. IV.; *Comment. Charles V.* 23; *State Papers*, VII. 94; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 567-70.

5. *Harl. Misc.* I. 193.

6. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. XII. 64; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 570; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 169, 770; Parsons, *Leicester's Commonwealth*, 110, 124; *Broken Succession*, 129; Green, *Princesses of England*, v. 136, 576.

7. Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 570-3; Lämmer, *Mon. Vat.* 29, 30.

8. Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 572, 573; Lämmer, *Monumenta Vaticana*, 25.

9. Cott. MSS. Vesp. C. IV. 240, 260, Vit. B. X. 112; Lämmer, *Mon. Vat.* 27; Giovio, *Hist. sui Temp.* l. XXVI. 43-61; *Mém. du Bellay*, l. III. 100-12; F. de Sancta Clara, *Hist. Frat. Min.* 18; Seymour, *Survey of London and Westminster*, I. 270.

CHAP. VIII.—1. *Harl. Misc.* I. 198-9; Lämmer, *Mon. Vat.* 30; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, Ap. III. In the Diary kept by Campeggio in London, from Oct. 17, 1528, to June 16, 1529, Anne Boleyn is never mentioned! See the Diary in *Vetera Monumenta*, 569-589.

2. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. X. 127; Lämmer, *Mon. Vat.* 25-6; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 176; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, IV. 2210.

3. Sanuto Diaries, May 15, 1529; Nicéron, *Histoire des Hommes illustres dans la République des Lettres*, XXI. 172-85; Theiner, *Vet. Mon.* 573; *State Papers*, VII. 102-3; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 193.

4. Theiner, *Vet. Mon.* 573, 574; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 188-9; Pocock, *Rec. Reform.* I. 212-14.

5. Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 193; *State Papers*, VII. 192; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 574.

6. Sanuto Diary, May 24, 1529; Campian, *Narratio de Divortio*, 7; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 289; Collier, *Collection of Records*, IX. 84; Tyndale *Collected Works*, III. 267-8; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 121; Pearson, *Remains of*

Miles Coverdale, viii.; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 20.

7. Cott. MSS. Ves. C. iv. 265; *Koster Codicis R. Wakfeldi*, 1528; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 79; *Harl. Misc.* i. 198-9; *Cal. Carew MSS.* 42; *Cal. Scottish Papers*, i. 29; Le Grand, *Preuves*, iii. 209-31.

8. Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 179-181; Le Grand, *Preuves*, iii. 210.

CHAP. IX.—1. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 146; Vives, *Non esse neque divino neque naturæ jure prohibitum, quin summus Pontifex dispensare possit, &c.*, 1532; Le Grand, *Preuves*, iii. 210; Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, iv. 2146, n.

2. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. x. 146; Contarini to Signory, Jan. 18, 1529; Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 19, 1529; *State Papers*, vii. 117; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, iv. 10-2, 30-4; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 289.

3. Cott. MSS. Vit. B. xi. 235; *State Papers*, vii. 117; Le Grand, *Preuves*, iii. 245, 262; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* i. 315.

4. Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, iv. 2210; *State Papers*, vii. 179-182; Sanuto Diaries, June 3; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* i. 304.

5. Sanuto Diaries, June 29, 1529; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 580-3; Collier, *Eccl. Hist.* iv. 99-101; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 221-17; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 182; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 49; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, ii. 12-14. The reports of Catharine's speech vary in form, but not in substance. Cavendish says it was in broken English; Hall says it was in French. Perhaps they refer to different, though similar, speeches. I have taken from the reports such passages as the events make it likely that she really used. Burnet seems to doubt whether Catharine was present at Bridewell, but the historian is corrected by his own records (see *Coll. Rec.* iv. 118-20).

6. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 217-8.

7. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 222; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 584.

8. Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 582-4; *De Sponsalibus et Matrimoniiis*, l. iv. c. 1; Pocock, *Records of Reform.* ii. 495.

9. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 229-30; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 584; *State Papers*, VII. 194.

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. *State Papers*, VII. 149, 166, 167, 170; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 100-3; Lämmer, *Monumenta Vaticana*, 34, 66, 67; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 564, 599; Campian, *Narratio de Divortio*, 5-7; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 168.

2. *State Papers*, VII. 167; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 235.

3. Sanuto Diaries, Aug. 3, 1529; *State Papers*, VII. 149.

4. Contarini to the Signory, July 12, 16, 20, Aug. 10, 1529; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* I. 324; Theiner, *Vet. Mon.* 592.

5. *Lords Journals*, I. 57; *Henry the Eighth*, 183; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates in Works*, II. 307-9; *State Papers*, VII. 219; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 368.

6. Harl. MSS. 2252, f. 158; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 340; *Parl. Hist.* III. 25-39; *State Papers*, I. 338-43; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 319; Latimer, *Sermons and Remains*, 297.

7. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 4, 1529; *State Papers*, I. 335-48; Gunn, *Pamphleteer*, XI.; Harl. Misc. I. 183-7; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 93.

8. Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 183-4; Baker, *History of Northamptonshire*, II. 160-7; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 236; *Stat.* 3 Hen. VIII. c. 38.

CHAP. II.—1. Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 584; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 17; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 239; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 183; Williams, *Lives of English Cardinals*, II. 501.

2. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 4, 20, 1529; Williams, *Lives of English Cardinals*, II. 501-2; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 239-40.

3. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 241.

4. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 240; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 374.

5. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 243-4; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 295-305; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, Ap. II.; Fiddes, *Collections*, 211.

6. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 244; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 375; Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.*, Pref. XXXII.

7. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 11, 24, 1529; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 183-4; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 287-8; Fiddes, *Life of Wolsey*, 468.

8. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 24, Nov. 26, Dec. 7, 1529; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 371-80; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 33; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 587-9.

CHAP. III.—1. Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 231; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, Ap. III.; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 402-13.

2. *Harl. Misc.* I. 193; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 135; Stevens, *Cal. For. Pap. An.* 1559, p. 527; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 231. A strange perversion of Bellay's words is made by Lingard (*History of England*, VI. 198), and by those who follow him (Strickland, *Queens of England*, II. 204). Bellay writes, "Mademoiselle de Boulan à la fin y est venue, et l'a le roi logée en fort beau logis, qui il a faict bien accoustrer tout auprès du sien." Durham House was of course a "very fine lodging," and also "very near" the royal palace; but the writers suppose that Anne was lodged in the next apartment to the King, on which imaginary act of "indelicacy" they are virtuously indignant. Henry refers to Wolsey having given them this lodging, which belonged to the Cardinal as Bishop of Durham (see *Harl. Misc.* I. 193).

3. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 24, 1529; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 364, 385, 387; Roy, *Satire on Wolsey*; Tynedale, *Coll. Works*, II. 307-10; Howell, *State Trials*, I. 369-80; Campbell, *Lives of the Chancellors*, I. 418-9; *Fœdera*, XIV. 351; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 11.

4. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 24, 1529; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 246-52; Tanswell, *History of Lambeth*, 85; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 377-9.

5. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 253-6.
6. Nicolas, *Historic Peerage*, 514; Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, III. 738; *State Papers*, VII. 311; Campbell, *Lives of Chancellors*, II. 2; Roper, *Life of More*, 22; More, *Coll. Works*, I. 188.
7. De Joanne Fischero Episcopo Rofensi et Thoma Moro, in Add. MSS. 15,387; Stapleton, *Vita Tho. Mori*, c. III. 171, VII. 229; Roper, *Life of More*, 12; More, *Confutation of Tyndale's Answer*, 1532; Walter, *Memoir of Tyndale*, XXIII. XXIV.; Walcott, *Diocese of London*, art. 89; More, *Life of More*, 48, 54; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 380.

CHAP. IV.—1. Sanuto Diaries, Nov. 29, 1529; Discours de Messire Chapuys, 1527; *Histoire de la Diplomatie Française*, l. III. 355; *State Papers*, IV. 481, X. 197, 466. A careful study of the unpublished correspondence of Chapuys for several years has shown me that Paget's picture of him is not overdone (see *State Papers*, X. 466).

2. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 12, 13, 1530; Chapuys to Granville, Jan. 21, 1536.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 12, Feb. 22, May 10, June 10, 1530, June 6, July 17, 1531; Wiffin, *Hist. Mem. House of Russell*, I. 331; Novaes, *Pontefici San Pietro*, VI. 251.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 20, Feb. 22, 1530; Fabier, *Report on England*, Nov. 10, 1531; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 287; Green, *Princesses of England*, v. 42; Parsons, *Broken Succession*, 129; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 62.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 20, 25, 1530; Fabier, *Report on England*, Nov. 10, 1531.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 25, Feb. 22, 1530; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, x.; Collins, *English Peerage*, I. 94; Howard, *Memorials of the Howard Family*, 12, 13.

7. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 20, Feb. 22, Sep. 14, 1530.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 25, 1530.

9. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 20, 1530.

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HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS BY W. H. DIXON.

VOL. VI.

HISTORY
OF
TWO QUEENS.

I. CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

II. ANNE BOLEYN.

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

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VOL. VI.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

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BOOK THE TWENTY-FIRST.

REVOLUTION.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Forward!

1530.

1. PEERS and burgesses were busy with abuses in the Church, and every one was wondering at the boldness of their speech. A year ago, such words as rang from bench to ceiling would have sent a speaker to the stake. A revolution was begun in the high court of parliament. When Wolsey had been smitten by a sentence which implied that the old secular laws of England were in force, and no one had a right to exercise authority in the Pope's name, men asked how many, and what kind of rights the Pope possessed? A slave of Rome would not have dared to ask, but slaves of Rome were growing fewer day by day. Even Henry, despot and defender of the faith, was forced to tolerate inquiry in the field of law, though he was still as prompt as ever to repress inquiry in the field of faith.

2. A long and heavy list of clerical offences

was prepared, and after sorting and verifying these offences, the Commons sent them to the House of Lords. Fisher stood up in rage and fear. To him, and men like him, the stars seemed shooting from their spheres. "Nay, it is not the good, but the goods, of the Church ye seek;" but no one listened to his jokes. The day for governing by epigrams was past. As roll on roll came pouring in, Fisher stood up to stay inquiry. "To what tendeth these portentous and curious petitions from the Commons? To no other interest or purpose but to bring the clergy in contempt with the laity, that they may seize their patrimony." This charge against the House of Commons of plundering the Church, was sure to cause a great explosion; and Norfolk, eager to say a popular word, rose up in anger, and replied, "My Lord of Rochester, many of these words might well have been spared; but I wist it is often seen that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men." Fisher had an easy mastery of words. "My lord," he answered, with the scorn that Wolsey might have used, "I do not remember any fools in my time that ever proved great clerks."

3. The news soon reached the House of Commons that a bishop had openly accused the knights and burgesses of a desire to rob the Church. All other business ceased. Audley, the Speaker, was appointed to repair, with a committee of the House, to Henry's presence, and to let his Majesty know "how grievously they thought themselves injured thereby; a prelate having charged them with lack of

faith, as though they had been infidels or heretics." Henry called for Fisher, and inquired why he had taken that offensive tone? "Sir," said Fisher, "being in parliament, I spoke my mind freely in defence of the Church, which I see is daily injured and oppressed by the common people whose office it is not to judge of her manners, much less to reform them; and therefore I thought myself bound in conscience to defend her in all that lay within my power." Fisher had been writing a book on the Divorce, which he had sent to Spain; and Charles, believing it would serve his aunt, was having it printed at the press of Alcala, in the very palace where his aunt was born. Luckily for Fisher, Henry was ignorant of these facts. Indisposed to treat the old man harshly, Henry let him off with the advice to use his words more temperately another time. The burgesses were not appeased, and from that hour of insult they began a reformation of the Church, which only ceased when England had regained her independence of the Pope.

4. The fight was long and fierce. Realm, Church, and Family, appeared to be divided, each against itself, by an internal force. Each seemed to have a male and female side. The males were mostly for reform, the females mostly against reform. The males were mostly Friends of Light, pupils of the new learning, supporters of the printing-press; the females mostly slaves of tradition, worshippers of relics, believers in the miracles of saints. From principles the division dropt to persons. As the friends of Lady Anne were men of the new order,

most of the males were favourable to Anne. As the friends of Catharine were of the old order, nearly all the females were favourable to Catharine. The universities decided by a vast majority for the King and Anne; but when the King's confessor went to Oxford, he was stoned by female furies in the market-place.

5. Catharine and Anne appeared to soar above these passions. Catharine spoke no ill of Anne, while Anne regarded Catharine as a victim of unscrupulous priests and kings. Henry still went to see the Queen. "They pay each other," said an Italian visitor, "the best attentions, and his Highness makes her many compliments in the Spanish fashion. Peace appears to reign, as though there had never been a question in dispute between them. Catharine affirms with warmth that everything her lord, the King, has done, has been inspired by true and holy doubt, and not by preference for another love." She rarely dropt this pure and lofty tone.

6. Yet being supported, as she thought, by Norfolk, and directed by the art of Chapuys, Catharine wrote to Clement, praying him to give his sentence; confident from what she knew of Anne, that a Papal confirmation of her marriage with the King would cause that lady to renounce her lover and retire. The enemies whom Catharine feared the most were not in London, but in Rome. "I have had much pleasure and comfort from thy letters," she wrote to Ortiz, "seeing that thou tellest me of the good

and evil which is passing where thou art. I know full well the pains thou art at, and the affection and goodwill thou hast for this business, and the manner in which thou dost recommend it to his Holiness, so that he may do justice quickly; judging in his conscience which is the best road and most certain for those who have to fill that holy seat. In all and everything that may be done by his Holiness I see no other road than that of recommending all to God. I pray to Him that He may remedy the evils of which this kingdom, and Christendom through this business, seem to have no end. I fear that God's vicar on earth does not wish to remedy them. I do not know what to think of his Holiness; unless, like the heretics, who seeing this cause in suspense, strive to cause yet more delay, he, the head and protector of the Church, wishes the Church to have a great fall. I cannot do more, as I have written to his Holiness, than inform him of the truth. I have represented to him the evils I see if they do not bring this cause to an end, and through the means which appear to me the proper ones. If these are of no avail, I will appeal to God, because on earth there is no faith and charity in His ministers. His mercy will not abandon me. I entreat thee to endeavour to continue the same course as thou hast done heretofore. I have seen a copy of the breve which his Holiness has issued, and I have shown it to learned persons, and they have told me that the medicine which is to cure this wound must be stronger. That remedy is the sentence. Anything else will bring us nothing

but anger and respite for a few days only." Clement was too timid for the Queen.

7. Wiltshire set out for Italy with Stokesley, Lee, and Benet in his train, leaving Lady Anne at Durham House under Cranmer's eye and Lady Wiltshire's charge. His presence in the Papal court was meant as answer to the calumnies put forward by Quiñones and the friars, no less than a direct announcement that the King was fixed on making Anne the partner of his throne. Charles for an instant lost his head. "Silence!" he cried to Wiltshire, "let the others speak; you are a party to the suit." Wiltshire was calm. "I am here," replied the English peer, "not in the name of my child, but in that of my sovereign. If your Majesty agrees to what I ask, my master will rejoice; if not, your disapproval will not prevent the King of England from demanding and receiving justice." Nothing could be done in Italy, and Wiltshire took his leave of Charles, convinced that justice must be sought in a more independent court.

8. Parliament was more impatient than the King. When the two houses met in July, a rumour passed along the benches that the Pope was threatening to excommunicate every one who counselled and abetted Henry in a second match. This threat was met by other threats. A letter of remonstrance to the Pope was signed by primates, dukes, earls, prelates, barons, abbots, knights, and commoners, announcing that the end had come; that either justice must be done, or England would proceed by other means. Clement replied in anger and alarm;

advising his dearly beloved children to be prudent in their language; and asserting that he was not causing the delay. In deference to Lady Anne, a last experiment was tried by sending Cranmer to the Papal court. Cranmer amused the Pope, who named him Supreme Penitentiary; but wit and argument were obsolete in Rome. A brutal soldiery were masters of the Capitol. Cranmer retired beyond the Alps, and the great passion of the age began to slake itself with blood.

CHAPTER VI.

Last of Wolsey.

1530.

1. WOLSEY was the first to fall. By meek behaviour he was half disarming hosts of foes, when sickness came to help him with the King and Lady Anne. On hearing of his illness, Henry sent Sir William Butts to Esher, for the fallen man was still the Cardinal of York. When Butts returned, the King received him in Lady Anne's presence, and inquired his news. "How doth yonder man? Have you seen him?" "Yea, sir," answered Butts who had a kindly feeling for the Cardinal. "How do you like him?" The physician was a courtier, and an adept in his trade. "Forsooth, Sir, if you would have him dead, I warrant your grace he will be dead within these four days, if he receive no comfort from you and Lady Anne."

2. "Marry," cried the King, "God forbid that he should die. I pray you, good Master Butts, go again to him, and do your cure upon him; for I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." The doctor instantly rejoined, "Then must your Grace send him some comfortable message, as shortly as is possible." "Even so I will—by you. Therefore make speed to him again, and ye shall deliver him from me this ring, for a token of our good-will and

favour towards him. This ring he knoweth very well; for he gave me the same; and tell him I am not offended with him in my heart. . . . Bid him be of good cheer, and pluck up his heart. I charge you come not from him until ye have brought him out of all danger of death." Henry turned to Lady Anne. "Good sweetheart, I pray you, as you love us, to send the Cardinal a token, with comfortable words, and in so doing you shall do us a loving pleasure." No appeal of charity was made in vain to that tender heart, even for a treacherous and artful foe. Anne took the golden tablets from her side, and gave them to the King's physician, "with my gentle and comfortable words, and commendation to the Cardinal."

3. Wolsey rose in bed to see and kiss these gracious gifts; and from that hour he rallied in his health. Norfolk became alarmed. To drive this enemy away from Esher, he began to pull the house about his ears, on pretext of removing a handsome gallery, which Wolsey had built, to the King's palace at Westminster. Wolsey had several houses near the court, at Richmond, Farnham, Staines; but these three places had been seized under the sentence in the Star Chamber, and patents for them had been granted to Fitzwilliam, Russell, and Norreys; so that a party was created in the closet and the ante-room against the Cardinal, like that which he had formed in years gone by against the friends of Buckingham. Assisted by these gentlemen, Norfolk induced the King to send the Cardinal for change of air into his diocese of York.

4. A perfect actor, Wolsey put off the part of haughty Cardinal to assume the part of suffering Saint. When Adrian entered Rome as pontiff, he had taken off his shoes and hose, passing along the streets and by the bridges, bare of foot and leg, like a poor beggar, till he reached the marble stairs of his too splendid home; an act of humility which had won for him the reverence of every eye in Rome and every heart in Christendom. Wolsey, affecting this dramatic meekness, drew the eyes and hearts of people towards him; for his power to dazzle and deceive remained; and after laying down the part of Flam-bard, he was capable of assuming that of Becket. "We were wrong to throw him on a feather-bed," his foes began to whisper; "he may rise again: let us make an end of him." The fight was sharp, and men who stood outside the list were doubtful as to which would bite the dust.

5. Wolsey sought support in the religious orders and the wilder partizans of Rome. He dallied with the wandering friar and listened to the Maid of Kent. Such friars as William Roy had been his sharpest critics; but the minister was still a cardinal, and, as a pillar of the Church, he had a claim on every servant of the Pope. These humbler friends of Catharine led him to a curious choice. Seeing the need of making peace with one set of enemies, and finding that the cause of Catharine was becoming more and more the cause of Rome, he turned his face once more from France towards Spain. A shrewd Venetian doctor, Agostino, was employed as agent. Through Agostino, he could send his messages to

Chapuys, Charles, and Clement, offering his excuses for the past, and hinting at his services in days to come. Chapuys imagined he might rise again. If helped by Spain and Rome, his party would be strong; and Henry, who was treating the Queen with kingly courtesy, might be induced to drop his suit. Anne would be sacrificed a second time, and Norfolk might be lodged within the Tower.

6. One great and common effort, as it seemed, might turn the scale, and this one effort more was tried. Going to the King's apartments, Catharine besought her lord to cast away his doubts and suits, and live with her again, as he had done for twenty years, in all the happiness of man and wife. The Queen, in her worst days of anguish, had not stooped to lies and slander, but her friends had no such scruples as herself. Egged on by others, Suffolk waited on the King, and told him Lady Anne was false. The King flashed out. "Yea," said the Duke, "a gentleman of the court possesses her heart." He glanced at Wyat, whom he hated with a dull and burning hate. Wyat, he said, was boasting of some passages between himself and Lady Anne, and that, the Duke conceived, was evidence enough. The King was easily fired. Wyat was called to answer for his words, and rumours ran about the court that he had made some statement damaging to Anne. A brother bard, on hearing this report, burst into passionate rhyme against him, as a foul and wicked liar, whom the stars of heaven should blight and curse; a villain who had brought disgrace, not on the immaculate lady whom his words traduced, but on the noble brother-

hood of Song. Seldom has loathing found such sting as in the lines of this anonymous poet. Wyat replied to him:—

“If I said so, each star
That’s in the heaven above
May frown on me to mar
The hope I have in love.”

Anne rode from Durham House in maiden wrath, nor would she quit her garden in the weald till full inquiry had been made, and justice had been done. Wyat soon cleared his fame, and was restored to favour. Suffolk, the false accuser, was commanded to be gone; and covered with the shame of slander, he retired to Westhorpe Hall.

7. This effort to defame Anne Boleyn having failed, the Cardinal was lost. Among the victims of his rule, few men had suffered more than Percy. His domestic happiness was wrecked. The woman who was forced on him had been as wretched as himself. Percy could not forget his early love, nor Lady Northumberland that a rival had possessed her husband’s soul. A sordid and vindictive spirit ruled the intercourse of man and wife. Shrewsbury had never paid his daughter’s portion, and the angry husband had refused her the conditions of her birth and rank. No child was reared to bless their lot, and the great house of Percy was without direct and lineal heirs. Two persons who had virtues and accomplishments enough for happiness were driving each other mad by jealousy and spite. Percy ran away; and when the storm passed by, his wife decamped in turn. At length they

silently agreed to live apart. Both wife and husband knew they had been sacrificed by Wolsey, and no sharper joy was ever stirred in Percy's desolate heart than when he got an order to arrest the Cardinal.

8. Clanking to the gates of Cawood Castle, where the Cardinal was at fruit and wine, Percy commanded the porter to yield his keys. The man obeyed; and, being sworn, he was allowed to keep his post, while Percy passed into the hall. Wolsey, cap in hand, received his visitor on the stairs: "My lord, ye be most welcome." Percy and his men strode up the stairs. The Cardinal was profuse in hospitality; lauding his guest, and shaking every one by the hand. "My lord," said Percy, "I arrest you of high treason." Each looked steadily at the other; looked for a long time, in the fulness of their hate. "What moveth you, or by what authority do you this?" at length the Cardinal gasped. "Forsooth, my lord, I have a commission to warrant me and my doing." "Let me see it." "Nay, Sir, that ye may not." "Then," said Wolsey, "I will not obey your arrest; for there hath been between some of your predecessors and mine great contentions and debates upon an ancient grudge, which may succeed in you." But Percy had the arm of flesh. Wolsey was a prisoner; and on the second day, the Cardinal's papers having been secured, Percy set forward on a ride, the end of which was known to be a dungeon for the Cardinal of York.

9. Wolsey perceived that he was lost. If Henry's favour were withdrawn, his path lay straight and

open to the block, which he could see in the broad vista, just as Buckingham had seen it in the hour of his arrest.

"It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence. The will of Heaven
Be done!"

So the Cardinal might have said in turn. At Pontefract and Sheffield he remained a little while, dead in his hope, and dying at his heart. Kingston, Captain of the Guard and Constable of the Tower, a man of stony heart and rugged manner, met him on the road, and took him under charge. A sorcerer had told the Cardinal to beware of Kingston, and supposing it the town of Kingston, he had never ridden through that place; but when he saw the royal guard and heard the rugged Constable's name, a shadow fell upon his heart. A flux came on. Some persons fancied he had swallowed poison. Hour by hour his state grew worse, but Kingston had his orders to proceed. At Hardwick Lodge the Cardinal was worse; at Nottingham Castle, he was sick to death; yet still the iron Constable dragged him on. At Leicester Abbey, where the Abbot met him in the yard, the prisoner gasped, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you." Three days later he was dead.

CHAPTER VII.

Church of England.

1531.

1. To cool observers of events the world seemed turning upside down. A sight was seen in London streets; placards on every wall and gate, appealing to the peers, the magistrates, the citizens, against the course pursued in Rome. These placards gave the sentences of colleges and learned men in favour of the King's divorce. All honest men who loved their country were invited to consider the affair. A glance was thrown at Spain as well as Rome, and then the reasons which had led the King to separate himself from the Emperor's aunt were given. Italian eyes were shocked to see such matters laid before the common herd.

2. "These people," said the Milanese agent, "dream of settling this affair by civil process, and without the Pope, of whom they speak in anger, and with reason on their side, for he is certainly in the wrong." The author of this "civil policy" was Thomas Cromwell. Cromwell, born in Putney, son of a smith and ale-wife, had been much abroad in early life; at Antwerp in the days of Philip and Juana; at Rome in those days of Julius the Second. He had borne a pike in the Italian wars, and written letters in the rooms of a Venetian trader.

Watching in his tent he got the New Testament by heart, and riding in the saddle he conned the lessons of Machiavelli's Prince. On marrying he had won the notice of Russell, and entered the service of Wolsey, acting as the Cardinal's secretary, and collecting many facts about those priories and convents which his master meant to spoil. When Wolsey's household stuff was carried to the King, Cromwell went with it; and the King, perceiving in him a man of fertile brain and ready fingers, kept him near his side. "Refuse obedience to a Pope who has become the Emperor's chaplain; cease, like the German princes, to depend on Rome; appeal to Parliament and to the courts of law; restore the Church to her old order as a national Church; and, by a general vote, unite the spiritual with the secular powers." Such were, in brief, the outlines of a policy submitted to his master by this subtle, daring, and unprincipled man.

3. His counsels were the same in spirit as those of Cranmer and of Latimer. Cranmer was in Germany, collecting more opinions for the satisfaction of Lady Anne, and giving pledges of devotion to the new order by taking to himself a second wife. Latimer was labouring in the pulpit, in the university, and in the press. Sir Edward Baynton, a kinsman of the Poles, and so a partizan of Catharine, had provoked his ire, and he was covering that unlucky controversialist with his contempt. Cromwell's lay method promised the King a speedier end than that of the divines; and if the lady were content with English law, there seemed no reason

why their nuptials should be long delayed. No lay tribunal would object. Some bishops, claiming for the Church an origin and virtue higher than the world, might raise their parables; but Cromwell was ready to indict all such objectors in a secular court. When Wolsey was arrested for high treason, three of his brethren had been taken into custody. An order having been issued that no priest was to hold more than one living, the Bishops of Rochester, Bath, and Ely, were unwise enough to raise objections to this order and appeal to Rome. These bishops were arrested, lodged in jail, and held up to the Commons as examples of a sordid and ungodly class of priests. Their folly gave the Council an excuse for stopping such appeals.

4. The King now made his last attempt; addressing the College of Cardinals, rather than the Pope himself. Once more he urged the justice of his case, the Papal promise of a sentence in his favour, and the ruin caused by this postponement of his suit. He offered to remit his business either to the judgment of two cardinals named by Clement, or that of a single cardinal named by the College; and he hinted in a mournful tone, for he was wholly Catholic in heart, how high a price the Church might have to pay for her unworthy fear of Charles. The Council sent out Edward Carne, not as envoy from the King, but as an excusator from the English people, with a firm request that the King's suit should be remitted to an English court, since neither Peers nor Commons would allow their sovereign to appear in Rome. The question was again debated

and adjourned; for who could stand against an Emperor ready to assault and plunder Rome?

5. In London the affair was taken up in a more trenchant spirit. Norfolk sent word to Chapuys that he wished to see him, and appointed a meeting for the following day at nine o'clock in the Dominican Church. Chapuys found the Duke attended by Fitzwilliam, Treasurer of the Household, and Gardiner, Secretary of State. The four men passed into a private chapel, when the Duke began: "I wish to let you know, not only as ambassador from the Emperor, but as a friend whom I have found disposed to peace, that, by the ancient laws and constitutions of this country, no man has a right to publish anything from Rome in prejudice of the honour and pre-eminence of the Crown." Chapuys saw the import of his words. "For two days past," the Duke went on, "we have been advertised that his Holiness, at the instance of the Queen's party, has sent over certain mandates to the prejudice of our master's royal crown. I tell you that if the Pope himself were to come over and try to put these mandates in force, no power on earth could save him from the popular rage. If any such papers come into your hands, take care!" He added that the Roman pontiffs had usurped much power in England, but the end was nigh, and England was returning to her independent rank.

6. Notice was served on Convocation that the whole body of the clergy had incurred the same penalties as Wolsey by the fact of their submitting to his exercise of legatine power! This cruel blow

was dealt by Cromwell, but in point of law the prelates knew that he was right. They ran to Henry in their need. A gracious answer was returned. The King, though sorry that his clergy had broken the law, was willing to extend his mercy to offenders—on conditions to be named: a fine of one hundred and eighteen thousand pounds, and an acknowledgment of the King as supreme Head of the Church. In bitter heart the money might be paid; but how could bishops, tracing their succession to apostles, give themselves a secular chief? Here was an answer to the Papal breve and the pretence of Papal sway! Few of the bishops liked to vote this title to the King, but fewer still saw any way between submission and the block. The fall of Wolsey acted on their nerves as that of Buckingham had acted on the nerves of secular peers. Where he had stumbled, who could hope to stand? The Primate hit on what was thought to be a saving term: "We own the King as Head of the Church and clergy, subject to the law of Christ." The bishops all assented to this form, and having paid a first instalment of their fine, these penitent priests were pardoned by the King.

7. More had spoken out in Parliament on the divorce with a directness worthy of his name and place. "The King our sovereign lord, hath married his brother's wife; for she was both wedded and bedded with his brother, Prince Arthur; and therefore you may surely say he hath married his brother's wife—if this marriage be good." The judgments of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Orleans,

Anjou, Padova, and Bologna, were read, and upwards of a hundred books of foreign proctors and divines were laid before the House. "Go into your counties," said More to the knights and burgesses, "and report what ye have seen and heard, and then all men shall openly perceive that the King hath not attempted this matter of will or pleasure, as strangers report, but only for the discharge of his conscience and the security of his realm." Yet on this new question of the temporal headship of the Church, the man who had warned his sovereign against an undue exaltation of the papacy, shrank from marching with his countrymen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Ducal Plot.

1531.

1. YET Norfolk, while he spoke up bravely for the Crown, was not disposed to place that royal emblem on his niece's brow. He feared Anne's high and liberal tone. One day, when told that she was in the habit of using phrases to the King which Catharine never dared to speak, his heart began to sink. The anger of a King is death. His wife, the Duchess, agreeing with him in nothing else, agreed with him in fretting at his niece's rise. One woman only seemed to her more hateful than Lady Anne: Bess Holland, a "drab," who had been a "washer" in her nursery at Tendring Hall. This Bess had stolen her husband's heart; a loss she might have borne, for she detested him and all his house, if Bess had not also taken her jewels, her apartments at Keninghall, and in some degree her place at court. The Duchess warped her husband's mind, without being able to engage him on her own political side. By blood and interest she was Catharine's friend. The Queen had tried so save her father, and had not yet finally rejected the pretensions of her son.

2. Going to Catharine's room, the Duchess told her that the Duke was greatly harassed in his mind about his niece; saying he saw too plainly that

Lady Anne's free speech would be the ruin of all his family. "If God wills that Lady Anne should continue in this strain," she whispered in the Queen's ear, "it will be good for your Grace." Catharine was so low that she was glad to catch at any hope. A new intrigue was set on foot. Letters were sent by Catharine through the Duchess to the Duke of Albany, then in Rome, imploring Clement to decide her cause and hurl his thunders at the King. Norfolk seemed veering round. On finding the Emperor disposed to pay, Norfolk grew more and more inclined to make his peace with Spain. "The devil and no one else," he said to Chapuys, "is the promoter of these discords;" but in Henry's matter he had gone too far to change his line of march.

3. Catharine would not stir from Henry's side, even though the skies should fall and crush her. Parliaments were voting her a concubine, and cardinals were begging her to take the veil. Her partner had resumed the name and character of a bachelor; the crown was being prepared to fit another brow; yet Catharine clung to Henry with the pride and passion of despair. Mary was sick, and Catharine yearned to see her daughter; but she dared not go and nurse her, lest some passage should occur to hinder her return. She had recourse to one of her old tricks. A doctor, who knew Mary's constitution well, was sent to tend her, and the Queen recalled this doctor, on pretence of needing him herself; hoping that the patient would desire to follow, and that Henry, being extremely fond of Mary, would allow her to be brought to town. On hearing of

this trick, the King accused Catharine of harsh and cruel conduct in removing the physician from Mary's side. "Let the princess, our daughter, come to us," replied the Queen. Henry would not hear of such a thing. London was full of sickness, and the summer heats were coming on. How could a sick girl be safely brought to town, even if the river margin were a proper place for one who needed dry and bracing air? "If you desire it," said the King, "you can go to her, and stay with her." But Catharine would not move. "Neither for my daughter, nor for any person in the world, will I separate from you, or lodge in any other house than that in which you live.'

4. Suffolk, instigated by his wife and Lady Willoughby, made a final effort to assist the Queen. His rank was high, his fortune great; and no man living had so near an interest in dissuading Henry from his match. Anne was his foe, and that of all his house. On his return to court, through Lady Anne's forgiveness, he began once more to plot and lie.

5. Calling Fitzwilliam to his side, he asked the Treasurer in confidence, "if the time had not arrived for them to join in curing Henry of his folly and supporting the decrees of Rome?" The situation seemed to offer them a sure success. Anne was a simple woman, holding her head above the crowd through her connexion with the Howard family. The chief of that great house was now a pensioner of Charles, and all the female branches of that house were jealous of her fortunes. They

could count on every member and connexion of the royal family; on all the Courtneys, Greys, and Poles, whose claims were threatened by the offspring of a second wife. Exeter was noisy; Montagu looked big; and Pole was ready with his tongue and pen. Of Albany and the Scottish clans they felt assured; Kildare was calling out his Irish kernes; a hint from Norfolk would command Sir Rhese, and bring his Welsh retainers to the front. Derby and Dacres would follow their brother-in-law. Shrewsbury was with them, and Northumberland was sore. Among the prelates there was deep and burning discontent. Fisher, Clerk, and Lee had been arrested. Gardiner was an object of suspicion and dislike. Supported by the Emperor, encouraged by the Pope, how could so great a party fail? Fitzwilliam thought they could not fail. Guilford was of this opinion also, and a palace plot was soon on foot.

6. Anne's spirit rose to meet these enemies, "Braver than a lion," she faced them all. Fitzwilliam was a prudent knight, but Guilford let the lady see his mind. "When I am Queen," said Anne, with lofty air, "I shall depose you from your office." Guilford thought of her as of a creature nearly crushed. "When you are Queen, you shall not have that trouble; I shall then resign." Going straight to Henry, who was fond of him, as an old servant, Guilford told his tale and so laid down his staff. "You must not mind such female talk," laughed Henry, giving him the staff again; but finding Anne was mistress of the situation, Guil-

ford shrank apart, and was compelled to keep his house. Exeter and Montagu were watched, and had to hold their tongues in order to escape their comrade's fate. Suffolk was caught in one of his own snares. At all times gross in his amours, there had lately gathered round his name a scandal more revolting than usual, and Lady Anne reported what she heard to Henry, so that he might know what kind of man had injured Wyat and insulted her.

7. The plotters and their plot were foiled, and conscious of the peril they had just escaped, they had to close their lips and bide their time. The lady stood too high. Norfolk, Suffolk, Exeter, and Shrewsbury, were required to go with Wiltshire and some other peers to Catharine's closet, and announce to her the King's displeasure, that, through her intrigues, the Pope had cited him to appear in Rome, against the dignity of his crown and state. In all the zeal of a repenting sinner, Norfolk heaped abuse on Catharine's head. The Queen repaid his heat with scorn. She stood on her rights. No English judge was free, no English court was likely to be just. Her advocates were subjects of the King. True judgment must be sought in Rome, and she would take no other verdict than the Pope's. They talked to her about the royal conscience. "God grant the King," she cried, "a quiet conscience! This, my lords, shall be your answer: I am his wife; lawfully married to him by order of Holy Church: and so I will abide until the court of Rome, which was privy to the beginning, shall have made an end."

8. The hour of fate was come. On the 14th day of July, 1531, the King rode off from Windsor, leaving Catharine at the Castle, with an order that she must not follow him. For years he had been treating her as Dowager Princess of Wales. He wished to keep a separate house. He was a bachelor, the lawyers told him, and was weary of this clinging of a brother's widow to his skirts. Catharine might go into a convent, as her ghostly counsellors told her was the only course now left for her to take. If so, he offered her St. Albans as the place of her retirement from the world; if not, she had her choice, not only of the manors settled on her by Prince Arthur, but a list of other places, such as Ampthill and the More. The King rode off to Hampton Court, while Catharine, with a proud and heavy heart, set out for Wolsey's palace at the More. "Go where I may," she said, "I am his wife." They never met again.

BOOK THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE NEW QUEEN.

CHAPTER I.

Victory.

1531-32.

I. FROM the moment of that parting in the hall at Windsor, Anne, though she remained at Durham House, was treated as Queen-elect. Ortiz wrote to say that Clement was about to launch an interdict; and Henry told the pontiff that unless his business were remitted to an English court, England would cease all intercourse with Rome. But neither Norfolk, Suffolk, nor their fellow-plotters, had the heart to rise. Younger than the dukes, Exeter caused some gentlemen to gather in Cornhill and the adjacent streets, and call on passers-by to rally for the Pope and Queen. In place of coming to their help, the citizens collared these gentlemen and swept them to the Tower. Exeter was seized on a charge of intending to leave the kingdom without a license, and seeking a refuge with either the Emperor or the King of Scots. Cowed by these acts against a prince of the blood, Nor-

folk and Suffolk dropt their points, and sought by noisy loyalty to hide the traces of their crime.

2. The Irish septs and Scottish clans were no less weak. Skeffington, an English soldier, occupied the deputy's chair, and in spite of Puebla's presence in the Irish camp no harm was done, beyond some cows being stolen, and some houses burnt. There seemed no need to punish with severity this rising of the Irish septs. The Scottish clans were steadier, yet the Scottish troubles were not serious, save for their accomplices in Wales. Norfolk's brother-in-law, Sir Rhese ap Thomas, was the only man who raised his banner for the Pope and Queen. He meant to act in concert with the Scots; but he was captured on the eve of rising and conducted to the Tower. On trial he was judged to death. Attempts were made to save him, but the Howard family put up their prayers for him in vain. A thirst for blood was rising that could only be appeased by axe and sword. Rhese was beheaded on the spot where Buckingham had fallen.

3. In explanation of this tragedy, Chapuys wrote that Rhese and his wife had been hard on Lady Anne, their niece, and that their bitterness of tongue had brought the Welchman to his end. The party of reform, he said, were all in favour of the King and Lady Anne: the peers, because they wished to rob the Church; the commons, because they were told that no more money should now be sent to Rome. Catharine was much depressed. The Council published a body of Articles in which

they justified their line of action, and appealed to the public health and welfare as proofs that God was pleased with them for having cleansed the royal house of sin. Some of her enemies talked of bringing her divorce into parliament, and settling her affairs by secular votes! In her despair she listened to Chapuys, who suggested a solution of her troubles in a marriage of Mary and Surrey. Chapuys asked the Emperor to make this offer; but Catharine, when the thing was put to her for answer—yea or nay—could not stomach an alliance with a subject; and Norfolk had been too much scared by the execution of his brother-in-law to take one step without the King's consent. A whisper of this offer, and his head would also fly. To check suspicion, he began to talk of Surrey's union with his cousin, Lady Frances Vere.

4. Men's blood was growing hot. One morning, some retainers of the Howards met a kinsman of Suffolk in the Sanctuary. They talked about the Queen and Lady Anne. High words were used. Suffolk's kinsman was encouraged to be rough by what he knew of his master's speeches, and the Howard gentlemen, resenting falsehoods spoken of their master's niece, drew on the libeller and killed him. Suffolk hurried to the spot, and tried to take the murderers by force. The monks resisted, and the King, on hearing of the fray, sent Cromwell to recall the Duke. Henry was greatly vexed; the more so, as his sister Mary was connected with this scene of blood.

5. The Order of St. Francis was astir, and, like

the rest of England, it was torn by an intestine feud. By message from Quiñones, Peto, Elstow, Risby, Rich, and other friars, began to side with the Imperialists, and preach in favour of the Queen. Lawrence, Robinson, Ravenscroft, and Lyst, were minded to embrace the English side, to go with their archbishop, and to stand by a majority of the English Church. Forest, the provincial, tried a neutral course. He liked the Queen as a lay sister of his Order; but was eager to retain his favour at the court. Forest was now in this camp, now in that; one day a Cæsarian, next day an Anglican. He told the King his marriage had been unlawful, and he offered to preach that doctrine at St. Paul's. He afterwards gave way to the superior of his Order, and embraced a view supported by the Emperor. Forest preached before the King at Greenwich: touching on the affections of princes, and on the bad advice of councillors, in such a style that the Council sent him a passport for Toulouse, with hints that he had better pass a little of his time abroad. Peto, a learned, fiery, and unworldly man, who knew no master save Quiñones, and no duty save obedience, stepped into his place. When one of the royal chaplains preached a sermon, in which he said that all the universities and doctors were pronouncing for a divorce, Peto rose in presence of the King, and said this statement was a lie. The friars were taken in custody. Chapuys went to see them in their cells and offer them support. Strong in his strength, they felt that they could face the world, and Chapuys got from them a promise

that they would sooner perish than withdraw their words.

6. Henry replied to words by facts. On Sunday, the first day of September, 1532, the court being met at Windsor, Lady Anne was led from her own chamber by the Countesses of Rutland and Sussex, followed by her cousin, Lady Mary Howard, bearing the circlet of gold, into the presence-chamber. Montagu, Rochford, and a train of youthful peers and knights, preceded her. Henry was standing with the Bishop of Bayonne and his secretary, Lancelot de Carles, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and a crowd of officers, to receive her. Gardiner read a patent, creating her Marchioness of Pembroke, giving her precedence over every woman of the same degree, and granting her a separate pension of a thousand pounds a-year. She curtseyed to the King and company, and, having thanked his Highness with a deep humility for his princely gifts, retired into her room. Henry and the Bishop of Bayonne rode to Eton College, where, on the Mass and Sacraments, they signed and swore a league of England and France against the Emperor and the Pope.

7. "The King is dressing and treating Anne de Boleyn like a queen," said Charles to Clement. "If Henry marries Anne de Boleyn, Rome will crush him," was the Pope's reply.

8. "Marry her," said François, when he met the King and Lady Anne at Calais. Cardinal de Bellay urged this course, and offered to perform the rite himself. Anne was falling into Cranmer's view,

that since the King had never married Catharine, no sentence was required from either Rome or any other court. The friars dug up old books of prophecy, and pointed old sayings with allusion to the King and Queen. One such book was left at Durham House, in which the figures had been stamped with letters. H. stood between two female figures. K. was weeping floods of tears; and A. was standing with a headless trunk. The legend threatened A. with certain ruin if she listened to the suit of H. "Come hither, Nan," she called to Anne Gainsford, her attendant; "see, here is a book of prophecy. This, he saith, is the King; this is the Queen, mourning and weeping, wringing of her hands; and this is myself, with my head off!" The damsel looked, and answered like a damsel, "If I thought it true, I would not myself marry him with that condition, though he were an emperor." "Yes, Nan," rejoined her mistress, "I think the book a bauble; yet for the hope I have that the realm may be happy by my issue, I am resolved to have him, whatsoever may become of me."

9. On the Feast of St. Paul, the favourite Apostle of the English people (January 25, 1533), Henry and Anne were married in a small chapel of the palace at Westminster, by Rowland Lee, the learned Bishop of Lichfield. Lee was a supporter of the new learning and the National Church. The affair was private, for the King still hoped the Pontiff would decide for him; and he was willing to avoid an open rupture. François was about to meet the Pope, with whom he was contracting an

alliance for his second son, and he had promised Henry to procure a settlement of his case. These reasons led the King to have a private marriage. Norreys and Heneage acted as the King's best men, while Anne, a daughter of Sir John Savage, waited on Lady Anne. Lee pronounced the words which made Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke, Henry's wife and Queen.

CHAPTER II.

Queen Anne.

1533.

1. BEFORE the King and Queen appeared as man and wife in public, they desired to have a sentence of the English Church declaring the legality of their marriage rite. Rochford crossed to France with news that Henry, yielding to the counsels pressed on him so long by Popes and Cardinals, as well as by the King of France and his ambassadors, had married Lady Anne. Rochford found the King at Rheims. François was glad to hear his news, but he was in no case, he said, to help the King. Clement was not coming into France for several months. Rochford was quick to see his drift. The truth was, François had gained his object when the King had married Anne. A gulf was dug between the crowns of Spain and England, and François was careless how the King, his brother, settled his affairs in Rome.

2. On Easter Eve, the twelfth of April, Anne appeared at mass in company of the King. She was already known to be his wife, and she was led into the church with all the pomp of Queen. At noon she was proclaimed. A great establishment was given to her, and all the officers of her household took the customary oaths. Not much remained, except for the primate to pronounce a

formal sentence, and for Henry to fix a coronation-day.

3. A bill was introduced into Parliament declaring that the realm of England was an independent state, with temporal and spiritual judges able to decide all causes that arose within the realm, and making it unlawful to appeal in any case to Rome. Two questions were submitted to the clergy, who divided Convocation into a committee of theologians and a committee of canonists. The theologians were asked to say whether the Pope could authorise a man to marry his brother's wife; the canonists whether the evidence already laid before the two Cardinals amounted to canonical proof. A great majority of the theologians, sixty-six against nineteen, answered that a Pope has no such power; a still greater majority of the canonists, thirty-eight against six, answered that Catharine had been proved to be Prince Arthur's wife.

4. Forced back on English law and English strength, the King now laid his case before the national Parliament and the national Church. New men were in authority. More had resigned the seals, having shrunk at last, not from aiding the divorce, but from acknowledging the King as head of the Church. Warham was dead. An old and faithful servant of the Crown, yet dizzy from the whirl and scramble of events, the old man passed away with something like a protest on his pen. Younger and bolder men were in their seats. Audley, Speaker of the House of Commons, a hard and reckless man, inclined at any cost to do the King's

bidding, was entrusted with the seals. Cranmer, a friend of the young Queen, was made Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Pope's good will, though Cranmer had espoused a second wife. Gardiner had been expecting Warham's place. Already Bishop of Winchester and Secretary of State, he felt himself insulted by this choice of a man who held no higher office in the Church than that of a royal chaplain. Bitter was the passion he conceived against the new Queen and the new Primate, though he held his tongue and smoothed his brow until his hour of vengeance should arrive.

5. Four bishops rode with Cranmer to the priory of Dunstable, in the chapel of which priory he held his court. Catharine was at Ampthill, four miles off, and Bryan rode across to serve her with a notice to attend. She paid no heed to his citation. Bryan proved the service, and as no one answered for "Lady Catharine," she was declared contumacious, and the court was closed. Eleven days later Cranmer pronounced a final judgment of the English Church.

6. A great and striking coronation followed on Whit Sunday, the 29th of May. No living man had seen so great a day in England. On the night before her crowning, Anne was carried to the Tower, and lodged in royal state. Next day—a sunny day in May—she was escorted through the streets, the city turning out to greet her as she passed with such a bravery of show and heartiness of shouts as had not quickened Cheap and Fleet Street since the King himself was crowned. The

splendour of the Abbey was beyond compare. A dozen years of peace had left the nation rich, and every one seemed ready to expend his all in honour of the English Queen. Cranmer anointed her with holy oil, and crowned her with a regal crown.

CHAPTER III.

Gospel Light.

1533.

1. THE coronation banquets and rejoicings lasted many days, but Anne was not a woman to forget her higher duties, even in the first proud weeks of royal state. She put her house in order, and selected only such attendants as had kept a good repute. No Bess Hollands hung about her ante-rooms. She set a high example to her maids, not only by attending mass and going to confession, but by calling in her chaplains, and desiring them to monish and exhort as they found need. Latimer was a man not slow to speak, even if he should give offence to worldly minds. No one was suffered to be idle in her house. Great lengths of tapestry were wrought, the chiefest part by her own hands, and hung about the walls at Hampton Court. Anne was a keen and constant reader, going through all the new and liberal books, and marking with her nail such passages as she wished the King to see.

2. In all the freshness of their liberty, the people set about the business of their great reform. "No more English money sent to Rome," "No more English bishoprics seized by cardinals' sons," were cries which men could understand who cared but little for debates about the bread and wine. Anne

was a symbol of the English cause, as Catharine was a symbol of the Spanish cause. At Court a new and welcome sight was seen. Latimer was named Queen's chaplain, and the figure of that bold reformer was observed passing in and out of doors at which the greatest peers in England had to wait. Shaxton came to Court. Books which had been lately burnt by order of the bishops were permitted to be read; even books about the Lollards, and the Good Lord Cobham. Melancthon was invited to come over by the Defender of the Faith. All gloom of eye and hardness of the spirit were put aside, and in their place a true but gentle piety was introduced. To Wyat's sister, Lady Lee, and every other lady in her household, Anne presented a Book of Psalms; a tiny volume, bound in gold, and furnished with a ring, so as to be worn as a jewel when it was not being read.

3. All scholars hailed in Anne a patroness of learning and the liberal arts. Erasmus called her, affectionately, "Our Anne, the Queen." She had the merit not only of supporting men of high repute, like Latimer and Shaxton, but of seeking out young men like Parker, who were still unknown to fame. Every poor scholar found easy access to the Queen. "It is only necessary to have the good word of one of her chaplains," said a Cambridge don to Parker, when this admirable man was starting for her court. So Parker found Queen Anne; so every one with Parker's merits found Queen Anne.

4. Tyndale, in his exile, was excited to unwonted gladness by a message from the Queen. A good

merchant who assisted him in circulating his New Testament, had been arrested by the magistrates of Antwerp on complaints sent out from London that forbidden books were sent to England through his agency. No one in Antwerp had the power to help him. His offence was great; for under Tunstall's rule, it was a crime to circulate the Word of God. Anne heard of this poor merchant lying in a foreign jail. At once she ordered Cromwell to obtain the man's release—the quicker for her sake, and as he valued her good will. The man was instantly set free. In memory of this gracious act, Tyndale had a copy of his Testament printed on vellum for the Queen: from which copy he dropt his own name, as author, and inserted on the margin that of Anne. This present from the scholar was the solace of her life.

5. But in her greatness Anne was no less mindful of the poor than when she was a simple maiden living in her Kentish home. She formed a school of service for the poor, of which she was herself the acting chief; and kept her maids at work on shirts and smocks, cut out of homely stuff for homely folk. No beggar ever looked to her in vain; but she was wise in giving, and preferred to help poor girls to marry, and poor boys to learn. Her yearly sum for alms was given in a month. "Her eye of charity and her hand of bounty," said Lady Wyatt to her grandson, "passed through all the land."

6. While Anne was making shirts and smocks for poor people, Henry was consulting with his doctors, sorcerers, astrologers, and witches. Would he

have a son? The knaves assured him he should have a son. Believing in these prophets, he prepared to hail a Prince, and had a number of letters written, ready to send out announcing that a son was born. On Sunday, the 7th day of September, Anne was prematurely delivered of that daughter who was afterwards to reign as Virgin Queen.

7. The child was born at Greenwich on Our Lady's Day. Not knowing how the heavens had blessed him and his country in that birth, the King was wild with rage, and scared the doctors, sorcerers, astrologers, and witches, who had tampered with his hopes. The Queen was frightened by his fury, and the scholars who were looking up to her for countenance felt shaken by this sudden storm. Henry seemed crazed by passion and regret, and no one felt secure against his violence. Chapuys made haste to let his master know that "the King's friend" had been delivered, and that happily her "bastarde" was a girl!

CHAPTER IV.

Elizabeth.

1533-34.

1. SOME of the forms drawn up for Anne to sign announcing that "it had pleased Almighty God of His infinite mercy and grace to grant her the safe delivery of a prince, to the great joy of her lord, herself, and all the good and loving subjects of his realm," were sent by Anne to her immediate friends. One of these letters was addressed to Cobham, and it happens to have been preserved. No change was made excepting the addition of an *s* to the word Prince. It was a princess whom Almighty God, in His infinite mercy and grace, had given the King and kingdom.

2. Having scared the Queen and bullied the physicians, Henry began to think of christening his child. The girl was lovely; with her mother's light of eye; and yet with tints and dimples that recalled to him the dearest face on which his eyes had ever dwelt. The girl was like his mother. What was he to call his child?

3. When Cranmer gave his sentence on the King's first nuptials, Mary's claims on the succession had seemed to perish in his words; for if the King and Queen had never been man and wife, their daughter had no legal rights of birth. She was no other than a child of shame. Yet Henry had been slow to act

on what appeared to be a consequence of his second match; for if his daughter were degraded by a sentence of illegitimacy, he might chance to have no heir at all. The King was fond of Mary, and until another child was born, he wished to keep the question of her rights intact. But when the second girl was born, Mary was asked to yield her rank and her pretensions to the crown. Flashing into Tudor wrath, she turned on the unlucky messenger. She was the King's daughter, and the kingdom's heir. "It is her Spanish blood!" sighed Henry, turning from his obstinate child. By calling his new infant Mary (from the Virgin, on whose festival she was born), this unbending girl would be, not only plainly, but insultingly, cast aside. Yet neither King nor Queen was capable of such an act. Another name was sought. The King's mother, and the Queen's mother, had each been called Elizabeth, and it was finally arranged that the infant princess should bear through life the same name as Elizabeth the Good.

4. At the royal christening an attempt was made, as usual, to reconcile conflicting parties in a gracious rite. The Duchess of Norfolk bore the child, and Lady Mary Howard bore the chrysom. Essex carried the gilt basin, Exeter the wax taper, Dorset the salt. Norfolk and Suffolk walked on either side of the infant. Wiltshire and Derby touched the train. Rochford, Hussey, and two of Norfolk's brothers, held the canopy. Two aged widows, both of kin to the royal babe, the dowager Duchess of Norfolk and the dowager Marchioness of Dorset, were selected for Elizabeth's godmothers. Cranmer had the glory

of being her godfather. Stokesley, Bishop of London, aided by a crowd of prelates, deans, and abbots, sang the mass and sprinkled holy water on the child. Greenwich had seldom seen a braver sight. The streets were hung with tapestry and strewn with rushes, and the Grey Friars' Church was brightened into festive look. An elegant silver font replaced the ancient stone of Canterbury. Cups, rings, and balls of the most costly workmanship were laid beside the infant's feet. "Long life be to Elizabeth, the high and mighty Princess of England!" cried the king-of-arms. Peers and peeresses bore the infant back, through lines of blaring trumpeters, to the Queen's apartments. Gentlemen and citizens filled the streets, the quays, and courtyards, shouting and shaking hands, and making merry over that auspicious day. Norfolk and Suffolk came into the street, and told the Lord Mayor and aldermen, in the King's name, that his Grace desired to thank them heartily, and to beg they would come into his cellar and drink a bumper of his wine. Mayor and aldermen streamed into the royal cellars, quaffed the King's good wine, and then pulled back to town, through lusty crowds of men, and vessels dressed in flags, and steeples musical with bells.

5. A new day had dawned on England in that infant's birth. Elizabeth was a daughter of light, in whom the children of light had all a portion and a blessing. In her, the new learning and the new order seemed established. Under the impulse of her advent, Cranmer was able to carry through a hostile house of bishops his motion for preparing

and publishing an English Bible. Cranmer took up the several parts of Tyndale's work, and asked the bishops to revise them for the public use. Tyndale remained at Antwerp, under the protection of her laws, but books composed by him were now admitted into London with the greatest ease. A copy of his Obedience of a Christian Man and how a Christian Ruler ought to Govern, was prepared for Elizabeth, as a text-book for the future Queen.

CHAPTER V.

Mother and Child.

1534.

1. YET under all this show of freedom, light, and gladness, lurked, as Châpuys saw, a menace for the mother and her child. The King was worried and depressed. Once more his hope was baffled and his blood was soured. For nine years he had waited restively for a son. For that expected son he had sacrificed the partner of his youth, the daughter of his heart. What had he gained by all these years of toil, these acts of sacrifice? Another hapless girl! Henry was no longer young and generous. He was forty-two. His health was bad. A sore was opening in his leg, and his physicians feared he might not live another year. Yet he had no one to succeed him on the throne whose titles were beyond dispute! In his disordered temper he was apt to throw the blame on every one, and the abuse he poured on doctors, sorcerers, astrologers and witches, might be turned on Anne herself. Anne had no physical beauty to enchant his eye. She was no longer fresh with youth; nor had the pallor of her skin improved with time. A fairer face might easily be found; and if the King, inflamed by disappointed hopes at home, and maddened by political plots abroad, should be again induced to seek "new combinations," there were plenty of willing hands,

besides those of Chapuys, to help him in removing Anne.

2. Mary, queen-duchess, was no more, but she had left in Suffolk's charge, with an appeal to Henry's brotherly affection, her two daughters, Lady Frances Brandon and Lady Elinor Brandon. Henry had never ceased to love his sister, even when she was labouring to prevent his match with Anne, and her decease at Westhorpe Hall, in banishment and protest, stirred a dangerous tumult in his veins.

3. The situation was as simple as it turned out tragic. Should the Queen retain her seat, these Brandons would be pushed aside by a new race of Boleyns, and the issue of the queen-duchess would sink into the same position as the Courtneys and the Poles. To Suffolk, therefore, and to all his kindred and connexions, a fight against the reigning Queen was nothing less than a contention for the crown. Some baser passions also moved the Duke. Anne had foiled him more than once. In every tussle he had come off worst; his charges having been disproved, and he, as false accuser, driven from court in shame. Blood had been shed in the affair—a kinsman's blood—which cried to him for vengeance. Yet the passion of revenge was not so strong within him as the passion of avarice. Suffolk wanted money, and the property of Catharine Willoughby tempted him. To get this money, he was forced to humour Catharine's mother, Maria Lady Willoughby. Maria was a natural enemy of Queen Anne.

4. No less inimical were Exeter and Dorset.

Exeter was burning with the shame of failure; mortified no less by his proceedings in the street than by his pardon in the Tower. Exeter's wife, Gertrude, daughter of Montjoy, had been reared in Catharine's house, and was a furious partizan of the Spanish Queen. Dorset had just been married to Lady Frances Brandon, and become a leading personage at Westhorpe Hall. Early in life, Dorset had been engaged to Lady Catharine Fitzalan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel; but Suffolk had ordered him to break his pledges to that girl, and marry the King's niece. Brandons, Greys, Courtenays, and Poles, all the connexions of the reigning house, were leagued against the upstart on the throne.

5. Norfolk concealed his jealousy, for Anne might either make or mar his scheme of marrying his daughter to the Duke of Richmond. Anne assisted him, for she desired to love and serve her mother's kin, if they would only let her. She received the Duchess and discussed with her the dowry. Everything was done to satisfy her aunt and uncle. Norfolk should have paid a handsome sum of money to the King. Anne got his Highness to forego that customary claim. She also took some pains to have the settlements made on ample scale. "If Richmond were to die," said Anne to Lady Mary's mother, "Mary would have a thousand pounds a-year or more for jointure." Yet the uncle whom she served so well, was only waiting for his time to strike her down. His separation from his consort brought no change of feeling towards his

niece; while, on the other side, the scandal of his amour with Bess Holland, was a cause of deep regret and virtuous anger in the Queen. When Lady Mary was married to the Duke of Richmond, Norfolk had a motive no less strong than that of Suffolk for removing Anne. If she were taken off, he had good reason to believe the King would name the Duke of Richmond his successor on his throne. If that were so, his daughter Mary would be Queen.

CHAPTER VI.

Anne and Mary.

1534.

1. THE enemies of Anne could count on Henry's strong but wayward love for Mary; an affection which her stubbornness of nature seemed only to increase. He sent her from his house, but never from his hope. He told her she was base of birth, but never told her she was not his child. He would have lodged her in the Tower, but never could have driven her from his heart. In making the arrangements for her future living, he was careful not to part her, even in appearance, from the royal circle. She and her sister were to live together in his hunting-lodge at Hatfield, and the old arrangement of her household suited the new condition of affairs so well that hardly any changes were required. The Queen's aunt, Lady Bryan, lady-mistress to Mary, was appointed to the same office with Elizabeth, and her sister, Lady Shelton, another of the Queen's aunts, was placed under her as governess.

2. Yet there were differences in the household and divisions at the cradle. Sir Thomas Bryan had been Vice-chamberlain to Catharine while his wife was serving as lady-mistress to her daughter; and like other of Catharine's officers, he had learned to feel with her against her rivals, even when the foremost of those rivals was his niece. Bryan was

puzzled how to act. The habits of his life inclined him to side with Catharine, yet he felt the glory and the profit of having a member of his family on the throne. Between his duty and his interest he was sorely vexed, and being unable to decide for either the old queen or the new, he ran to the convent of the Carthusians, and without having said one word to his wife, put on the habit of a monk.

3. All means were tried to induce Mary to accept her new position. Parliament had taken from Catharine and her child the names of Queen and Princess, and bestowed these titles on another woman and that other woman's child. To use these titles was unlawful, and to give them was an act of treason, for which the penalty was death. Not only Mary and her mother, but the officers of their households, were involved in all the consequences of these acts. Yet neither Catharine nor Mary would admit the justice of these laws. Parliaments, said Catharine, had not married her, and Parliaments should not divorce her. She denied their power. Insisting on her rights as a "stranger" and a "woman," she maintained with royal logic that her settlement in England had not placed her under English law. Mary was following in her mother's wake.

4. Neither for her own sake nor for that of her cause was Mary a girl for Anne to love; yet Anne, herself a subject, though a Queen, was more alive than Mary to the risk which Mary ran, even with the Pope and Emperor at her back, in standing on a claim denied to her by statutes of the realm. To

Anne, the case of Mary seemed to stand on different grounds to that of Catharine. Mary, the King's daughter, owed him the obedience of a child. Charles was not the chief of her family, nor was the court of Spain her proper shield. An English woman, she was subject to the English law.

5. On going down to Hatfield Lodge to see her child, Anne paid the stubborn girl a visit in her rooms, and tried to show her where her duty as a daughter and her interest as a woman lay. "Treat me as Queen," said Anne; "submit yourself to the King, and I will do my best to reconcile you to his Grace, and see that things are made more pleasant for you." Mary stopt her short. "Madam, I know no other Queen in this realm than my lady, my mother. If you will tell the King, my father, what I say, you will oblige me." Anne was the older and the wiser woman. Hurt, but not repelled, she tried to soften the obdurate girl; appealing to her better sense, and showing her the perils which beset her path. But Mary met her sympathy with scornful eye and stony heart.

6. Mary had, in truth, some reason to believe that her misfortunes were about to end, and that the woman who implored her to submit was reeling to her fall. Chapuys was full of news. The Emperor was stirring and the Pontiff was about to act. Her mother's cause was settled; the validity of her marriage rite proclaimed. Once more, and for the last time, Henry would be summoned to dismiss his "concubine." An interdict was drawn. Unless the King submitted to the Pope, his kingdom would

be cursed, his sceptre would be broken, and his subjects would be called to arms. A holy war would be proclaimed, and every prince in Christendom would be required to execute this judgment of the Church. What power could Henry rally to his camp? The bishops and the burgesses, he heard, were ill at ease. Fisher and Tunstall were opposing Cranmer and the new party. Gardiner was secretly estranged. Longland was said to have repented of his work. The Scots were arming in her cause, and James, her cousin, was proposing for her hand. Desmond was marching at the head of twenty thousand men. What wonder that the girl at Hatfield Lodge refused to hear the Queen?

7. Anne rode back to London chafed and wounded. "She will do her worst to injure me," said Mary when the Queen was gone. But Anne was not a cold, vindictive woman; and the course she took was that of asking Henry to work on her affection for him, by refusing to see her till she yielded her obedience to the law. Henry, in his rage, declared that he would lodge his daughter in the Tower. Cranmer opposed this violent course. "You will live to repent your advice," said Henry, knowing his child, and looking on Cranmer as a credulous priest.

8. To please his consort and his primate, Henry consented to a milder course. One day, on riding to Hatfield Lodge to see Elizabeth, he sent a message to Mary that she was not to come into his presence unless she came in a submissive frame of mind. Arrived at Hatfield Lodge, he strode into

Lady Bryan's chamber, where his infant lay, while Kingston, his Captain of the Guard, went up to Mary's closet, and inquired, in the King's name, if she were ready to submit? "Sir," cried Mary, stopping Kingston, "I have already given my answer on that point. You lose your time in pressing me any further. You are much deceived if you suppose that ill-usage will subdue me. I shall not change my conduct, even if you propose to kill me." Knowing that her father was at the Lodge, she asked if she might go to him and kiss his hand. Kingston took her message, but the King, on hearing of her answer, said he could not see her. Mary was at a window, looking into the court-yard, when the King came out, and seeing him mount his horse to ride away without coming to her room, she sprang upstairs, ran out, and stepping on a ledge of roof which he must pass to reach the gate, she threw herself on her knees, and clasped her hands towards heaven before him. Henry observed his child, and checked his horse. Kingston and the officers of his train were laughing at her when they saw him pause. He looked at her an instant, with a throb of pity in his face; then, raising his hand to his plumed hat, he bent his head in reverence almost to his horse's neck. Signing his followers to salute respectfully the kneeling girl, he rode out slowly and sadly from the gates of Hatfield Lodge.

9. The strife was hard, and Chapuys thought it could not last. Henry rode down again to Hatfield, and again refused to see Mary; but he afterwards spoke to Chapuys of his visit, and the Spanish envoy

noticed with delight that when he mentioned her his eyes were dimmed by tears. "It is her Spanish blood," the King repeated with a sigh: Chapuys professed to know that Anne intended bodily harm to Mary, and the King was troubled by so many fears that this ridiculous tale alarmed him, and Mary was at once recalled to court.

CHAPTER VII.

Catharine.

1534.

1. THE King was glad to have the girl beside him. Mary was fond of him, in spite of all. He rallied her on her fantasy and obstinacy in standing out. "Well," he said to her, "I promise that before the Feast of St. Michael you shall have a chance of sporting the royal name and dignity." Mary replied, in words which Chapuys put into her mouth, "God has not so blinded me by error and ambition that I would confess for all this world that the King my father and the Queen my mother have lived in adultery, that they have sinned against our mother Holy Church, and that I was born a bastarde." Chapuys told her the King was kind in order to deceive her, and even to poison her. Mary believed his lies, but she was ready for the worst, she said, having confidence in God and knowing she would go to heaven. Her sole regret in dying was that her mother would be left behind.

2. That mother was an obstacle to every one—Pope, Emperor, King, and Parliament. No man liked to force her, yet every man wished her out of his way. Coming with a message from Charles to Henry, Chapuys called on Norfolk, who received him with an air of mystery. "For God's sake," urged the Duke, "be careful what you say! You

will have need of prudence, if you would not ruin all. Moderate your proposals; say nothing to irritate the King. For God's sake, mind what you are doing!" Chapuys answered that he was in Norfolk's hands, knowing how much he loved the Emperor, and how thoroughly the Emperor trusted him. Norfolk was pleased. He then explained to Chapuys that they must work through Henry, not against him. "What I say," he added, "is my own opinion, not that of the council." Norfolk was uncertain of his colleagues. Wiltshire was stronger than ever; and Cromwell, though he aimed like Wolsey at making himself necessary to all parties, was inclined by nature to the popular side. "There is no reason to despair; God will provide a remedy," said Norfolk; "but we must not vex the King by either using bitter words or seeming to oppose his will." Nothing, he declared to Chapuys, could be done while Catharine lived. "When she is gone, there is good hope that the former state of things may be restored:"—an Anglo-Spanish league against the French.

3. From Woburn Abbey Catharine moved to Buckden, a forest lodge standing on the Great North Road, four miles from Huntingdon—a spacious edifice of brick, with gardens, ponds, and orchards, nestling in the shadow of an ancient church. Suffolk went down to Buckden, with instructions from the King to modify her household, to dismiss Atequa, her Spanish confessor, and to carry her to Somersham, a manor of the Bishop of Ely, near St. Ives. With towering passion she repulsed her

visitor. She was the Queen, and she would neither go to Somersham nor drop her regal name. Montjoy was called. This faithful councillor entreated her to yield, for who could stand against the law? Her servants were compelled to take the oaths. A few, resisting, were arrested by the Duke. Abell, her English confessor, was put in ward.

4. Next after Fisher and Vives, Abell had been the boldest champion of her cause. Fisher was gone. Vives, having written a second work in her behalf, had found himself regarded as an enemy by the English people, and had gone to Flanders, where he sought repose in studies of less perilous sort. Abell was now her only English partizan of note, and his *Invicta Veritas* was making no light stir in college halls. At length his tongue was silenced, and his pen was stayed.

5. After Suffolk left her, Catharine kept her room in a mysterious way, as though she feared some bodily harm. A gallery led into the chapel, and she never left her room, except to sit in this gallery during mass. She ate, and even cooked her meals, by the bedroom fire. She seemed to be afraid of every one; but while she lay in hiding, two of the Greenwich friars, Father Rich and Father Risby, came to Buckden in disguise. Great changes had occurred at Greenwich, as elsewhere. Peto and Elstow were abroad, carrying on a war against the King, for which Peto was in time to be rewarded with a cardinal's cap. Forest had been playing fast and loose, not liking to offend his prince, yet fearing to offend his General. He took

the oaths of supremacy himself, while he was known to be advising his penitents to reject these oaths as mortal sin. In carrying out Quiñones' orders, Forest was as harsh with his brethren as he was yielding towards his sovereign. Lyst complained of him to Cromwell. Ravenscroft was found dead in his cell; and cries of murder having reached Quiñones, a superior French friar was sent to Greenwich with instructions to inquire and judge. To this French agent of his General, Lyst presented a pastil against Forest, who was sentenced to be deposed from power, expelled his convent, and confined to a small friary in the north. Fancying this worthless friar a sufferer in her cause, Catharine appointed him one of her confessors, just as her mother had appointed Pedro the Inquisitor one of her confessors.

5. Rich and Risby brought good news. The Maid of Kent was busy on her side; supporting her by letters from the Holy Magdalen. Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, had sent for the nun, and heard her prophecies. On every hand they saw Catharine's legions moving into line. The King of Scots was coming to demand her daughter and defend her rights. Dacres and Darcy were preparing to receive the Scots as allies. Desmond was in arms. When the friars quitted Buckden, they left her full of hope; but Catharine had unhappily overdone her part. Her secrecy provoked suspicion, and the friars were followed to their secret haunts. Risby and Rich were crafty men, who turned and doubled many times; but Cromwell's officers never lost the

trail; and when the evidence against them was complete, the friars were whisked into the Tower, in which they found the Maid of Kent.

6. Though Catharine would not go to Somersham, she wished to have a better house than Buckden. Henry offered her a choice of houses; Fotheringay Castle in Northants, Somersham Manor near St. Ives, and Kimbolton Castle near St. Neots. The King expected her to choose Fotheringay—her own house—which she had much improved in former years. But that which Henry thought a merit, was in Catharine's eyes a fault. Fotheringay was hers as Arthur's wife, and even in the face of Chapuys' doubts she still affirmed that she had not been Arthur's wife. In going to Fotheringay, she might appear to be accepting her position as a Dowager Princess of Wales. She told Vaux, her gentleman in waiting, that if they wanted her at Fotheringay, they must drag her all the way with ropes. Kimbolton suited her much better than Somersham. A strong and lonely castle, lying in a valley, in the midst of woods, and near a great priory, Kimbolton had many charms for Catharine, not the least of which was the fact of its having belonged to Buckingham, the friend of Spain.

7. Her household was reduced in number and changed in officers. Montjoy, unable to evade the statutes, left her service. Bryan had already gone into his monastery. Bedyngfeld and Chamberlain were appointed to replace Montjoy and Bryan. Catharine knew but little English, and the servants near her person had to speak her native tongue.

Vaux was retained as gentleman in waiting. Catharine was allowed to keep a Spanish doctor, a Spanish apothecary, and three Spanish serving men, Antonio, Bastien, and Felipo. A train of ladies, maids, and waiting-women, stayed with her. She kept the whole of her plate and jewels, and enjoyed a revenue of five thousand pounds a-year.

8. The chief trouble was with her confessor. Catharine stood as firm about her ghostly adviser as about her residence. In a confessor she required two things; first, that he should speak Castillian well, for she would not confess her sins in any other tongue; second, that he should go with her in all she had done, in all she was doing, and in all she meant to do. Few English priests could speak Castillian well; no English priest could break the law. Abell was in prison for attempting to evade that statute. There was still Atequa, whom the government wished to drive away. Atequa was an easy man, of meek appearance and opinion, who desired to live in peace, and keep the revenues of his see. As Bishop of Llandaff he had subscribed the Act of Appeals, the Act of Supremacy, and the Act of Succession. Though he loved the Queen, he was not likely to involve himself in plots. So he was suffered to remain a bishop, and to act as Catharine's spiritual guide.

9. Lee, Archbishop of York, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, came to see her at Kimbolton, and constrain her by their pastoral office to obey. Lee had always been her friend, and next to Fisher, Tunstall had been the ablest of her councillors.

But Catharine closed her ears the moment they began to speak. The Archbishop of Canterbury, they told her, had pronounced his sentence, and Parliament had passed a bill; that sentence and that bill were law, which every one must notice and observe on pain of death. She heard them with impatient brow. "My lords," she cried, "I am the King's wife, and I shall be his wife until I die." Why talk to her of Parliaments? She was the King's wife, not his subject; and laws were never made for Kings and Queens. Turning on Tunstall, she exclaimed, "Why you, my lord of Durham, and the other members of my council, always told me that my cause was just!" Tunstall tried to cover his retreat. "The question was the validity of the Papal breve and bull; not the question of marrying with a brother's wife. Since then, the universities in Europe have pronounced, and Pope Clement, when at Marseilles, sent a message to the King, that he was ready to pronounce her dispensation bad, her marriage null and void." The bishop added, "I have now changed my former opinion. I would exhort you to do the same, and cease to usurp the name of Queen." Foaming with passion, she replied that they might seize her goods and take her life, but they should never force her to renounce that name of Queen. They tried to soothe her, but the more they sighed the more she stormed. "Your Archbishop is a shadow. I appeal from Canterbury to Rome!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Conflict.

1534.

I. ROME answered Catharine in a worldly and divided sense. Cardinal de Bellay was in Rome. Bellay had never varied in his view, that heaven itself had settled the dispute. Clement held the same opinion; but the voice of Cæsar was too strong for Cardinal and Pope. A meeting of imperial cardinals was called, at which Symonetta, deputy of the Rota, opened the imperialist pleas, and nineteen cardinals obeyed their orders by declaring the original dispensation good in law. Bellay protested and the Pontiff paused. This vote reversed the judgments of learned men and famous universities. Oxford and Cambridge, Paris and Orleans, Padova and Bologna, were against the nineteen cardinals. The Pope was against them; the King of France, the clergy of France, were all against them. Could the Pontiff act on that imperialist and partizan vote? Cardinal de Bellay warned him of the perils he must face should he allow his personal fears to overbear his duty to the Church. England was ripening for revolt. A new order was in conflict with the old; and nothing less than the support of government could keep the new opinions down. If Rome deserted justice, England would abandon Rome. But Clement had no means of holding out

against Quiñones and the other partizans of Charles. Against his own opinion of the law, against his own opinion of the policy, Clement was forced to issue a decree, affirming that the English Parliament, the English clergy, and the English court were wrong; annulling the sentence given by Cranmer, and commanding Henry to remove his concubine and restore his wife.

2. From what his agents told him, Charles was led to think this sentence might be easily enforced. England was so rent by factions that a word would set the land on fire. The Irish septs were eager for a fight. The King of Scots was seeking for a wife. Among the Border barons, Catharine had a host of friends. Dacres was with her; Darcy was with her. Cumberland, Northumberland, with all the Cliffords and Percies, might be rallied for the Pope. If James advanced into the Border country, he would find no enemies in the Cheviots and along the Tweed. If foreign troops were wanted, Charles was ready to supply them; but the English were a superstitious race; and he believed the discontented peers, assisted by an Irish rising and a Scotch invasion, strong enough to execute a judgment of the Church.

3. England replied to Rome and Spain by severing her connexion with the Papacy and putting on her armour for a fight with Charles. Peers and burgesses were sitting when the news of Clement's sentence came to hand, and when they rose, the connexion of England and Rome was at an end. Four bills received the royal signature. The King

was declared Head of the Church. The Act of Appeals was extended. Bishops were no longer to receive their licenses from the Pope. All spiritual graces and indulgences were in future to be sought in England in the Primate's Court, but subject to appeal in every case to the lay court of Chancery. By these four acts the Papal power was overthrown, the Church was wedded to the country, and the clergy were restored from foreign bondage to their rights as English citizens and priests. Once more the English people had an independent English Church.

4. But bonds which have endured for centuries are never rent in peace; nor were the friars who got their orders from Quiñones willing to obey these laws. A blow was struck at them by way of warning, so that they might see what sort of men they had to meet. The epileptic woman, known as the Maid of Kent, was tried, along with her accomplices, Risby and Rich, friars of Greenwich, Bocking, Gould, and Dering, friars of Canterbury, and Marten, parish priest of Aldington. All seven were sentenced to be hung; but Anne, no daughter of the Inquisition, was engaged in trying to save her slanderers from the gallows; and as several weeks had passed since they were tried, their lives at least seemed safe. The news from Rome was fatal to that foolish woman and to these infatuated men. Away to Tyburn they were drawn; the woman in her habit as a nun; the men in frock and gown. No living man had seen a priest in priestly habit dangling from the gallows; for in case of men whose

crimes could neither be concealed nor pardoned, the Church had always been allowed to strip offenders of their priesthood and reduce them to the common level ere she gave them over to the secular power. Risby and his brethren died as they had lived, conspirators of the convent, traitors of the Church. All seven were hung; the weeping nun confessing her impostures; but asserting that the shame of her offences lay on her companions, who were learned clerks, while she was nothing but "a simple village wench."

5. Wolsey had set the fashion of despoiling and suppressing convents. Henry wished to follow suit, but feared to lay his hands on priory and shrine, lest peers and gentry should fly to arms in their defence. "Butter the rooks' nests," said Wyat, "and they will never trouble you." Henry took the hint, and shared the spoil of these rich houses with the active families in every shire.

6. Far greater men than Rich and Gould were menaced by this news from Rome. Fisher and More had been compromised by the Nun, and touched by the bill of attainder. Abell and four other friars were put on trial, and found guilty of misprision of treason. Fisher and More were also tried, convicted, and condemned. Abell was lodged in prison till the King made known his will. Fisher and More were spared this misery; one from the reverence due to age and virtue, the other in respect for wit and scholarship. The Queen was busy in their cause. Her power was less than it had been a year ago; the King being vexed with her because she had not

borne a son. Untrue to her in heart, he was beginning to roam after prettier faces, and a prettier face than Anne's was seen in every street. The "spirit," that in his better days had seemed to him so "worthy of a crown," was ceasing to amuse him, and his temper was become so fierce and sullen, that the slightest contradiction brought the menacing thunder to his brow. It was no craven fear, but a true knowledge of the King, which led her uncle Norfolk to declare that her free speech would be the ruin of his house. One momentary gleam of hope restored her to his heart, and in that moment of returning fondness she renewed her plea for mercy. She was heard. For her sake, some of the prisoners were discharged, and others, whom the council dared not set at liberty, received more lenient usage. Fisher and More were pardoned. Abell, expecting the fate of Rich and Gould, was handed to Kingston, and received a lodging in the state apartments of Beauchamp Tower.

7. Anne knew that Henry was finding a fairer face than hers in that of Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire. A scheming girl, Jane Seymour threw her eyes at Henry and engaged him in a love intrigue. At thirty-four, Anne was no longer young; yet whispers of her condition brought her husband back, a fond yet faithless lover, to her side. Unhappily for Anne, this gleam of hope died out. Jane courted him, as though he were again a bachelor, and wore his portrait on her bosom, even in presence of the Queen. When Anne complained, the truant told

her, and repeated what he said to others, so that pages and abigails might know, "that she ought to be content with what he had done for her, since, if he had to do it over again, he would not marry her at all!" Anne led so sad a life, that some of those who loved her least were outraged by the airs of Jane. Mary was blinded by her passions; so that she stooped to court the favourite, who affected to be her friend and patroness. "Keep up your heart," Jane wrote to Mary, "your misfortunes are almost ended; when the opportunity arrives, you may rely on me." Chapuys reported all these underground intrigues as signs of Anne's approaching fall.

8. Mary imagined she might now defy "the concubine." When Henry sent an order for his children to come to Greenwich, Mary's jealousy was roused by the question of precedence. If she travelled with Elizabeth through the streets, one must go before the other; and she feared that, as the royal servants would obey their orders, and carry her sister first, she might appear to have yielded the foremost place. Her mother's genius for the stage came in to help her. Elizabeth was to be carried in a litter; she insisted on being carried in a litter also. Elizabeth's litter was to be rose-colour, fringed with gold; she insisted on her litter being painted rose-colour, and fringed with gold. At starting, she tried to get out first. On reaching the door, she found the infant going out, and was obliged to follow; but she made her people run, and passing her sister on the road, arrived at Greenwich first. Chapuys was quickly at her side, not openly,

with the King's knowledge, but in secrecy and in disguise.

9. A trial proved to Chapuys that his party held the keys of power. When James fell back, and peace was made, Dacres, the busiest traitor in the Border country, was arrested and conveyed to town. His goods were seized, and after brief examination by the council he was carried to the Tower. True bills were found against him in the usual form. As no one could recall a case in which the peers had undone the finding of a grand jury, Dacres was regarded as a lost man. But Dacres was a friend of Spain. If Henry gave a sign, Dacres was dead; but with a plain wife pulling one way, and a pretty mistress the other way, would Henry make that sign? Chapuys spoke of this approaching trial as a test. Would Henry allow his peers to snatch their colleague from the block? Dacres had many friends. Shrewsbury was his father-in-law. Cumberland and Northumberland were his brothers-in-law. Suffolk and Norfolk were his comrades in the council and in the camp. Pole, Courtney, Grey, and Stanley stood around him. Cromwell used high language, but those high and mighty plotters held this blacksmith's son in great contempt. Norfolk managed the affair. Twenty-four peers, all favourable to Dacres, were selected by him as triers. Norfolk presided. Kingston brought up his prisoner, with the usual pageantries of barge, and guard, and axe, when Dacres, standing at the bar, addressed his judges in a lofty tone. Chapuys was waiting near the hall, while the French ambassador watched the proceed-

ings in disguise. The peers acquitted Dacres, and the Savoyard hastened to inform his master that a victory was won for Spain. "The Lady was against him, because he has always carried the Queen's quarrel; and it is the first time a man has been acquitted for upwards of a hundred years." The friends of Spain felt strong enough to bear down every one. Cromwell, some one said, might give them trouble. "If he dares to lift his hand," growled Norfolk, "we shall serve him as we served the Cardinal."

CHAPTER IX.

Sword and Block.

1534-5.

1. IMPERIAL emissaries met with more success among the Irish septs than in the Scottish clans. Kildare was with them heart and soul, and being Lord Deputy, he could make his preparations for a great revolt at leisure, step by step. His first act was to disarm Dublin, by removing all the guns. Some of these guns were carried to his castles of Maynooth and Ley; others were given to such Irish comrades as the O'Connors and O'Neills. Desmond and other rebels were encouraged, and attempts were made to win the Butlers over. Skeffington, though supplanted by Kildare, was still in Ireland with his troops, a small, but gallant corps, not easily resisted in the open field. His presence in the island made the deputy cautious. Lady Kildare came over to London, bringing her little daughter, afterwards so famous as Surrey's Fair Geraldine. Norfolk was a friend of Lady Kildare, and Geraldine was a visitor at Howard House. On Skeffington's report, Kildare was summoned to a conference with the council. Not being ready for the battle, and relying on the Spanish party to sustain him, he resolved to cross the sea and meet his accusers with a brazen front and saucy tongue. Appointing his son, Lord Offaly, to succeed him, in a seditious

speech, he swaggered into London as he might have ridden to Maynooth. Ossory was in London, paying court to the illustrious daughter of his house; and hoping through her influence to resume the deputy's seat. Once more the Irish feud was being fought round Anne. Kildare arrived in an unlucky hour for him. The Queen was strong; the Spanish party were depressed; and Chapuys had the mortification of seeing his Irish champion carried to the Tower.

2. A rumour crossed the Channel that Kildare was put to death; on which Offaly, now fully armed for war, threw down his gauntlet, called his kernes afield, and raised the war-cry of the Geraldines. Desmond was ravaging the south. No second word was needed by that rebel chief. Desmond had lately made a feigned submission to the crown, but he had broken the conditions of his peace. Puebla was in his camp, and lavish of his promise of imperial help. James Butler was Offaly's cousin. In the absence of his father at the English court, Butler was ruler of Kilkenny and the whole domain of Ormond, Carrick, and Ossory. Butler was a Celtic prince, and the Geraldine chief, his cousin, proposed that they should join their forces and divide the island. "James," wrote Offaly, "let us drive the English and share the land between us; you being king in your own country, I being king in mine." Butler replied with something of the Queen's high spirit. "Think you that James is so ungrateful as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Be thou sure, I would rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner."

Butler was made Admiral of Ireland for his gallantry. Yet the Celtic insurrection spread so fast that all the country seemed ablaze. The Ormond lands were overrun, and Wiltshire suffered serious loss. Yet nothing, in the long and terrible list of Irish crimes, moved men so much as the deliberate slaughter of John Allen, the venerable Archbishop of Dublin; who was cloven down in Offaly's presence, and his body covered with a heap of slain—most of the murdered men being chaplains and domestic priests.

3. This Irish mutiny roused the hopes of every discontented peer in London. "Every one is of opinion," Chapuys told his master, "that this Irish movement is the dawn of better things. Affairs will now improve. Each hour some man of note comes to me, and urges me to tell your Majesty the day has come. Now is the time for you to strike. A word from you will stir this kingdom to the farthest isles; but you must speak that word without delay. Cromwell is boasting that you will not fight. He says neither Spain nor Flanders will allow you; even to save the lives of Queen and princess." Charles was considering what was best and cheapest for himself. To fight for Catharine was a serious thing. "No," said the prudent Emperor, "I must watch events and gain a little time." He soothed his conscience by sending back his chaplain to the Irish camps.

4. While these Irish broils were at the worst, Norfolk made a move by suddenly retiring from the court. Cromwell was opposing him on a point

which touched his honour. Norfolk wished to have the Duke and Duchess of Richmond near his person; but the minister, seeing the uses to be made of the young duke by such a man, advised his master to refuse this suit. The Queen was of the minister's opinion, both on private and on public grounds. A house in which Bess Holland reigned was not a home for a husband in his teens. Anne's star had risen again, and Norfolk's prayer was steadily refused. Annoyed at this repulse, Norfolk left London for his country-house. The King, he thought, would miss him at the board; and when his cares became too great, he would be glad to fetch him back. A rumour reached him in the country, that the King was thinking of sending him to Dublin, as a man who knew the Irish chiefs; but he was not disposed to sell his service at too cheap a rate. His post was near the King. Dublin was exile. "If his highness," said the Duke, "wishes me to go into Ireland, he must build a bridge across the Irish Sea, so that I can march back freely when I like."

5. The Celtic mutiny was raging, fitfully, as Celtic mutinies always rage. Skeffington went back with Brereton, a gentleman of the chamber, as his second in command; accompanied by Ossory, who entered into covenants to aid and serve the King with all his power. Afraid to make the river Liffy, where the rebels were said to be in strength, Skeffington dropt down to Waterford. Brereton was for a landing in the capital. "You may try," said Skeffington, as they parted on the seas; and

Brereton, pushing up the river boldly, marched into Dublin without a shot. Offaly was gone; yet all the hills were red with fires. Hearing that the rebels were besieging Drogheda, Brereton marched to her relief. He found no enemy in the open field. Striding to the market-cross of Drogheda, he proclaimed Offaly "the most arrant traitor ever born." Kildare died in the Tower of sheer mortification at this failure of his son. Offaly made his war in Irish fashion; burning defenceless farms, and plundering open towns; yet always flying from pursuit. The fires burnt on. Few in number, though strong in discipline, the English troops could not be everywhere. Skeffington had none of Brereton's dash. To keep his men in winter lodgings, seemed to Skeffington a prudent course. So much time and wealth were wasted that the King grew weary of the war; and he was once more lending his ear to those connexions of Lady Kildare who told him he should govern Ireland through the Geraldines.

6. Norfolk returned to Court enraged by failure, and resolved on finding his revenge. Henry was in sulky mood with Anne and with her brother George. Living among this race of wits and poets, Henry was burning with desire to win poetic laurels. He had gained some glory as a prose writer. Popes and cardinals had praised his style; and Luther had done him the honour of replying to his arguments by abuse. Why should he not wear the crown of song? Early in life he had written ballads, but his genius longed for higher flights, and he was

trying to anticipate Anne's kinsman, Sackville, by writing the first tragedy in his native tongue. He read his verses to the Queen and George, but neither of these critics had the sycophancy to approve his lines. They knew good verses, and the King's were bad. Henry was deeply hurt, and made no secret of his wounded vanity. The Queen and George were laughing at him; so he put his ballads under his arm, and carried them from house to house; appealing to more prudent critics than his consort and his brother-in-law.

7. Norfolk took advantage of these poetic tiffs to press against his niece. The Queen was vexed with Norfolk on her aunt's account; for though the Duchess was no friend to her, she had a woman's feeling for the outraged wife. When Norfolk came to court, he spoke to her in haughty and aggressive tones. He wished to quarrel, and she met his saucy tongue with high and scathing words. Even in a better cause, Norfolk was no match for Anne; but the lover of Bess Holland, who allowed that shameless woman to attend his child, lay open to the Queen's direct attack. Anne spared the sinner little, and he left her presence in a fit of choler, saying he was treated worse than a dog, and calling his niece by names familiar to his comrades in the camp. Suffolk had used these terms before; and men whose heads the Queen had saved began to speak of her by these opprobrious and revolting names.

8. An old and bitter enemy of priests, Norfolk rejoiced that Clement was breaking with the King

He thought the reign of priests and cardinals at an end, and longed to show his master the advantages of governing by the sword. No conscientious scruples stayed his hand. Peers like Exeter and Montagu thought of Catharine; peers like Dacres and Dorset thought of Clement; but Norfolk was concerned for no one save himself. No leaning towards his Church and Queen disturbed his mind when dealing with the lay and clerical impugners of the law. More was lodged in the Tower as readily as Fisher, and a scholar's blood was not more sacred in his fancy than a priest's. Kingston enjoyed a busy time. The prior and proctor of the Carthusians were lodged in the Tower, and when the priors of Belville and Axholme came to London and refused to take the oaths, they too were swept into the hold. By help of Hales and Audley, Norfolk hung them all. Some monks of Syon and other convents died with them; all died bravely, as became true men; the victims of the revolution which they had not made. Fisher came next; the noblest of his cloth. Next after him came More, the noblest of them all. Audley detested More, as dull and wicked men detest their brilliant rivals, and this tool of Norfolk had a fiend's delight in murdering his illustrious predecessor in the marble chair.

BOOK THE TWENTY-THIRD.

REACTION.

CHAPTER I.

The Conspirators.

1535.

1. WHEN the Maid of Kent was taken, Gertrude of Exeter made haste to seek a pardon from the crown. Gertrude was no less guilty than the nun. In a moral sense, she was more guilty; being a better judge of what was true and false; yet sinning openly against the law. It was the countenance of women like Lady Exeter that made the village girl so dangerous to the public peace. Yet there was no desire at court to deal with her offence in a vindictive spirit. She appeared to be extremely sorry for her fault, "in frequenting the conversation and company of that most unworthy, subtle, and deceivable woman, called the Holy Maid of Kent, and in giving to the same and her adherents overmuch trust and light credence in their most malicious and detestable proceedings." She was humble; she was penitent. "I am a woman, easily seduced. I cannot excuse my offences." Lady Exeter declared

on her salvation that she had never harboured grudge against the Queen and her offspring. Anne was satisfied with her submission, and a royal pardon for the penitent marchioness was allowed to pass the seal.

2. Profuse in thanks and promises, Lady Exeter wrote to Henry, in acknowledging her pardon: "I protest before Almighty God, who knoweth all truth, I never had any such intent nor cogitation against your most royal majesty, the Queen's grace, your and her posterity . . . and so our Lord help me in my most need." Yet after swearing this oath, Gertrude ran to Chapuys' chambers, where she told the Savoyard all the secrets of the royal closet, and perverted everything she told him to the Queen's disgrace!

3. Lady Salisbury was no less active than Lady Exeter. These women had the same motives as Suffolk for detesting Anne. Anne came between them and the Crown. Lady Exeter's husband and Lady Salisbury's son were princes of the blood. Anne's progeny cut them off. The women of their kindred and connexion helped them to defame the Queen. Lady Essex and Lady Kildare kept up a correspondence with the Spanish agent; so that Chapuys heard of every rumour in the closet and the ante-room. Yet none of these great ladies were of so much use to him as Lady Willoughby. Unlike Lady Exeter, who swore to one queen in public, while serving another queen in secret, Lady Willoughby was a constant friend and open foe. No frown abashed her eye. The Barbican in which she

lived was not more stanch than she. A native of Castille, she could intrigue with monks and friars to whom an English lady dared not speak; and there was nothing on the earth beneath or in the heavens above that Lady Willoughby would not dare for Catharine's sake.

4. Catharine was calling in her pride and agony on Clement, when that aged and unhappy pontiff passed away, and Alessandro Farnese, his chief assailant in the Sacred College, was elected Pope as Paul the Third. A man of taste and liberal thought, Farnese had always been an advocate for the divorce; yet Catharine fancied he must stand to what his predecessor in the Papacy had done. Nor was she wholly wrong. Charles brought his sword to bear on Paul. A timid man, with illegitimate children to establish, Paul was anxious to avoid a quarrel with the Emperor. Charles might give his natural son, Pietro Luigi, an Italian duchy. Charles had a natural daughter, Marguerite, whom the Pope desired to have for Ottavio Farnese. What could England do for Paul compared with Spain and Austria! On the call of Charles, the Pontiff, casting to the winds his true conviction, laid the country under curse and ban, for having done a thing which Paul himself had always said was right!

5. The King's offences were recited in the papal bull. Ninety days were allowed to him for repentance; sixty days were given to his abettors. In default of his submission, he and his kingdom were cast out bodily from the fold of Christ. Henry

was deprived of his crown. Queen Anne and her children were pronounced incapable of inheriting either name or property; and this papal malediction was to cling to them and their descendants after them. All prelates, priests, and friars, were enjoined to quit the blighted kingdom. Subjects were relieved from their oaths; tenants from their covenants. Peers and commoners were called to arm. All treaties and alliances were dissolved. The English flag was treated as a pirate flag, left to be hunted down in every sea. No ships from English harbours were to be received in Christian ports. All trade, all intercourse, must cease with the schismatic isles, and Christian princes were enjoined to march against the royal heretic and capture every one who took his part.

6. This bull was sealed to pacify the recluse Kimbolton, but the Pope, who was not hiding in a convent, dared not publish to the world what he had done. Who was to execute this sentence of the Church? Misled by monks and women, Catharine seemed to think a papal bull would strike a wilful sovereign and a powerful kingdom to the dust; but neither Paul nor Charles indulged in her fallacious dreams. The English king and people would reject the bull, and if a foreign army were to land, all parties would combine to drive them from the English soil. Paul had a hundred reasons for conciliating a defender of the faith and a recipient of the golden rose. Charles dared not press his uncle much; for France, in spite of Elinor's marriage to the King, was pushing him on every

side. "Yes; I am sorry for my aunt," he muttered in his frigid tones; "but I must think of my affairs; the French are stirring; I may lose an ally when I need him most; no, I must wait and see." Charles put his trust in Chapuys, and the cunning Savoyard was not unequal to his task.

7. Chapuys and the English conspirators, as Chapuys frankly calls his friends, were courting the new mistress, and trying to corrupt the two great men in church and state. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, stood beyond their reach. A good man and a wise, the primate was attached no less by habit than conviction to that new learning, that progressive science, that national independence, of which Queen Anne was now the recognised flag, as her daughter was to be in after times the living soul. No man knew the Queen more intimately than he, and no man held her character in greater reverence than he. The wit, the learning, and the brightness which enchanted poets and scholars were to him less precious than the feeling heart and ready hand which carried help into unnumbered homes. To take one step against her peace and credit would have seemed to him an outrage on the best of women. Nothing could be done with Cranmer, save to bow him out of court, as Warham had been driven into seclusion at an earlier time. The King no longer sought him out. The clerk no longer summoned him to the board. Retiring to his country-seat in Kent, he spent his days in study and devotion; leaving his royal mistress in the palace to contend against his enemies and her own.

8. Cromwell, Secretary of State, was made of earthier mould than the Archbishop. A worthy pupil of the Cardinal whom he had served, Cromwell professed to be a man of the world: a man whose course was governed, less by theories and fantasies than by the actual state of things. He cared no more for the new Queen at Greenwich than for the old Queen at Kimbolton. All his thoughts were fixed on Henry. Henry was his lord and master. Henry had made him Secretary of state; Henry might make him knight and peer. Yet, if he crossed the humour of that master, he was but too well aware his head would fly. With an unsleeping eye, the secretary watched his master's face, and trimmed his sail according to his forecast of the coming gale. Chapuys believed that in a little time Cromwell might become the Emperor's man.

CHAPTER II.

Stroke and Stroke.

1535.

1. STRANGE gusts of passion swept the court. Through Jane Seymour, Lady Exeter and Lady Kildare obtained a hearing for the Irish rebel Offaly. This murderer of Archbishop Allen, beaten from the field, had found a refuge with his sept and the connexions of his sept. Had Brereton caught him, short would have been his shrift; but in a wild and hilly country, with a tenantry of Celtic mutineers, Offaly had long defied pursuit. Ossory and his son received rewards; father and son being named governors of Kilkenny, Waterford, and Tipperary; on condition of resisting every effort made by Rome to sow dissension in the Irish camps. Lord Butler was already treasurer and admiral of Ireland, with a seat in the Council, a command in every Irish port. Red Piers expected, when the war was over, to obtain the deputy's chair. His name, his loyalty, his services, and his connexion with the Queen, entitled him to claim that dignity from the crown. Yet through a court intrigue, Lord Leonard Grey, Lady Kildare's brother, was appointed to that office. Grey had hardly been a week in Ireland, ere the murderer, Offaly, was in his tent, with something like a promise of his life.

2. In spite of his brave looks, Henry was con-

cerned about the interdict. Anne prayed him to seek support in Germany, and put himself at the head of a Gospel League. The Germans were prepared to act. Alesse, a Scottish priest, who had been driven from Edinburgh on account of his attachment to the new learning, and was now a confidential friend of Melancthon, arrived in London with a copy of the *Loci Theologici*, which was inscribed to Henry by the great reformer. Known to Cromwell as a learned minister, Alesse was carried by the secretary to the royal closet, where he urged the King, in Melancthon's name, to send an embassy to Germany. Though it was hard for a Defender of the Faith to send ambassadors to heretics, yet the King was brought to yield, on which Fox and Heath, high priests of the new learning and the new order, crossed the seas, to learn by personal intercourse with the German princes what might be done towards the formation of a Gospel League.

3. A liberal policy at home kept pace with this attempt abroad. Italian cardinals were deprived of their fat bishoprics, and English learned men were raised to power. Campeggio lost his sinecure of Salisbury, and Shaxton took that pluralist's seat. Ghinucchi lost his see of Worcester, which the bold reformer Latimer obtained. Cranmer was printing his edition of the English Bible, and the texts were almost ready for the public eye.

4. The Queen appeared to have a great success; but this success, as the good Scottish priest said afterwards, laid the sword across her neck. When Gardiner, now in Paris, heard of the projected Gospel

League, he felt that every friend of Rome and of the ancient order must be up at once. They had no time to lose. If Fox and Heath brought back a good report, the King might join that Gospel League, and England might be hopelessly cut off from Rome. Learning that Cromwell was estranged from Anne, and might be willing to destroy her, he suggested to the Secretary of State that the way to ruin Anne was to accuse her of unfaithfulness to the King. But Gardiner's hints arrived at an unlucky time. The hope which had already failed her was renewed. Again the doctors and astrologers told the King he was to have a son. Anne was again the sweetheart, and a shadow fell across the path of Jane.

5. Anne now gave up her task of reconciling Mary to her father. Lady Shelton had been trying to bring her charge into a gentler frame of mind, using, by the Queen's authority, a softer method than either King or council had prescribed. But she had met with no success. "My pleasure is," Anne wrote to Lady Shelton, "that you no further seek to move the Lady Mary towards the King's grace, other than as he himself directed in his own words to her. What I have done myself, has been more from charity, than because the King or I can care what course she takes, or whether she will change, or will not change her purpose. When I shall have a son, as soon I look to have, I know not what will then come to her. Remembering the Word of God that we should do good to our enemies, I have wished to give her notice before the time, because

by my daily experience, I know the wisdom of the King to be such, that he will not value her repentance on the cessation of her madness and unnatural obstinacy when she has no longer power to choose. She would acknowledge her error and evil conscience, by the law of God and the King, if blind affection had not so sealed her eyes that she will not see but what she pleases. Mrs. Shelton, I beseech you trouble not yourself to turn her from any of her wilful ways, for to me she can do neither good nor ill. Do your own duty towards her, following the King's commandment, as I am assured that you do and will do, and you shall find me your good lady, whatever comes."

6. Lady Exeter ran to Chapuys with news that the King was in a sullen mood. He had been heard to say the two ladies should either bend or break. One of his councillors was saying that the King would not go on as he had done; that his vexations were too great to bear any longer; that, as Parliament was about to meet, he should refer his business to the peers and burgesses. "This news is true as gospel," said Lady Exeter; "for God's sake let the Emperor know the worst in time; and beg him to do something for the honour of his blood." Chapuys answered that his Majesty was worried by the Turks, the Lutherans, and other enemies; but he would write and see what could be done. A few days later, Lady Exeter came to his lodgings in disguise, and told him things were getting worse and worse. The "concubine" was conspiring to be rid of Catharine and Mary, and Henry, in his

present mood, would let her do so if she liked. Parliament, she added, was about to meet, and when the peers and burgesses met, the King would make them partners in his crimes. Anne was governing every one at court. Unless the Emperor spoke at once, his word would come too late. Parliament would be committed to the King, and knowing that the Emperor would never overlook their votes, both lords and commoners might rally round the Queen.

7. While these conspirators were at their work, intelligence from Kimbolton suddenly changed the aspect of events.

CHAPTER III.

Kimbolton.

1535-36.

1. BEGGING an audience of the King, Chapuys informed his Grace that Catharine was dangerously sick. Henry was surprised. No news of any change in her condition had arrived at Court, though Bedyngfeld and Chamberlain, his trusty officers, were living at Kimbolton in the house with her. Chapuys assured him that his news was true; the Queen was sick—yea, sick to death. “To death!” growled Henry, thinking of the trouble she was causing him; “if she were but to die, my quarrels with the Emperor would cease.” Chapuys requested leave to go and see her; a request that could not be refused to an imperial envoy. Chapuys, however, wanted something more. The Princess Mary, urged the plotter, ought to go and see her mother ere that mother died. Might he conduct the Princess to Kimbolton for these last adieux?

2. It was a strange request. Though Henry was far from guessing to what lengths and depths his visitor was prepared to go, he saw at once the impudence of a foreign agent asking to be present in the last conference of Mary and her mother. Mary was not a Spanish subject, and the envoy had no charge of her. She was an English girl, subject to

the English law. Some hope had recently been given by Jane Seymour, that Mary would ere long submit, renounce her mother's cause, and enter a religious house. A private conference at Kimbolton, near the dying bed of Catharine, in the presence of imperial envoys, doctors, and attendants, would be sure, he thought, to dash those hopes. Henry had no suspicion that these hints of Mary's meekness were but tricks arranged by Chapuys to deceive him with the Emperor's approval and the Princess's help. Chapuys, the King rejoined, might go to Kimbolton, but as to taking Mary with him, that could hardly be allowed. But Chapuys, seeing the King desirous of satisfying him, pressed the point. "Well," said Henry, "we will think about it, and consult our Council."

3. From the day of her arrival at Kimbolton, Catharine had chosen to regard herself as being a prisoner and a martyr of her Church. Nothing in her outward state suggested either prisoner's cell or martyr's crown. She had the residence and the household of a princess; she retained the ladies and the ushers of her choice; she kept her Spanish confessor, her Spanish physician, and her Spanish women. No one prevented her from walking in the Park, from going up to Stonely Priory, and from driving to St. Neots. Yet Catharine closed her gates and hid her face. She never asked for Bedyngfeld and Chamberlain. These officers dared not address her as Queen; and she would suffer no one to approach her presence who declined to disobey the law. "I am his wife; I am his Queen;

until I perish, I shall always be his wife and Queen!" Such was the daily burthen of her song.

4. One window of her chamber looked into the deer-park; another towards the gates, above which rose the village spire. Her bed-room, private room, and state room were in line, occupying one wing of the castle; and a masked passage through the wall led her to a gallery in the private chapel, where she sat unseen while mass was said below by her domestic priests. She sewed and told her beads, and listened to her maidens' songs. Had her heart been still, she might have lived in peace, but Catharine was too proud and angry to appease her mind with household cares.

5. From day to day she was expecting news from Rome. Why was the Pontiff silent? Why, having sealed the interdict, was he not giving it vital force? Lady Exeter and Lady Salisbury told her the interdict was strong enough to do her work without an army to enforce the Pontiff's curse. Let that curse of Rome be launched; the King would fall without a blow; and Mary, as a daughter of the Church, would be saluted Queen. Such were the tales she heard, and Catharine in her misery believed these tales. She was a recluse, trusting to the secret letters of such women for her news. When Lady Willoughby tried to see her, Cromwell put her off with civil words. A royal license was required. Could she not have that leave to see her mistress ere she died? Cromwell assured her he would do his best. His Highness must be moved at a convenient time. Lady Willoughby was fret-

ting at the Barbican for that permission to go down and see her friend.

6. In her seclusion, Catharine heard of holy men being done to death. These holy men she took for martyrs and confessors in her cause. Why were her friends abroad so slack? While Paul was silent, Parliament was passing bills, and Cranmer printing Bibles. Every day the breach with Rome was widening. Charles had some excuse. The Moors were fighting hard in Africa; the Turks were storming up the Danube; and an army was a costly thing to move; but Paul, she thought, had only to pronounce a curse, and leave the execution of his bull in English hands. "Once more," she wrote to Paul, "as an obedient daughter of the Roman Church, I pray your Holiness to think of me, my husband, and my child. You know what they are doing in this country; and with what offence to God and to yourself. Unless a cure be quickly found, the remedy will come too late. The constant will be slain; the feeble will be smitten; the indifferent will be lost. I know no man on whom the martyrdom of holy men, and the ruin of lost souls, ought to lie so heavily as on you. I write for the discharge of my conscience . . . and so I end, in expectation of a remedy from God and from your Holiness. May it come quickly! The hour will soon be past." These words were Catharine's last appeals to Rome.

7. Some holy men, and some men far from holy, were in trouble for her sake. Forest, after his expulsion from Greenwich, hid himself in London

from his French superior, till he should find a chance of recovering his lost ground by some great act of service and obedience to his chief. That chance he made. Hearing that Latimer was about to preach, Forest went to hear and interrupt the bold divine. A row ensued. Forest was arrested on the spot, and, being an old offender, was examined by the Council. To the question, asked by Cromwell, how he reconciled the oaths of allegiance he had sworn with his new opinions, he replied, with much effrontery, that those oaths were taken by his outer, not his inner man. The friar was lodged in Newgate; tried under the Act of Supremacy, he was condemned to die, unless he changed his mind once more. On hearing of this sentence, Catharine wrote to him in Newgate; praying him, not without some fear, to bear his cross and win his martyr's crown. "Since you have always shown yourself ready to give good counsel to others, you will know very well what to do, and that you are called to bear witness for the love of Christ and the truth of His Catholic faith. If you will hold up against the few brief torments which have been prepared for you, you will receive, as you well know, eternal gains. I should esteem a man bereft of sense and reason, who, to save himself some passing pains on earth, would lose his great reward in heaven." This letter seemed to nerve the friar, who answered that in three days he must die. Her heart was wrung for him; but it was wrung in vain; for when the day of execution came, he took the proffered oaths and robbed the hangman of his fee.

CHAPTER IV.

Asleep.

1536.

1. CHAPUYS tarried for a month before he took the road. For Mary's sake he wished to hear from Catharine's dying lips a declaration of the fact, so much disputed by the lawyers, whether she had been Prince Arthur's wife. But winter had set in. The ways were rough with snow, the fords were choked with ice. Catharine was not reported worse, nor was any person, save her Spanish physician, aware that she was near the end.

2. Bedyngfeld, listening at her door for news, heard nothing to alarm him for her state of health. Things kept their usual course. The invalid lay in her own room; Blanche and Isabel passed in and out; the doctor came and the confessor stayed. They spoke in Spanish to each other and in English to the chamberlain. Such matters had been going on for months. There seemed no need for Chapuys to ride down until the question of Mary going or not going with him was decided by the King. But Lady Willoughby pressed for her permission with a warmer zeal. Her license had not come, and Cromwell hinted that a verbal message was enough. She feared duplicity. "Without I have a letter of his grace or else of you, to show the officers of my

mistress's house; my license shall stand to no effect." Cromwell put her off once more: and Lady Willoughby, unable to procure a written passport, acted on the secretary's hint.

3. New Year's morning found her in the saddle at the Barbican. The ride was long, the air inclement, the track a waste. Unused to riding, she was thrown to the ground and badly bruised. Still she pressed on. Some persons on the road dissuaded her from going forward; telling her the good old Queen was dead; but neither icy winds, nor smarting wounds, nor fatal news, sufficed to turn her back. Long after dark, a noise of hoofs was heard before the Castle gates. Bedyngfeld went down to see the new arrival, but the Spanish lady was unknown to him by sight. She gave her name and told her errand. He required to see her warrant for admission. Fearing to say she had no papers, Lady Willoughby pointed to her hurts, her freezing limbs, her chattering teeth, and begged him, for love of Jesus and for Christian charity, to lift her in, and set her by the fire. What was he to do? Cromwell's commands were strict. No person was to pass those gates without a written license. Yet, in that wild country, on that winter night, could he repel this faint and pleading woman from his gate? Stonely Priory stood a mile off; with a brook to cross, a hill to climb. His heart gave way, the door swung back, and Lady Willoughby was carried in; but here the chamberlain meant to stop; since he might have to pay for breach of Cromwell's orders with his head. When

warmth had soothed her limbs, and loosed her tongue, she told the warder she had come to see the Princess Dowager by Cromwell's wish, and on the morrow, when her trunks were opened, she would place her papers in his hands. Her use of the words "princess dowager," removed Bedyngfeld's suspicion, and on a promise of showing her papers next day, he let her pass to Catharine's room, and saw no more of her until the Queen was dead.

4. At four o'clock next day, Chapuys arrived. The envoy was in no such hurry as the lady. All his papers were in order; he had ambled down the roads at ease; stopping at the village inns; and now, on his arrival at her door, he ate his dinner leisurely before going in to see the Queen. At seven, he went with Bedyngfeld to Catharine's room. He stayed some minutes only, and he spoke to Catharine in Castillian. Vaux was absent, so that nothing was known to the King's officers of what was taking place. Next day, Catharine sent her doctor for the envoy. Chapuys had a serious mission for this Spanish doctor to perform. The chance of Mary coming to the throne depended greatly on the statements of the English case being false. The Primate, when divorcing Catharine from the King, assumed their truth. Parliament, when bastardising Mary, had assumed their truth. The advocates of Catharine had admitted in the legatine court that they were true. Yet Catharine had persistently denied the facts. Would she confirm her previous declarations in her dying breath? Chapuys wished

the doctor to observe her with the utmost care, and when he found her on the point of death, to put this question:—would she, in the hour of death, affirm that she had never been Prince Arthur's wife? The doctor undertook his mission, and the envoy, satisfied with this arrangement, passed into the patient's room. Catharine was able to converse with him. "Make my excuses to the Emperor, to Monseigneur Granvelle, and the great commander for my not writing to them, and beg them, for the love of God, and by either one means or another, to make an end of this affair. It is this waiting for a cure that never comes, together with the misery which this waiting causes both of us to suffer, that throws everything into disorder."

5. She wrote her last lines to Henry. "My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,—The hour of my death draweth nigh. I cannot choose but out of the love I bear you to put you in remembrance of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. But I forgive you all, and devoutly pray that God will forgive you also. For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I have always desired. I entreat you also to consider my maids, and to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I ask you for one year's pay more than their due, lest otherwise they should be in want. Lastly,

I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell!"

6. Catharine seemed better since the coming of Lady Willoughby. She was easier in her mind. She slept at night. On the fifth day of January, Bedyngfeld thought she might rally, though her recovery would be a work of time. But she was sinking faster than he knew. Next morning, she was worse. The night passed heavily away though Lady Willoughby knelt beside her couch, and talked to her in accents to recall her youth on the Alhambra slopes, the pride and glory of the Moorish strife, the Hebrew exodus, the Acts of Faith, and that eternal warfare of the church in which her life had been involved. At ten next morning came the priest with holy oil, and then, her hour being come, the English officers were called into her room. She slowly sank to rest; dying at two o'clock, in Lady Willoughby's arms; but with the secret of her earlier bridals locked within her breast. In the excitement of his duties, her Spanish physician let the moment pass, and, to the great regret of Chapuys, her spirit was allowed to part unquestioned and in peace.

CHAPTER V.

Greenwich.

1536.

1. DEBASED by power and brutalised by passion as Henry had become, he read the last proud words of Kate—his brave old Kate—with agonising tears. For some weeks he had scarcely seen his wife, whose health required the utmost care. Her project for a Gospel League had failed. The German princes, feeling no confidence in Henry, had refused to place their fortunes in his charge. Nor would the Duke of Saxony allow Melancthon to visit London. Henry was piqued, his consort in disgrace. “The King was angry with the Queen,” said Alesse, “on account of the failure of that embassy to Germany, which he had sent at her request. He was exceedingly indignant that the German princes doubted the soundness of his faith.”

2. The note from Catharine touched his heart. For days, he talked of nothing but his “brave old Kate,” and when the news of her decease arrived, he turned with a devouring passion to the details of her obsequies. A royal sepulchre and royal pageant should be hers. Ladies of rank, and many of them, should attend her to the grave. Catharine had expressed a wish to sleep in one of the chapels of her Order; but the chapels of that Order had been swept away. Amends, however, should be

made. Peterborough, the most splendid shrine within a ride of thirty miles from Kimbolton, should be her resting-place. Orders were issued on the wardrobe for such mourning as the women in attendance might require, and Henry told the ladies who had been her friends he should erect to her memory as grand a monument as any in the Christian world.

3. Charles heard of Catharine's end with an unruffled brow. "We grieve," he said, "to hear this news, and pity our cousin Mary's lowly state; but we submit ourselves to Heaven; for France is pressing us very hard, and we must make up our affairs with Henry. Yea, for Mary's sake, and as a curb on French ambition, we must settle our affairs."

4. While Henry was engaging every one to honour his repudiated wife, the Queen was seeking to prevent a young gentleman of his chamber, Frank Weston, from adopting his too easy code of morals. Madge Shelton, one of her maids of honour, and her cousin of the Boleyn blood, was causing her some trouble by her love-affairs; for Madge's pretty face and saucy smile were being courted by Frank, though Frank was married, much as Jane Seymour's personal charms were complimented by the King. Young Weston was near of kin to both the Queen and Madge. Anne liked him, and had pushed his fortunes; having chosen him for knighthood on her coronation day. Being several years his senior, she thought herself entitled, both as Queen and cousin, to give him good advice. He meant no harm. In fact, though spoiled by his adoring relatives, he was a gallant fellow, worthy to have lived a longer and

a happier life. But Anne perceived that in his vanity and folly he was driving an honest and worthy suitor from the feet of Madge.

5. A suitor such as Anne desired for Madge was Henry Norreys, who had lately lost his first wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Dacres of the South. Left with two young children—that Mary Norreys who was afterwards Lady Champernoon, and that Harry Norreys who was subsequently ennobled by Elizabeth for his father's sake—he wished to find a mother for these orphans, and was proud to seek her in the Queen's family. Madge Shelton suited him in point of birth and connexion. Her mother Lady Shelton was with the young princesses, and her kindred were entrenched about the court. Her cousin Anne was Queen. Her uncle Wiltshire was Lord Privy Seal. Her aunt Lady Bryan was lady-mistress to the heiress-presumptive. Norreys proposed to Madge, and with the Queen's assent, they were engaged. Yet Norreys, after his engagement, seemed to pause in the affair. Anne spoke to him of Madge. "Why do you not go on with your marriage?" Norreys put her off, by saying he would wait a little while..

6. Thinking the mischief lay with Frank, the Queen inquired of her madcap cousin why he was dangling after Madge, instead of staying at home and loving his own wife? "Ha!" cried the saucy fellow, "there is some one in your house whom I love more than both." "Why, who can that be?" asked the Queen. To which he answered, still more saucily, "It is yourself!" Anne took the matter

gravely, and "defied him;" that is to say, she told him, after such a speech, she would have no more to do with him. The lad was stung, and in his petulance he answered her that Norreys came into her chamber more for her sake than for that of cousin Madge! Poor madcap, he retired to his apartments in a huff, not dreaming how these saucy speeches were to be atoned.

CHAPTER VI.

Rupture.

1536.

I. CHAPUYS was whispering that the “concubine” had poisoned Catharine. At Kimbolton he had suggested poison to the Spanish doctor. “Have you no suspicion, not so much as a suspicion?” No; the doctor had no suspicion. Chapuys pushed him harder. “Well,” said the physician, “there may be a doubt, the shadow of a doubt, for she has never been well since she drank some Welsh ale; yet it must have been a slow poison, for she drank it long ago.” The body was opened, but no trace of poison could be found. This evidence being reported to the Emperor, the matter seemed at rest; but when the plotters found how much the King was touched, they ventured to revive this charge. Chapuys again applied to the physician, who pretended to examine the remains afresh. He now observed a singular fact; the late Queen’s lungs and stomach were sound and healthy, but her heart was black. “Enough!” cried Chapuys, “the case is proved!” But Chapuys was too cunning to assert that Catharine had been poisoned by a cup of ale. Something more striking and mysterious was required in order to involve the Queen. Italy was the land of poisoners and poisons, and reports were spread abroad that the potion given by Anne to

Catharine came from Italy. Chapuys lent ~~the~~ rumour wings, while for himself he said he hardly thought the story could be true!

2. In spite of her maternal hopes, the Queen seemed restless and uneasy in her mind. Henry was hot and chafed; alarmed about the interdict, disturbed by Catharine's death; and though he carried her infant, Elizabeth, in his arms at a court-ball, he gave his leisure more and more to Jane Norfolk, hating his niece more bitterly than ever, brought a message from the King; and feeling that his day was come, he gave this message with a rudeness that threw the Queen into a nervous fit. The crisis of her fate was nigh, and Norfolk knew it. No respect for the dead woman at Kimbolton, no consideration for the suffering wife at Greenwich, kept the King from dangling after Jane Seymour. Going suddenly into a room, Anne found the King alone with her. Jane was sitting on his knee, receiving and returning his caresses. Anne was stricken to the heart. "I love him," cried the wretched Queen; "my heart is broken at this sight." Henry leapt up, and fearing for his unborn son, attempted to appease his wife. "Peace, sweetheart, all shall yet go well for thee." But there was no more peace for this poor soul on earth, and it was well for her—thrice well—that the great scholar had already taught her in due season to prepare for death!

3. The news soon spread abroad that Anne had caught the King with Jane, and that her mental agonies were most acute. In feeble health, and

needing easy days, her system had received a fearful shock. There seemed, as enemies like Lady Exeter believed, good reason to expect a great mishap. If so, her fall was sure. In eager joy, Lady Exeter sent intelligence to Chapuys of that scene with Jane. The King, too, seemed to feel, as by a morbid instinct, that his consort's life depended on her bringing forth a son, for he was talking of a fancy that had come into his head about the power of demons to entrap men into love with evil spirits.

4. Lady Exeter brought a strange story to the Savoyard's lodgings. Exeter had learned, she said, from one of Henry's near companions that the King was talking of the "concubine" as having been married to him by sorcery. Such a marriage, he was saying, must be void in law and morals. He had taken her under a pledge that she would bless him with a Prince. That pledge was broken by the Queen, so that his eyes were opening to the truth at last. Yes, God was making all things clear to him. Already he perceived that a woman wedded to him in the power of devils was not his lawful wife, and consequently he was free to take another woman when and how he chose. Chapuys was staggered by so gross a fable, and he hoped the Marchioness was not deceived by her excess of zeal. "This thing," he wrote to Charles, "is hard to credit, though it comes to me on high authority; I will watch for any signs that show it may be true."

5. The funeral of Catharine was fixed for the

twenty-ninth day of January. For two or three weeks, Anne had been confined by sickness to her room. She seemed to be aware that only one chance remained to her. If she should bear a son, her life and crown were safe. If not, it might be better for her that she had never seen her husband's face. She bore a son:—unhappily for her, that son was dead.

6. On the very day of Catharine's funeral, Henry, having heard the news of his misfortune, stalked into the Queen's room, and said in fury, "It is now too sure that God will give me no heir male by you." The fainting woman could not speak. Turning on his heel, he left her with the dry and blighting words, "When you get up, I'll speak to you again." The pains of her recovery were prolonged. Her women wept around her couch; for what was likely to occur, they knew by many a secret sign. Anne tried to cheer them up, by saying that the legitimacy of her next son would lie beyond dispute. When Henry came to see her, she put this hope before his mind. "I will have no more boys by you," he answered in a brutal tone. The outraged woman broke on him in answer: "It is your unkindness that has killed our son."

CHAPTER VII.

Conspiracy.

1536.

1. THE mine was charged. Who was to bring the fire? Lady Exeter sent the outlines of a plan to Chapuys, who, as Spanish envoy, had assumed the main direction of the Spanish plot. "Jane Seymour," said the Marchioness, "must be employed." Already Jane was well instructed in her part, as those who hated Anne had shown her how to act, and told her what to say. If Chapuys should approve Lady Exeter's plan, Jane Seymour was to seek the King, and tell him boldly he was living in a state of mortal sin. Chapuys was to follow Jane. If Jane and Chapuys spoke out strongly, Henry might consult with others who were banded to destroy the Queen.

2. Chapuys thought the plan of Lord Exeter might do. It was, no doubt, a dangerous course to take. The law was clear and stern. To say that Anne was not the King's wife, and that her daughter was not born in wedlock, was high treason, and the punishment of high treason was the axe. Few men were likely to risk their heads till they were certain of success. One of the conspirators tried to feel his way with one who might have been supposed to act on higher motives than a wish to curry favour with the crown. Pole called on

Stokesley, Bishop of London, and implored that bishop to speak with Henry, and advise him to appease his conscience and dismiss his concubine. Pole assumed that Stokesley was of his opinion; but he found the prudent bishop far from frank. "I shall not tell you what my opinion is," said Stokesley. "I will speak of it to no one but the King, nor even to the King himself until I see what way his Highness will decide."

3. Yet Chapuys felt with Lady Exeter that some one must begin. The situation of affairs seemed good. Queen Anne was sick in bed. Cranmer was absent. Henry was sure to speak with Cromwell, who was known to be reflecting Henry's moods, as either fear of Paul or love of Jane prevailed over duty to his kingdom and fidelity to his wife. The Secretary was playing fast and loose, according to the changes in his game. His conduct to Tyndale was in evidence. This eminent reformer was denounced by English scoundrels to the Emperor's councillors in Brussels, who enveigled him, an unsuspecting man, from Antwerp, and committed him to the castle of Vilvorde. Efforts on many sides were made to save him from the persecutor's rage. Cromwell had been his pupil, and had gathered up his various writings for the use of bishops who employed them in their version of the Word of God; but he was turning towards the papal and imperial powers; and though appeals were made to him in favour of the kidnapped scholar, Tyndale was abandoned to his fate. For some time past the Queen had been annoyed by Cromwell's per-

fidies. One day, he told the Spanish envoy she was threatening to have his head. Chapuys left Cromwell with an impression that it was become a question which of the two heads should fall—the Secretary's or the Queen's. It all depended on the tyrant's mood. Yet Chapuys saw no reason for despair. If Jane were sure of Henry's love, and Cromwell right about his fear, the plot of Lady Exeter could hardly fail.

4. Chapuys consulted Mary, who approved the plan laid down by Lady Exeter. This method of proceeding suited her haughty temper better than pretending to be meek and offering to retire into some convent of St. Clare. She begged the Savoyard to push on hard and fast. She yearned, she said, to see the concubine overthrown. But for herself she took no thought; she was prepared for every sacrifice, even for her father marrying Jane, and for the advent of a prince.

5. Armed with her approval, Chapuys went to Cromwell; after seeing him, he called on many more. Their first care was to find a pretext for divorcing Anne. They might denounce her as a sorceress, who had enchanted Henry by the power of devils, and divorce her at the stake; but such a method, though it would have suited Lady Exeter and Lady Willoughby, was repugnant to the hard yet liberal Secretary of State. Cromwell, believing the Pope could help them better than the devil, and believing also that the King was ready to submit his case to Rome, hinted to his master that the Pontiff would at once declare his marriage with

Anne Boleyn void. For once the crafty man was wrong, and when he found how badly Henry took his hints, he feared that he had spoiled his game, and lost his head. But Jane excused the Secretary to her lover, and his crafty brain was soon employed on a less dangerous track. As Wolsey's servant, Cromwell knew of the affair between Anne Boleyn and Lord Percy. When the Cardinal parted that pair of lovers, Percy had asserted that he held some pledge from Anne. Wolsey had only laughed at this assertion of the lover; yet if Percy could be got to say the words then uttered in his rage were true, they would have a case to bring before the courts. Percy declined to help them. Cromwell cited him before the council, but the Border chief refused to gratify their spite. The Queen, he said, had never pledged to him her troth. Norfolk demanded that the witness should be sworn. Percy was ready to take the Sacrament on what he spake. Norfolk went into the chapel, where, with wafer on his lip, the Earl repeated on his salvation that nothing in his love affairs with Anne had given him any right to call her wife.

6. Baffled by these two failures, the conspirators fell back on the suggestion made by Gardiner, that the best way of ruining the Queen was by a criminal charge. Gardiner detested Anne, not only as a patroness of Cranmer and Latimer, but because, like Cromwell, he was scheming for a marriage in the court of France. Gardiner pretended he had seen some letters in Paris accusing Anne of adultery. Norfolk and Suffolk snapt at Gardiner's

hint. Adultery in a queen was treason, and a verdict of adultery and treason would be better than a mere divorce. Suffolk had always thought the Queen too gracious with the wits and poets in her court. Twice he had spoken to the King, and twice had been rebuked for his suspicious words. This time there should be dirt enough.

7. Seven days before Queen Anne was publicly accused of incest and adultery, not a soul in England dreamed that she lay open to such charges. In the secret and malicious record of her life by Chapuys, not a word is found implying that the Queen was false. Her marriage is denied; her child is called a bastard; she is credited with a wish to see her rivals in the grave; but neither Lady Exeter nor Lady Salisbury ever whispered in his ear that Anne was leading an immoral life. The charge was monstrous. Even in her ordinary state of health, the Queen had little of the earthy mould that tempts men into sin; and she had not for many months enjoyed her ordinary state of health. For months past she had lived an invalid's life; lying on her couch, prattling with her child, sewing poor maidens' smocks, looking through her almoner's accounts, and talking with her chaplain Parker of a religious training for the future Queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrest.

1536.

1. CHAPUYS was toiling in the dark abroad, and Audley raking up his filth at home. Early in the month, the great reforming Parliament was dissolved. That Parliament might not be ready to undo what had been done. The writs were issued for the sixth of June. Seven weeks was a short time for so great an act as pulling down a Queen and setting up another in her place. Yet the conspirators were bound to carry out their plot before the members met.

2. By Monday, April 24, Audley was ready to proceed on Gardiner's hint. That day a secret commission was placed in Audley's hands, directing certain peers and judges to examine and report against the Queen. This instrument was drawn with Audley's usual craft. Seven peers, four officers of state, and all the judges were named on the commission, but only five or six of these personages were actively engaged. Wiltshire, Paulet, and the judges were put on for show. Audley, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cromwell, had the case in charge; and they took care to be supported by such partizans as Sussex, Westmoreland, and Oxford. To a body of such enemies any frivolous story would be evidence enough.

3. The first arrest was that of Brereton, who was seized in consequence of his doings in the Irish wars. No man had made himself more noxious to the Spanish party than the gallant soldier who had driven the murderer of Archbishop Allen out of Dublin, burnt the Castle of Maynooth, proclaimed the traitor in Drogheda, and overrun the country of Kildare. Offaly was lying in the Tower; his life in danger of the axe; and Lady Kildare believed that but for Brereton's genius, Offaly might have crushed the Butlers and held his own against the King's lieutenant. Now her turn had come. Her family were the leading plotters; and her enemy Brereton was committed to the Tower; but his arrest was not as yet connected with the Queen.

4. Three days after this arrest, the Queen, on entering her presence chamber, noticed a musician of the household, named Mark Smeaton, standing in the round of her window, looking somewhat sad. Kind to all artists, she remembered how this Smeaton had once been fetched into her sick-room at Winchester, and how he had cheered her spirits by his fine playing on the virginals. She had not spoken to him since that time; but seeing him ill at ease, and knowing how a little kindness touches an artist, she went up to him, and asked him why he was so sad. He answered her, "It is no matter." Anne at once perceived that his artistic vanity was hurt. He was a joiner's son, and in his early youth had toiled and moiled with plane and saw; but he was rising by his skill in music; and like that Leze who had hung himself, he wished to have more notice than

he got. Anne tried to soothe his wounded soul. "You must not look to have me speak to you, as I should do to a nobleman," she said; the etiquette of her husband's court being strict on all such points. "No, no, madam," said the offended artist, "a look suffices me, and thus fare you well." Some moments later, he was closeted with the four councillors who were raking in the mire for evidence against the Queen; and under Norfolk's stormy eye and Audley's dexterous hand the artist's wounded vanity was turned to rare account. The Queen had spoken to him; the Queen had sent for him. Why seek for more? Audley and Norfolk kept the musician under guard all night, and by the morning he was broken to their purpose. He accused the Queen. To give more weight to his confession, he was carried to the Tower.

5. That morning,—Sunday morning, April 30,—Anne received a hint that enemies were getting up a scandalous charge against her. Sending for her almoner, she told him all that she had heard, and begged him to go and find out Norreys, the King's groom, who, being a suitor of her cousin Madge, was oftener in her closet than any other of the King's servants, and could speak of her with more authority than any other man. Norreys was surprised. He had not heard of the inquiry yet; but he assured her almoner that he was ready to declare the truth, if he were questioned on the subject. "I will swear for the Queen, that she is a good woman," said the upright gentleman, who loved the King better than he loved anything on earth except the truth.

6. Next day, the first of May, there was a joust, in which Norreys and Rochford were to break a lance; when Anne, being a little stronger, came out to grace their sport as May-day Queen; but they were hardly warm with tilt and thrust, when Henry was observed to rise. Calling for Norreys, he leapt to horse, and by the side of his favourite groom, followed by a train of peers and knights, he rode to London, leaving orders for the Queen to keep her chamber. On the road, he opened out his mind to Norreys. He wanted some one to support the story told by Smeaton, and he begged his man to help him in this hour of need. Norreys refused. "The thing is false," he said; "I have never seen anything wrong in the Queen." "If you confess," the King whispered, "you shall not suffer in either purse or person." Norreys rode on in silence. "If not," cried Henry, chafing in his impatience, "you shall go to the Tower." Norreys now understood what kind of service was required from him. He was to say that he had seen something wrong between the Queen and her musician! "Sir," he answered, like a gentleman, "I would rather die than utter any word so false. The accusation is a lie. Nay, I will prove it by my sword on any man who dares to back it with his life."

7. Early on the following day, the King returned to Greenwich, when his secret council called the Queen before them; hoping to obtain from her some hints by which to shape their course. No charge was made. They were not ready with a charge; but Norfolk held towards her a rough and brutal

tone. At every word of hers he cried, "Tut, tut!" and shook his head. Aware that Henry must have given these councillors leave to worry her, she felt how vain it was to strive with them. If she appealed at all, she must address the King. Anne rose and left the room. Henry was leaning on a window-sill, watching the humours of a crowd in the courtyard. Anne, retiring to her nursery, took up her infant daughter in her arms. A moment afterwards, the crowd—amongst which chanced to be that Pastor Alesse who had brought Melancthon's treatise to the King—was moved as men are only moved by noble words and gracious scenes. They saw the Queen approaching him. The child was in her arms, and as she neared her lord, they saw her hold the infant out, and make a passionate step towards him. Henry, they could see, was ruffled, though he strove to hide his fury; and the Queen, repulsed, abashed, and broken, seemed to go from him in sorrow with her little child pressed tenderly to her bosom. Alesse lived a long and stormy life; but after five-and-twenty years, when sitting in his Leipsic chair, he still saw, in his mind's eye, the figure of that "holy mother," as he calls her, standing with her innocent baby in the presence of that brutal King.

8. After the council rose, Anne called her servants and prepared to leave for Westminster. No one opposed her going, and the royal barge put off from Greenwich stairs. Another boat, in which were Audley, Norfolk, and other conspirators, started in pursuit of her. Cromwell had the grace to stay

behind. Midway from Greenwich to London Bridge, Audley and Norfolk overtook the royal barge, and in the King's name ordered her to stay her course. Then, going on board, they told the Queen she was their prisoner, taken on a charge of infidelity to the King. Of infidelity towards the King! Anne called on heaven to witness for her innocence, and prayed that God would never pardon her if she were guilty of such sin. Audley replied that it was useless to deny her crimes. The King had proofs enough against her. Smeaton had confessed, he said; adding, with yet more daring wickedness, that Norreys had turned King's evidence and confirmed the musician's words. Pulling up sharply at the Tower stairs, they forced her in a nervous swoon to disembark.

CHAPTER IX.

In the Tower.

1536.

1. TORN from her child by force, deserted by her husband, overwhelmed by false charges, the Queen was flung on the Tower wharf. Kingston was waiting to receive her at the stairs. This rugged soldier had his orders what to do, for her arrest had been determined by the council several days before. She passed the moat, and turning up Water Lane, came suddenly on the gateway of the Bloody tower. Dropping on her knees before that frowning portal, making it, as Lady Wyatt said, "a reverent temple," she exclaimed, "Lord, help me! help me, as I am guiltless of this whereof I am accused!" Then rising from her prayer, she passed into the inner ward. "Shall I go into a dungeon?" Facing her rose the piles in which Offaly and Brereton lay—champions of both parties in this unhappy strife. She was herself of Irish race, and all her days she had been rocked in Irish feuds; yet no suspicion crossed her mind that one of the two heroes of this Irish trouble was to die for her. "Shall I go into a dungeon?"

2. "No, madam," answered Kingston, "you shall go into your lodgings that you lay in at your coronation." Anne was startled. After the brutality of her uncle, she was unprepared for kindness, even of

this meaner sort. A fancy flashed into her dizzy brain: "The King is only doing this to prove me." Looking at the Constable, she said, "It is too good for me," and then she lifted up her face and sighed, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" Kingston led the way into her old apartments, which were still arranged in royal state, with throne, and canopy, and stool, as in the day when she had shone in Henry's eyes the brightest star on earth. A little closet opened on this state apartment, which the Queen had used for her devotions. "Pray you, Master Constable," she entreated, "move the King's Highness that I may have the sacrament in this closet; that I may pray for mercy. I am as clear from the company of man as to sin, as I am clear from you, and I am the King's true wedded wife."

3. Rochford rode up from Greenwich to his London house. No one offered to molest him, nor had George the least suspicion of his danger until after Audley's scene on the river, and the Queen's commitment to the Tower. A resolution was then taken to arrest her brother George, her cousins Weston and Bryan, and her poet laureate Wyat. Bryan, luckily for himself, was in the country; but a messenger was sent to bring him up to town. Weston and Wyat were hurried to the Tower. Some of poor Weston's petulant talk had got abroad, and the lad's nonsense about Norreys going into the Queen's cabinet more for the Queen's sake than for that of Madge, was useful as a weapon to be turned against the groom, should Norreys still hold out. Wyat's arrest was nothing but an act of vengeance on the

part of Suffolk. Norreys, when spoken with again, was true and staunch. "The thing is false," he said; "the Queen is innocent; I have never seen wrong in her." Henry, in his passion, swept his comrade into a dungeon of the Tower.

4. The women placed in Anne's apartments were neither of her own choice nor of her chamber. Some of them were strangers; most of them were enemies. Mrs. Cousins and Lady Boleyn, two of these women, had a personal grudge against the Queen. "I think it much unkindness in the King to put such about me as I never loved," she sighed. These women had their orders. Mrs. Cousins and Lady Boleyn were to stay with her by day and night: to sit in her apartment, to sleep on her pallet, and to jot down every word she spake. These women entered on their odious task with glee, expecting to receive a great reward. Kingston drew his bed across the Queen's door. Two women occupied an outer room. Mrs. Cousins and Lady Boleyn lay within. Surrounded by these guards and spies, the nervous and distracted lady sank on her couch. The spies were watching her. Dead to all feeling for her lonely lot and her disordered brain, these women noted every act and set down every word for Cromwell's eye and Audley's use. Serving for such rewards as Chancellors and Secretaries of State can give, they threw out hints, they tried to make her talk, they listened through the sleepless night; they pounced on every syllable which legal ingenuity could torture into evidence of guilt.

5. Ere Chapuys went to bed that night, he gave

the Emperor some account of his conspiracy—not hiding any portion of his glory—and dilating on his rapid action and complete success.

6. "Your Majesty," ran this night confession of the chief conspirator, "will be pleased to recollect what I wrote to you early in the last month, touching what had taken place between M. Cromwell and myself about the King's divorce from his concubine. I waited on the Princess Mary and obtained her sanction. She bade me go on in what was to be done; the more so as it would be for her father's credit and conscience. She had ceased to care whether her father had lawful heirs or not, though such might take away her crown. For the sake of God she pardoned every one what had been done against her mother and herself. Acting under her orders, I joined with Cromwell and many other persons, but refrained from writing to your Majesty until we saw how things would go. No one could have dreamed that they would go so well as they have done. God's justice has been rendered. In the open light of day the concubine has been conducted from Greenwich to the Tower; conducted by the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Chamberlain, and Vice-chamberlain; and left there with only four women to attend her. It is rumoured that she is accused of having carried on adultery with a musician of her chamber. He is also in the Tower. M. Norreys, one of the King's most cherished friends, has been committed for concealing what was going on; also, six hours later in the evening, three other gentlemen. Three or four hours after

his sister was arrested, Lord Rochford was taken to the Tower."

7. This letter pours a flood of light on the affair. We see the artist in his room, and note the method and the progress of his work. Chapuys was master of the plot. Each fact was known to him the moment it arose. Audley and Cromwell had been raking in the Queen's ante-rooms for evidence. They had bribed the porter at her door; the serving-man who carried in her tray. They had told the women of her chamber that the King hated her. They had warned her ladies-in-waiting that nothing they could do would save her; and had made these ladies understand that they might gain the greatest favour by assisting to destroy the Queen. Yet nothing had been learned. The porter and the serving-man knew nothing wrong. The bed-chamber women, the ladies-in-waiting, and the maids of honour, knew nothing wrong. Had any trace of guilt been found, Chapuys would have told the Emperor his news. Even after Anne's committal all is vague and dark. There is no question save of a musician of the chamber. Not a word is dropt about accomplices. Not a hint is given about a host of lovers. Nothing is said of Anne having poisoned the late Queen and intending to poison the Princess Mary. No conspiracy "to compass and imagine the King's death" is mentioned by Chapuys. No misconduct with Norreys, Brereton, and Weston is alleged, nor is there any suggestion of incest with her brother George. These charges were the after-growth of Audley's brain. Norreys and the other gentlemen,

we learn on sure authority, were lodged in prison, not as pretended partners in the Queen's offences, but as witnesses alleged to have concealed the truth about Mark Smeaton's intimacy with the Queen!

BOOK THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

The Reformers.

1536.

I. WHILE Anne was tossing on her bed of pain, all London was astir with feverish dread and no less feverish joy, according to the grooves in which the new and old opinions ran. Men of the new learning stood aghast. They knew their prop was gone. They felt for Anne the passion and the reverence which a Carthusian and a Minorite felt for Catharine. That Scottish pastor, Alesse, who had seen the mother and her child repulsed at Greenwich, was in fellowship with all Melancthon's friends. He held a post in Cromwell's house, and still supposed his patron was an honest man. A warm admirer of Cranmer, he had lived on terms of friendship with the Primate. From the highest to the lowest, Alesse knew the men who were engaged leading England from the "house of bondage" to the "house of liberty," and this good scholar and divine has left a striking picture of the

gloom and misery which fell on every one through Anne's arrest.

2. "All those who were with us that night," he wrote in Leipzig, when he was an aged man, "many of whom have been preserved through the mercy of God, and are now returned from banishment to their native land, well know how deep a sorrow overwhelmed the godly in heart, how high were the rejoicings of the hypocrites and enemies of the Gospel, when the rumour spread abroad that the Queen was in the Tower. Next morning every one seemed stunned. Those who are still alive remember what tears the faithful shed, what agonies the good endured. They know with what passion they lamented the snares which had been laid for the Queen; and how the enemies of truth were rejoicing in her misfortunes. For myself I was a man cast down with grief. I could not leave my house, but waited in my room for the result; for it was easy to foresee that the Queen's death would bring about a change of religion in the Court."

3. Every one yet committed was a known reformer. Wyat was called the prompter of the Great Reform. Bryan had given offence in Rome and was an active enemy of the Imperial party. As the day wore on fresh warrants of arrest were said to have gone out. No one could say how far a man like Audley, spurred by party rage, would fling his nets.

4. A barge swept up to Lambeth with an order from the Secretary of State. Cranmer was absent on the business of his See, and only heard by chance

about the Queen's arrest. At once he rode to Lambeth, meaning to take his barge and pull for Greenwich, where the King was staying, and entreat his highness, by the love and grace that were between them, to undo this fearful work. On his arrival at the palace, he found the Secretary's note. By Cromwell's orders he was to stay at home till he received a summons. Cranmer imagined there was some mistake. Calling his barge, he moved towards the river, but the officer on duty told him he must not stir. The Secretary's orders were peremptory, and Cranmer turned into his room with the conviction that he was a prisoner also. Who could say that warrants were not signed for his commitment to the Tower? A greater prelate than himself had lately been arrested and destroyed. Gardiner, his rival in the Church, had gained the upper hand. Yet in this hour of peril—peril for himself and for his labour in the Church—the image of his suffering mistress in the Tower was chiefly in his thoughts. What he should do for her was far from clear, but after passing through a restive night, he felt assured that, come what might, his duty lay in doing what he could to help the Queen. Going to his closet, he composed a manly, yet a sage and prudent letter to the King.

5. "Pleaseth it your most noble grace to be advertised," he wrote, "that at your grace's commandment, by Mr. Secretary's letters, written in your grace's name, I came to Lambeth yesterday, and do there remain to know your grace's further pleasure. And forsomuch as without your grace's commandment I dare not, contrary to the contents of the said letters,

Presume to come unto your grace's presence; nevertheless, of my most bounden duty, I can do no less than most humbly to desire your grace, by your great wisdom, and by the assistance of God's help, somewhat to suppress the deep sorrow of your grace's heart, and to take all adversities of God's hands both patiently and thankfully. I cannot deny but your grace hath great cause, many ways, of lamentable heaviness; and also that, in the wrongful estimation of the world, your grace's honour of every part is so highly touched (whether the things that commonly be spoken to be true or not), that I remember not that ever Almighty God sent unto your grace any like occasion to try your grace's constancy throughout, whether your Highness can be content to take of God's hands, as well things displeasing as pleasant. And if he find in your most noble heart such an obedience unto His will, that your grace, without murmur and overmuch heaviness, do accept all adversities, not less than thanking Him than when all things succeed after your grace's will and pleasure, nor less procuring His glory and honour; then I suppose your grace did never thing more acceptable unto Him, since your first governance of this your realm. And, moreover, your grace shall give unto Him occasion to multiply and increase his graces and benefits unto your highness, as he did unto his most faithful servant Job; unto whom, after his great calamities and heaviness, for his obedient heart and willing acceptation of God's scourge and rod, *Addidit ei Dominus cuncta duplicia*. And if it be true, that is openly reported of the Queen's

grace, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her honour only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity that my mind is clean amazed; for I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her; which maketh me to think that she should not be culpable. And again, I think your Highness would not have gone so far except she had surely been culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth, that, next unto your grace, I was most bound unto her of all creatures living. Wherefore I most humbly beseech your grace to suffer me in that, which both God's law, nature, and also her kindness bindeth me unto; that is, that I may with your grace's favour wish and pray for her, that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent. And if she be found culpable, considering your grace's goodness towards her, and from what condition your grace of your only mere goodness took her, and set the crown upon her head I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true unto the realm, that would not desire the offence without mercy to be punished, to the example of all other. And as I loved her not a little, for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and his Gospel; so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his Gospel that ever will favour her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they favour the Gospel the more they will hate her; for then there was never creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment,

for that she feignedly hath professed his Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed. And though she hath offended so, that she hath deserved never to be reconciled unto your grace's favour; yet Almighty God hath manifoldly declared His goodness towards your grace, and never offended you. But your grace, I am sure, knowledgeth that you have offended him. Wherefore I trust that your grace will bear no less entire favour unto the truth of the Gospel than you did before; forsomuch as your grace's favour to the Gospel was not led by affection unto her, but by zeal unto the truth. And this I beseech Almighty God, whose Gospel he hath ordained your grace to be defender of, ever to preserve your grace from evil, and give you at the end the promise of his Gospel."

6. Ere this letter was despatched to Greenwich, Audley's barge pulled up at Lambeth Stairs. Audley came to sound the Primate. He was attacking Anne, not like Gardiner from a firm persuasion that her death was good for Rome; not like Norfolk from a certain knowledge that her death would help his daughter to a throne; but from a still more sordid longing after place and pelf. Such stuff as he had raked against the Queen was laid before the Archbishop. The King, he said, must have a separation and divorce. Cranmer was cautious in his speech with such a man. If Anne were guilty, as the Chancellor alleged, her separation and divorce were things of course. The axe would separate and divorce her. Cranmer wished to send his letter to the King; Audley thought he should first consult with some

of the great lords who had been managers of the plot, and who could tell him what the King believed and which he wished. Crossing the Thames to the Star-Chamber, he met Oxford, Sussex, and Sandys. After seeing them, and noting in what kind of spirit these connexions of the pretenders were proceeding, Cranmer went down into his barge a paler and more sorrowing man.

7. A postscript was appended to his letter. "After I had written this letter unto your grace, my Lord Chancellor, my Lord of Oxford, my Lord of Sussex, and my Lord Chamberlain of your grace's house, sent for me to come unto the Star-Chamber; and these declared unto me such things as your grace's pleasure was they should make me privy unto. For the which I am most bounden unto your grace. And what communication we had together I doubt not but they will make the true report thereof unto your grace. I am exceedingly sorry that such faults can be proved by the Queen as I heard by their relation. But I am, and ever shall be, your faithful subject." In the face of what he saw was a conspiracy of pretenders to destroy the Queen, Cranmer could say no more and he would say no less.

CHAPTER II.

Anne in the Tower.

1536.

1. "MR. KINGSTON," the Queen asked the Constable, "do you know wherefore I am here?" "Nay, Madam," said he. The affair was like a dream. "When saw you the King?" she asked. "I saw him not," rejoined the Constable, "since I saw him in the tilt-yard." Anne was thinking of her brother George, that darling of her house, to whom she had been a "little mother" ever since she was herself a child. "Then I pray you, Mr. Kingston, tell me where my Lord Rochford is?" The iron Constable pitied her. "I saw him afore dinner in the court," he said, evasively. "Oh, where is my sweet brother?" Still evading her inquiry, Kingston answered, "I left him at York Place."

2. Then, turning to her own affairs, she said, in evident surprise and wonder, "Mr. Kingston, I hear say I should be accused with three men!" The Constable waited, for his orders were to let her talk, and jot down all she spake. She added, mournfully, "I can say no more but Nay, without I should open my body," and she tore the gown across her breast. "Oh, Norreys, hast thou accused me!" she exclaimed. The tale about Norreys seemed to daze her most of all. That Norreys, her brother's friend,

a man who seemed the soul of honour, should betray her with a lie, was like the crack of doom. If he were false, what man was likely to be true? "Thou art in the Tower with me, and thou and I shall die together!" Many times she thought of that good step-mother whom she loved so dearly. "O my mother," she exclaimed, "thou wilt die for sorrow!" Once she thought of the poor musician who had wrought her so much injury: "Mark, thou art here, too!" As yet she had not heard that Smeaton was the cause of her arrest, and that the fiddler had accused her, on a promise of his life being spared. Turning to the Constable, she cried, "Shall I die without justice, Mr. Kingston?" What was he to say? No man had seen more people die without justice than he. Not many months were passed since More had died without justice. If the King desired to have another woman, Kingston was sure that Anne must die, whatever law and equity might say in her defence. "Madam," he answered, "the poorest subject of the King has justice." She is reported to have laughed—surely a bitter and derisive laugh!

3. A great and curious change came on the court. The King was merry, if not mad. He told the peers and ladies of his household to enjoy their lives. He ran about from house to house. He dined, he dined, he romped with every one. Taking his verses in his hands, he read them everywhere, and put his critics in the Tower to shame. He sat up late of nights, and came home from his revels in the early hours, attended by his pipers

and singing-men, and startling honest citizens from their sleep.

4. "The King is in the highest spirits since the harlot's arrest," wrote Chapuys, "gadding from place to place, supping with various women, staying out till after midnight, and returning by the river with his bands of music and his chorus from the privy chamber." Chapuys could not veil his scorn for such proceedings. "The King," he wrote, a few days afterwards, "lately supped with several ladies at the house of Kite, Bishop of Carlisle. Next day this prelate came to tell me of his doings. Henry, he said, was wild with merriment. Among other matters, the King told the Bishop he had foreseen the issue, for he had written a tragedy, which he brought with him, and which he took out of his bosom." It was a small book, copied in his own hand. The Bishop had no time to read it, and escaped the need to praise it. "Possibly," said Chapuys, "it contained some ballads which the King has made, at which the concubine and her brother are gravely accused of having laughed!"

5. Mrs. Cousins had received orders to induce the Queen to talk of Norreys. In her great distress it would be strange if nothing fell from Anne's lips that such a lawyer as Audley could not twist against her. Mrs. Cousins plied her trade, and certain scraps of talk were forwarded by Kingston to York Place. In reading them an honest critic will remember whence they came. These scraps of talk were noted by a spy, labouring for the wages of a spy, who understood what sort of ware was

wanted at her hands. Anne never saw these scraps of papers, nor is any one aware how much the spy suppressed. The sentences are brief and broken, and the letters have been partly burnt. Even where the text remains the sense is hard to guess. Yet, even in these spy's reports, no word appears to touch the Queen. "This morning," Kingston wrote to Cromwell, "the Queen did talk with Mrs. Cousins, and said that Norreys did say, on Sunday last, unto the Queen's almoner, that he would swear for the Queen that she was a good woman. And then said Mrs. Cousins, Why, Madam, should there be any such matters spoken of? Marry, said she, I bade him do so. I asked him why he went not through with his marriage, and he made answer he would tarry a time." If Mrs. Cousins told the truth, Anne had answered Norreys, "You look for dead men's shoes; for if aught came to the King but good, you would look to have me." These were the sort of words that Audley wanted for his conspiracy "to compass and imagine the King's death." It is unlikely that Anne should ever have spoken such words to Norreys. It is ridiculous to suppose she would have repeated them to a spy. Norreys was made to answer, "If I had any such thought, I would my head were off!" The Queen was made to add, "she could undo him if she would;" on which it was said the Queen and groom "fell out."

6. Kingston was coming from Rochford's chamber when the Queen, hearing his footstep, called him into her apartment. "I hear," she said, inquiringly, "my lord my brother is here?" "It is the truth,"

said Kingston, too much used to scenes of misery to deceive her further. He told her where her brother had been lodged. She merely said, in reference to his lodging, "I am glad we be so nigh together." Kingston then informed her who were in custody besides Rochford, Norreys and Smeaton. When he named Brereton and Weston, she kept "a good countenance." When he mentioned Wyat, she seemed to have no fear. "I shall desire you to bear a letter from me to Master Secretary." "Madam," said Kingston, "tell it me by word of mouth, and I will do it." Finding she was not allowed to write, she thanked the Constable, and said she only wished to say she marvelled the King's council had not come to see her in the Tower. She asked for Latimer, whose plainness of speech had pleased her in her royal moments, and was likely to be more than ever wholesome to her now. "I would to God," she sighed, "I had my bishops, for they would all go to the King for me. I think the most part of England prays for me." She added, in the spirit of her time and sex, "If I die, you will see the greatest punishment for me within these seven years that ever came to England." If the female spies are to be trusted, she also said, "I shall [hope to] be in heaven, for I have done many good deeds in my day."

CHAPTER III.

Innocence.

1536.

1. No time was to be lost by Audley in the suit; for his offences were as rank as Cromwell's; and the Queen's return to Greenwich would be the signal for his fall. The axe which he had dropped on More stood waiting for himself. His chance of safety lay in pushing on the plot, and hurrying Anne out of existence ere the King had time to change. Three weeks were gone. In four weeks more the peers and burgesses were to meet, and bad as Henry was, his Chancellor could not tell where he might stop.

2. Already he was wavering in his thoughts. Inflamed by love for Jane, he wanted a divorce from Anne; yet he was not unwilling, if she yielded in the main, to let her live in peace. The world was large enough for both, and Anne was not unused to bear an exile's lot. Antwerp was mentioned as a place to which she might retire. On Friday, May the fifth, Henry sent a message to the Tower, offering the Queen a pardon if she would "confess." It was a repetition of the promise held to Norreys, which had not induced that gentleman to swear a lie. He may have thought the woman likely to be weaker than the man; the more so, as she stood

in more immediate peril. He was much deceived. Anne snatched a pen and wrote to him these memorable lines.

3. "Sir,—Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour), by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy. I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceiv'd your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command. But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof ever proceeded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had so been pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alternation I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light

fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king. But let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames. Then shall you see either mine innocency cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affections already settled on that party, for whose sake, I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have been pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise, mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strait account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the

world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

“My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace’s displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your eyes, then let me obtain this request. And I will so leave to trouble your grace any further; with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th day of May.

“Your most loyal

“and ever faithful wife,

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

4. This bold demand for a “lawful trial,” an “open trial,” made some of the pretenders and their followers feel a little faint. In wrestling with so high a spirit as Anne’s, they never could feel safe until her head was off. “Try me, good King!” Nothing had yet been got by them in way of proof. “No man will confess anything against her, but only Mark of any actual thing,” wrote Baynton, Latimer’s opponent in an early stage of the divorce. Great efforts had been made to get a witness in support of Smeaton’s lies. Audley was perplexed, for he had fancied it was only necessary to threaten Norreys and Weston, as he had threatened Smeaton,

in order to obtain the evidence he wished to find. Brereton was added to his list of "conspirators," for Brereton held a place at court, and, being in trouble on his own account, it was conceivable that he might turn King's evidence, to save his life. Imagine this brave soldier's scorn when told the price at which he might obtain a royal pardon, not only for a crime he had never committed, but for all his splendid services to the crown!

5. Cromwell was ill at ease. Suppose he were to fail? The chances of success were not so great that he could look them in the face and show no fear. Though Henry might be tired of Anne's bright eyes, and smitten by the younger charms of Jane; yet, in his lonely hours, the master had a knack of pondering on the future of his crown. Suppose he were to think of that fair child who bore his mother's name? That infant was his legal heir. To brand her mother as a traitress was to rob his family and his kingdom of that lawful heir. Suppose he were to pause in his career? Whose head would then be near the axe? Cromwell began to fence and hedge. Though pushing on his labour, he affected to be overwhelmed with grief. He felt, he said, the Queen's misfortune as his own. In vapory language he was hinting, even to the arch-enemy, that he had only entered on this business to protect the Queen from calumny. A prophecy had come to him from Flanders, that the King was threatened by conspirators near his throne. He wished to stop such prophecies and calumnies. While the Queen and Rochford were lying in the

Tower, he took an opportunity of praising them to Chapuys; lauding not only their brave spirit, but their good sense and their loyal hearts. If Elizabeth should save Anne, as Mary had saved Catharine, these words might help to shield him from the axe.

6. "Try me, good King!" Henry replied to her appeal by further offers of a pardon, if the Queen would but admit some fault, so as "to deserve his grace." A prettier woman and more lenient critic sat beside him as he supped, and dined, and paddled on the stream by night. He wanted a divorce to marry Jane; and if his consort in the Tower were willing to undo the matrimonial bond, her life might well be spared. But Anne was not a woman to confess a lie, and take away her daughter's birth-right in the crown. She pressed him for an open trial. She desired him not to let her enemies be at once her accusers and her judges. She had nothing more to add. She told him, in reply to these fresh offers, she had nothing to confess, and nothing to conceal. She added, with a spirit that excited Bacon's admiration, and induced him to record her words in his collection of the best sayings of all time, that the King, her lord, seemed constant in his habit of heaping honours on her head. From a simple gentlewoman he had made her a marchioness; from the state of marchioness he had raised her to that of Queen; and since he had no higher grade of earthly honour to confer, he was now vouchsafing to crown her innocence with martyrdom!

CHAPTER IV.

The Charge.

1536.

1. AUDLEY at last got leave to move, and there was little time for such a business as he had to do. Less than four weeks remained before the peers and burgesses would meet. Before that day arrived one Queen must be in her grave, another on her throne.

2. At first, Audley seemed disposed to give each pretender an opening to attack his enemy in the general charge. Of course, the Queen must be the head of his "conspiracy," but any number of persons might be netted in the toils, if Henry only gave him leave. The chancellor was in no position to be nice. He wished to charge a number of men with having made the King a cuckold! To the great astonishment of Chapuys, Henry seemed inclined to let him do it; for the King was going up and down complaining of his wrongs, and naming various gentlemen as the favourites of his wife. "The King," wrote Chapuys, in his bitterest mood of scorn, "declares that he fancies more than a hundred men have had to do with her. Never has Prince, or any other husband, shown his horns so openly, and seemed so proud of them!" Yet when the moment came for Audley to begin, some sense of the intolerable shame attending such a charge

prevented Henry from permitting Audley from extending his "conspiracy" beyond the men who were already named as her accomplices. No more arrests were made. Wyat was suffered to go free. Bryan was discharged from custody, and Audley's labours were restricted to the prisoners in the Tower.

3. The form into which Audley threw his indictment was that of a conspiracy "to compass and imagine the King's death." His first clause stood: "That the Lady Anne, Queen of England, having been the wife of the King for the space of three years and more, she, the said Lady Anne, contemning the marriage so solemnized between her and the King, and bearing malice in her heart against the King, and following her frail and carnal lust, did falsely and traitorously procure, by means of indecent language, gifts, and other acts therein stated, divers of the King's daily and familiar servants to be her adulterers and concubines, so that several of the King's servants, by the said Queen's most vile provocation and invitation, became given and inclined to the said Queen." Five clauses followed in which Anne was to be accused of adultery with Norreys, Rochford, Brereton, Weston, and Smeaton. Clause number seven was to accuse the five traitors of being jealous of each other, and of receiving gifts and rewards from the Queen.

4. The clauses numbered eight and nine stood thus:—"Furthermore, that the Queen, and other the said traitors, jointly and severally, 31st October, 27 Hen. VIII., and at various times before and after, compassed and imagined the King's death; and that

the Queen had frequently promised to marry some one of the traitors, whenever the King should depart this life, affirming she never would love the King in her heart. Furthermore, that the King, having within a short time before become acquainted with the before-mentioned crimes, vices, and treasons, had been so grieved that certain harms and dangers had happened to his royal body."

5. Such were the charges to be brought against the six prisoners in the Tower, and no amount of legal ingenuity could give them an air of truth. Audley had meant to charge the Queen with poisoning Catharine, and intending to poison Mary. Chapuys assured so many people of these facts being true, that the pretenders and their partizans were expecting to see them proved; but Audley, though he clung to these theories of poisoning with a desperate energy, was obliged to let them go at last. Poisoning was a crime for which a culprit might be boiled to death; for which a culprit had been lately boiled to death; and the malignant passions of Lady Exeter and Lady Willoughby would have found a fearful joy in boiling Anne. But Hales, the Attorney-General, though a tool of Audley, was a thorough lawyer, and the lawyers had to deny these ladies the excitement of this fearful joy. A charge of conspiring with Rochford, Norreys, and the other prisoners, to "compass and imagine the King's death," was an issue that might be tried. Beyond this issue nothing could be dared. A dose of deadly nightshade given to "Lady Catharine, dowager Princess of Wales," was not an act of compassing and

imagining the King's death; nor could the alleged fact in one case, and the alleged intention in another, be connected in the way of "conspiracy" with Rochford, Norreys, or the other prisoners in the Tower. This poisoning theory was therefore dropt.

6. Taking a lower line, Audley elected to stand by his "conspiracy" to compass the King's death. Norreys was to be the chief offender, since the King expected him to yield in love if not in fear; and his imaginary intrigue with Anne was dated so far back as to support the plea that Elizabeth was his child! This method suited Chapuys, Norfolk, Suffolk, Exeter, and Montagu. If Elizabeth were degraded from her rank, the field would be thrown open to the families of all pretenders. Chapuys thought of Mary, Norfolk of Richmond. Suffolk saw an opening for his daughter Frances. Exeter and Montagu were males, and therefore might come in before these females. Exeter was a grandson of Edward the Fourth, Montagu a grandson of Clarence. Sweep out Elizabeth, the only legal heir, and each of these pretenders would have a chance; Mary the best of all, as Chapuys easily foresaw. Chapuys was assured that Norreys would be charged in such a way as to touch the birthright of Elizabeth, and one day he was told that things had gone so far that Cranmer had already given his sentence against Elizabeth as that prisoner's child! But this idea was abandoned also. If he tossed his horns about in private, Henry shrank from the unspeakable odium of proclaiming in a court of justice that "his entirely beloved wife"

had been seduced by his domestic in their honeymoon. He feared, as much as the pretenders hoped, to taint Elizabeth's birth. Until a prince were born, Elizabeth was his legal heir, and Henry feared to see his crown and sceptre pass into another line. So Audley was allowed to stand by his "conspiracy to compass the King's death," but he was forced to date his charge against the Queen a few days after the princess's birth.

CHAPTER V.

Trial.

1536.

1. As the indictment stood, when all these changes had been made, Norreys was to be accused of an offence committed at Westminster, commencing on the sixth and completed on the twelfth day of October, 1533; Brereton of an offence committed at Hampton Court, commencing on the third, completed on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1533; Smeaton of an offence committed at Westminster, commencing on the twelfth, completed on the twenty-fifth day of April, 1534; Weston of an offence committed at Westminster, commencing on the eighth, completed on the twentieth day of May, 1534; Rochford of an offence committed at Westminster, commencing on the second, completed on the fifth day of November, 1535. To crowd so many crimes into so small a space was difficult, and Audley's ingenuity was overtaxed, even when assisted by his able and ingenious colleague Hales. Elizabeth was born on the seventh day of September, 1533, and Anne, according to their pleas, was to be charged with the indulgence of a criminal intrigue on the sixth day of October! Yet the first of Audley's charges paled in infamy before his second. Anne was delivered of a dead son in January 1536; yet

Audley's indictment was made to charge her with adultery and incest in the previous November!

2. Audley's theory being that "conspiracy to compass and imagine the King's death" had taken place in Kent and Middlesex, grand juries were summoned at Deptford and Westminster. These juries found true bills: grand juries always found true bills. On such occasions no investigation of the facts took place. No counsel was employed; no witnesses were heard. Laying a statement before his panel, Hales, the Attorney-general, asked the jurors to declare that if such and such facts were true the case was one for trial. That was all the finding of a grand jury ever meant. Whether the facts were true or false was matter for the courts and petty juries to decide. No one appeared for the accused, nor was any one allowed to speak in their behalf. Audley's juries met, and found his bills on the tenth and eleventh days of May. Norfolk and Suffolk, Exeter and Montagu, were now ready for that "open trial" which the Queen demanded in the name of justice; ready to answer by their presence on the bench, her prayer that her "accusers" might not also be her "judges!"

3. Next morning, Friday, May the twelfth, Audley took his seat in a court erected in Westminster Hall. Norfolk and Suffolk sat beside him, and the other peers were on his right and left. Wiltshire received a royal order to attend, which he obeyed in silence. Those who had meant to crush him were deceived. Anne's father was a masculine version of herself. For many years he had been thinking

of his end, and length of days seemed less to him than to almost any other man on earth. Erasmus had not written for him in vain his noble treatise on the Preparation for Death. If death were now to come, by either sudden stroke or lingering pain, Wiltshire and his children were prepared to die.

4. The three knights and the musician were brought into the dock. Hales read the charge. Each of the four prisoners was aware that he had but one hope of life, which was to turn King's evidence, and vilify the Queen. Yet no one save the varlet stooped to shame. Norreys, Brereton, Weston, each denied the charge according to their pleas. Neither the King's favourite, nor the bronzed warrior, nor the petulant youth, had done any wrong. They had not conspired amongst themselves. They had never compassed and imagined the King's death. Smeaton, while he stuck to the confession made at Greenwich in his spasm of wounded vanity, and in his fear of a gibbet, denied that he had ever conspired with his fellow-prisoners, or that he had ever sought to compass and imagine the King's death. No evidence was given, except the chatter of a woman who was dead! Hales pressed for judgment, and the court being wholly on his side, the usual sentences in case of treason were pronounced. The prisoners were to be drawn to Tyburn, to be there hung by the neck, to be then cut down alive, to have their bowels torn out and burnt, to have their bodies quartered, and their heads chopped off. Yet neither before nor after

sentence would any of the three brave gentlemen say one word against their innocent Queen.

5. Chapuys was deeply mortified. He had been led to think that either something could be proved, or some one would be got to strengthen the indictment by confession of a fault. His hopes were dashed to pieces. Standing by itself, the evidence of Smeaton had no weight. A queen could not have had a love-affair with such a man without the women in her chamber and the gentlemen in her ante-room being well aware of it. Yet no one from her chamber was produced against these gentlemen, who stood so firmly on their innocence. "The varlet, sire, is the only one that has confessed," wrote Chapuys to his master, in a tone of deep vexation; "the others are condemned on mere presumptions and suggestions, without a word of proof."

6. So the matter stood on Friday night. On Monday, Anne was to be tried; and not a word of evidence beyond the varlet's lies was yet in Audley's hands. Hales' industry had only scraped some proof that Anne and once been seen to kiss her brother, that she had her ladies had danced with the gentlemen of her chamber, and that she had told some members of her family that she hoped to bear a son. Such stuff could hardly be presented in a court of justice, in a case of life and death, against a reigning Queen. Another effort, therefore, must be made with Norreys. If the King's favourite would turn against the Queen, men's minds might be perplexed by doubts, and what was otherwise a case of murder

might become a topic for dispute. A messenger was therefore sent to Norreys, with an offer of the King's forgiveness if he would accuse the Queen. "In my conscience," said the prisoner, nobly just, even in the pain of his preparation for the scaffold, "I believe her innocent of the things laid to her charge; but whether she is or not, I can accuse her of nothing wrong, and rather than ruin an innocent woman, I would die a thousand deaths."

CHAPTER VI.

1536.

Sentence.

1. IN such a situation, two extraordinary measures had to be adopted by the council. Strong as the pretenders were at court, they dared not bring the Queen to Westminster, and try her in the open day, before the English peers. Chapuys was afraid of failure. Henry gave orders that his consort should be tried in the Tower, instead of in Westminster Hall: and by a picked committee of peers, instead of by the house. Thus, her prayer that she might have a lawful trial, and that her accusers might not be her judges, was refused.

2. Norfolk was allowed to choose her judges from the foremost ranks of her accusers. Next to himself, he named Suffolk and Exeter, Montagu, Rutland and Huntingdon. All these peers were, either in their own persons or in those of their children, claimants for the crown. Dorset was under age; but he was represented on the bench of judges by his father-in-law, Suffolk, by his brother-in-law, Audeley, by his uncle, Arundel, and by his cousins, Powis and Maltravers. Norfolk put his personal connexions on the committee; his two brothers-in-law, Derby and Oxford, with Derby's first cousin, Monteagle; his sister's father-in-law, Sussex; his wife's first cousin, Northumberland, and that cousin's brothers-in-law,

Dacres and Westmoreland. He selected Windsor, husband of Lady Exeter's sister. Worcester, a first cousin of Huntingdon, was named by him, as well as Worcester's brother-in-law, Delaware. Morley was the King's kinsman, Sandys his chamberlain. Chinton had married his old mistress, Elisabeth Beomet. All the pretenders, all who represented the pretenders, were to sit in judgment on Elizabeth's mother. Not a single friend of the new learning had a place; nor, with the dubious exception of Northumberland, a single person who had ever lived in friendliness with the Queen.

3. By such a body sentence of death was sure to be pronounced, even if the King had not made known his wishes; but the King and peers had come to an arrangement, and the trial was no other than a sham. Early on the morning set apart for the Queen's trial, Henry sent a message to Jane Seymour, who was living near the palace, that all would soon be over, and that by three o'clock in the afternoon he should be able to send her word of the Queen's condemnation!

4. Monday morning came. The council-chamber in the Tower was draped and benched; and when the court assembled, Kingston led his prisoner to the bar. Her cheek was pale with breaking health; her eyes were quick with wondering light. Latimer had been with her in the Tower, and in his strong conviction of her innocence had prayed with her, and told her where to place her trust. Norfolk presided. Audley sat behind him, to suggest and to control his course. Hales read the indictment, and

inveighed against the Queen. With simple scorn, she said, "Not guilty," and demanded justice of the peers. No counsel was allowed to speak on her behalf. Surrounded by a crowd of enemies, scowled down by Audley, and opposed by the King's serjeant and the King's attorney, Anne had to watch their points, to weigh their words, and make her own defence. A chair was granted to her fainting limbs, but not a second courtesy was extended to a lady who was still in law and right their queen. No witness was produced against her. Even Chapuys was amazed by such effrontery; the more so, as he told his master, "since it is the custom in this country to produce the witnesses whenever an accused person denies the charge." Alesse says, "The Queen was accused of having danced with the gentlemen of the King's chamber, and with having kissed her brother Rochford." Alesse also adds, "it is a usual custom throughout Britain for ladies, whether married or unmarried, even the most coy, to kiss, not only a brother, but any honourable person, even in public places." Anne declined to answer such ridiculous stuff.

5. Then Pollard, one of the crown lawyers, pulled from his pocket a letter, and flourishing the paper in his hand, bawled out, "Come, Madam, you will not deny that you wrote this letter to your brother telling him you hoped to have a son?" Anne looked at him, but gave him not a word in answer. Wonder and pity seemed to fill her soul. Chapuys could hardly veil his scorn for such proceedings, though he leapt with eager joy to the results. Neither

Hales nor Pollard stuck to the indictment. They forgot which points in the original scheme were dropt, and in their speeches introduced the poisoning of Catharine and the intended poisoning Mary as capital portions of their brief! "The main charges," Chapuys told his master, "were, that she had lived with her brother and his partners, that she had promised to marry Norreys after the King's death, that she received a present of medals from Norreys, that she had poisoned the late queen, and that she meant to poison Mary. To all these charges she gave a prompt and full denial, and she made to each in turn a plausible reply. She said she had given money to Weston, as she had done to many young persons." Charity was her sole offence!

6. The King's tragedy and the King's ballads were not mentioned on her trial, but the lawyers said the Queen and Rochford had been guilty of laughing at the King and ridiculing his commands. But nothing of the kind was proved. "Her Grace," wrote Lancelot de Carles, "was grave and silent, saying very little, caring nothing for death, and thinking chiefly of her child." Pollard contended that the Queen, having grown weary of her husband, wished to make away with him, in order to marry some one else. The Queen disdained to answer. Carles, who watched her with the deepest interest, was amazed by her calm face, her high spirit, and her contempt of death. "She only looked to God, to God who knows all hearts. It seems enough for her to die—a sacrifice—in her victorious innocence!"

7. Norfolk consulted Suffolk and Exeter. These

pretenders to the crown had heard enough. Northumberland, sickening at the heart, got up and left the court. "Guilty, or not guilty?" asked the Queen's uncle. "Guilty," cried each pretender in his turn. Then brushing off a crocodile tear, Norfolk pronounced his sentence, "That the Queen be taken by the Constable back to the King's prison in the Tower, and then, as the King shall command, be brought to the Green within the said Tower, and there burned or beheaded as shall please the King." Anne listened to his words until he ceased, when, lifting up her eyes to heaven, appealing to a higher Judge, she cried, "O Father! O Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, Thou knowest that I have not deserved this death."

8. Then, drooping to the bench of peers, she said, "My lords, I will not say that your sentence is iniquitous; nor will I presume to say that my opinion ought to be preferred to your judgment. I believe you have reasons, arguments, and occasions of suspicion and jealousy, on which you condemn me; but they must be other than those you have adduced here in court. I am entirely innocent of all these charges; and for these things I cannot ask pardon of God. I have always been a faithful and loyal wife to the King. I have not, perhaps, at all times showed him that absolute humility and reverence which his graciousness and generosity deserved, and the honour which he has done me required. I confess very freely that I have had fancies and suspicions of him, which I had not strength and discretion enough to conceal. God knows, and God is

my witness, that I never failed towards him in any other way; and I shall confess no other at the hour of death. Do not think I say this in order to prolong my life. God has taught me how to die, and He will fortify my faith. But do not, I beseech you, think I am so rapt in spirit as not to lay the honour of my chastity to heart; of which I should make small account in my extremity, if I had not cherished it my whole life long, as much as any Queen on earth. I know that these my last words will serve no other purpose; but they will serve to justify my honour and my chastity. As for my brother, and those others who are unjustly condemned to loss of life and loss of honour, I would willingly suffer many deaths to deliver them. But since I see that the King will have their lives, I willingly accept this doom; and shall accompany them in their deaths; but with this assurance, that I shall pass with them into eternal life."

9. Rising to her feet, and gathering up her robes, she slowly left the court.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Rochford.

1536.

1. WHEN Anne was gone, her brother Rochford was arraigned before the same selected list of enemies. Young, bright, handsome, he appeared to court inquiry and defy attack. Like Anne, he had to make his own defence. No witnesses were called. No evidence was given against him as to either incest, conspiracy, or compassing the King's death. Some female talk about the King was mentioned; talk which, if it were reported truly, was annoying, but not treasonable. Not one word of it was proved; and Rochford, in his dealing with the lawyers, spoke so well, that Chapuys says the betting in court was ten to one, that he would be acquitted. "Guilty or not guilty?" asked his uncle Norfolk. "Guilty," replied the peers. Then Norfolk sentenced him to be drawn to Tyburn, hung by the neck, cut down alive, ripped open, quartered, and beheaded. "Since I am to die," said Rochford, "I will say no more." He merely wished that all just debts might be discharged before his property was seized.

2. Led back into his dungeon, he was left alone some time, till he was faint with the reaction of his nervous flight. Then Norfolk, and some other members of the Council, came to see him, hoping to surprise him in a weaker mood. They found him

calm and pensive, waiting to know the hour when he must die. Norfolk inquired if he were ready to confess? "Every one," said his uncle, "knows that you are guilty; every one condemns you; it is vain to stand out any longer." Rochford sat and heard these words. His eyes were bent, his face was sad. At length he raised his eyes and spake: "My lords, I only wait my end, the pain of which will be but short and sure. Pardon me my broken speech. Do not suppose I fear to die. My sister has to share this misery. On my conscience I assure you we die innocent. You, my lords, to-day are high and mighty; but for many years past you have seen me such as you are now. Your turn may come. If you judge me truly, you will say that I am free from guilt. May God Almighty of His goodness give you grace to do what is right!" A councillor spoke about the Queen. "My lord," he answered, "I have always treated the Queen as a sister and as a lady." He could use no purer terms. "You have been found guilty!" growled his uncle, losing temper. "To be *found* guilty," said Rochford, "is a different thing to being *proved* guilty."

3. From Rochford's dungeon, Norfolk and the councillors went to see the Queen. She was a woman, broken in her health, and overwhelmed by misery and shame. Some word, some movement, might betray her. Norfolk told his niece she was condemned to die; but she received the news with sad and tender smile. The councillors hinted that she would do better to confess her fault. "My lords," she answered, "I have done nothing against the King."

They talked of what the King had done for her. "All that is past," she said, "and I have laid down everything the King has given me: my title of Lady Anne, of Marchioness of Pembroke, and of Queen of England. I am now no more than Anne Boleyn." Charles remarked that some of these councillors felt ashamed of what they had to do. When pressed still more, Anne simply said, "My lords, on my salvation I have committed no offence."

4. The prisoners asked no other favour than a little time, in order to confess their sins, receive the sacraments, and die in peace with God. That favour was denied. An order came from Henry, that the gentlemen should die on Wednesday; hardly thirty-six hours after Rochford's sentence had been given. Such haste seemed horrible to men about to die, who had not yet had time to see a priest. Kingston rode to court and spoke to Henry of his prisoners. Might they have time to see their chaplains and prepare for death? Henry appointed Cranmer to receive the Queen's confession. As to Rochford and the other prisoners, he left the thing in Cromwell's hands. But time he would not grant. The four gentlemen, he supposed, were to suffer on the morrow; Rochford must suffer with them; not an hour would he allow, unless they would confess their fault. Even Kingston's stony heart was touched. "I look," he said with horror, "that my Lord of Rochford will die without confession!" In the Constable's creed, to execute a man without confession was to kill his soul. Going back to Rochford's cell, the Constable told his prisoner what the King had said, and begged him to prepare

for execution early on the following day. Rochford made no complaint. "I will do my best to be ready," said the young poet.

5. A dangerous spirit was abroad, of which the Savoyard took note. "There are very few who do not question and condemn the forms which have been used in trying and condemning these gentlemen," wrote Chapuys. "Strange words," he said, "are spoken of the King, and people will be more excited still when they hear of what has passed, and what is passing between the King and Mistress Jane." This dangerous spirit in the people led to one more effort to seduce the King's servant. Norreys was young in years; his family was rising in the world; and two sweet orphans clung about his heart. One word, and he was saved for them. In that dark moment, when to do the right thing seemed so costly, and the wrong thing seemed so profitable, might he not argue with himself, that since the Queen, however innocent, was lost to life, and since his honesty could now avail her nothing, he was bound to think of those poor children whom his death would leave to poverty, disgrace, and shame? But no such weakness of the flesh was found in Norreys. To the King's messenger he said, "The Queen is innocent; I am ready to die for what I say." Henry was enraged by this reply. "Ha, ha!" he cried, "hang him up then, hang him up!"

6. Efforts were made to snatch young Weston from his doom. The French ambassador begged for mercy in the name of his royal master. The young man's mother, dressed in the deepest mourning, flung

herself at the King's feet, and prayed for a reprieve. His young wife offered to give up every thing they had in the world—lands, houses and manorial rights, the appanage of a baron—if the King would spare his life. But Henry wanted a confession, not a sum of money, and he answered the broken-hearted women, "Let him hang, let him hang!"

7. Early on the morrow they were roused and told that they were all to die. The King had so far commuted the sentence, that the four gentlemen were to suffer by the axe and not the rope. A scaffold and a gallows were erected on Tower Hill, and these four gentlemen were conducted by a band of archers to what Father Carles, the French priest, calls "the Place of Sacrifice." Rochford was the first to die. They kissed the cross, embraced each other, and spake their last adieux. Rochford exhorted his friends to die nobly in their innocence. "Endure to the end," he said to the other three; "be of good cheer; the pain is brief; and by this passage you will come to God." They gathered closer round him. Each asked pardon of the other for any fault he might have committed. When Rochford turned aside to speak the last few words he had to say on earth, Norreys requested him to speak not only for himself, but for them all.

8. Unhappily, no report of Rochford's speech exists, beyond a version written by an imperialist, and sent to Italy, where it was printed by the Papal press. It is the version of an open enemy, and must be read between the lines. According to this enemy, Rochford, turning towards the people, said: "Masters all,

I am come hither, not to preach and make a sermon. The law hath found me guilty; to the law I submit me, and I shall die for the law. I desire you all, and specially you, my masters of the court, that you will trust on God specially, and not on the vanities of the world. Had I so done I think I had been alive as ye be now. Also, I desire you to help to the setting forth of the true word of God. And whereas I am slandered by it, I have been diligent to read it and set it forth truly; but if I had been as diligent to observe it, and done and lived thereafter, as I was to read it and set it forth, I had not come hereto. Wherefore I beseech you all to be workers, and to live thereafter; not to read it and live not thereafter. As for mine offences, it cannot prevail with you to hear what I die for; but I beseech God that I may be an example to you all, and that all you may beware by me. And heartily I require you all to pray for me, and to forgive me if I have offended you, and I forgive you all. And God save the King!" He merely added that he was innocent of all the charges brought against him and his sister; and with this avowal on his lips he laid down his head and died.

9. The three gentlemen stood by in silence, seeing him perish in his youth. Few words were spoken now. Brereton merely said that he had done many things for which he deserved to die; using that penitential language of his church which is the fitting utterance for a dying man. Weston said little; Norreys less. The hour for speech was past; the hour for deeds was come. They had already said

the Queen was innocent; and there they stood, two brave young gentlemen, to seal her innocence with their lives. One word against the Queen, and they were safe. They scorned to lie and live. Smeaton was kept apart, and fed with hope to the last moment. If another had succumbed, he might have been reprieved; but when the rest were gone, and not a word had been obtained to back his lie, they seized his neck and hung him like a dog.

CHAPTER VIII.

Divorce.

1536.

1. FROM her apartments, Anne could see the scaffold and the crowd of people, though she could not hear the speeches made; but messengers from about the headsman brought news to her from time to time. That one and all would die rather than accuse her, and betray their honour, was no more than she expected, and her passion rose to violence when she heard that Mark had passed away without having purged his soul. "Has he not cleared me of that public infamy?" The thing appeared to her incredible. To die and leave his lie behind him, was to cast his soul into the burning pit. In bitterness of heart she sighed, "I fear his soul is suffering for his false accusation." Turning to Wyat's sister, Margaret Lee, she said, "For my brother and those others who are gone, I doubt not but they are in the presence of that great King before whom I shall appear to-morrow."

2. Cranmer and Latimer had been with Anne in the Tower, and both were satisfied of her innocence; but Cranmer was an officer of state, a privy councillor, a primate, with official duties. The pretenders were not yet appeased; for nothing had been done to touch Elizabeth's title; and if Jane should have no son, Elizabeth was the legal heir. To kill the

Queen was only half their work. They wanted a divorce that would remove Elizabeth from their path, and since the King refused to take his case to Rome, a sentence of divorce must be procured from Lambeth. Cranmer was the only man who could pronounce that sentence of divorce.

3. Early in the year, Cromwell had put a case before the primate, framed so artfully that no one guessed beforehand what he meant. Cromwell wished to know three things from the Archbishop. 1. Whether a marriage, contracted or solemnised in lawful age, by pledge of troth, without further ceremony, is lawful before God or no? 2. Whether such a marriage is considered consummate or no? 3. What the woman may demand thereon by the civil law after her husband's death? The first and second points had reference to such cases as those of Anne's relations with Percy and Butler; the third question was thrown in merely to mislead the primate. Cranmer was at Ford, apart from libraries and learned men, excepting Barlow, a civilian of his household. But when Cromwell pressed him for replies, he spoke to Barlow, and consulted such authorities as lay at hand. As to the first point, Cranmer replied that he and his authorities were of opinion that matrimony contracted by pledge of troth was matrimony before God. As to the second point, he and his authorities were of opinion that such marriage was not consummate, as the word was used alike by laymen and divines. With this expression of opinion, Cromwell seemed to rest content, and Cranmer's notes were carefully laid up for future use.

4. Percy was sought again. If he would say that something in the nature of a troth had passed between himself and Lady Anne in the old days when they were lovers, Henry might sue for a divorce on the ground of Anne's pre-contract with the Border chief. A chance remained that Percy might oblige the King. When parting from his love, Percy had told Wolsey and written to Melton, that he held "a promise" from Anne "which none could loose but God." Cromwell knew of the words spoken to Wolsey, and had a copy of the letter written to Melton. Percy might be forced to choose between his own opposing words. Since he was sworn in the royal chapel, Anne had been arrested and condemned. No word of his could harm her now. In freeing Henry from his queen, Percy might also free himself from his countess. This temptation to regain his freedom would be great. No nuptial yoke had ever been more galling than his own; yet he had only to declare that what he said to Wolsey and wrote to Melton was true, in order to dissolve his wretched union with his wife. Sir Raynold Carnaby, a kinsman of the Percies, was sent to him; yet nothing could be drawn from the great Border chief in prejudice of Anne. "This shall be to signify unto you," he wrote, "that I perceive by Sir Raynold Carnaby that there is supposed a pre-contract between the Queen and me; whereupon I was not only heretofore examined upon my oath before the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, but also received the blessed Sacrament upon the same before the Duke of Norfolk, and other the King's highness' council learned in

the spiritual law; assuring you, Mr. Secretary, by the said oath, and blessed body which afore I received, and hereafter intend to receive, that the same may be to my damnation, if ever there were any contract or promise of marriage between her and me."

5. Foiled at Newington Green, Cromwell turned his eyes towards Kilkenny Castle. Butler was living. If anything in the nature of a pledge were proved to have passed between the Queen and Lord Butler, Cranmer might be made to sign a sentence of divorce. Some paper, it was likely, had been drawn by Wolsey's orders, and was now in Cromwell's hands. How far that contract bound the lady was for canonists, not for statesmen, to declare. The King knew all about it, but until he wanted a divorce from Anne that question was not raised. If either Anne or James confessed to having given a pledge, the point desired by Henry, and the members of his family would be gained. But James was at Kilkenny Castle, and the matter could not wait for his reply, for only twenty days remained before the Houses met. The Queen must be assailed. Cranmer, loving the Queen "for the love she bore to God and his Gospel," was anxious to preserve her life. In any effort to preserve her life, the King might reckon on his utmost zeal. He paddled to the Tower. Cranmer probably put the matter to her as a father might have put it to his child. She was about to die. An axe would soon divorce her from the King. If any word had passed between her and another man, in her old maiden days, that word

might be enough to save her. Had that saving word been spoken?

6. After seeing her in private, the Archbishop called his court, inviting both the King and Queen to answer, either in their persons or by means of their attorneys. Henry appointed Sampson to appear for him; Anne appointed Barbour and Wotton to appear for her. Audley, Sussex, Oxford, and Cromwell, pushed across the Thames, in order to appear as witnesses. A crowd of lawyers, canonists, and priests attended. Cranmer received the parties in his full pontifical robes, and led them to a dark and grave-like chapel in the crypt. There he held his court. Taking his seat, with his assessors on his right and left, he opened the proceedings. Sampson asked for sentence; Barbour and Wotton asked for sentence. Cranmer then addressed the court. For certain just and lawful causes, only lately brought to light, and after full inquiry, with the help of learned counsel, he declared that the marriage formerly made between the King and Lady Anne was null and void.

7. This sentence of divorce, as he foresaw, completely changed the aspect of affairs. No longer Queen, Anne was now Lady Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke. She was not the King's wife, and it was held that she had never been his wife. The legal consequences were that the late trial was void, the condemnation quashed. She had been tried as Queen when she was not a Queen. She had been sentenced for alleged offences against the King, as being her husband, when the King, as now de-

clared, had never been her husband. If the marriage was of no effect, Anne, not being Henry's wife, had been unable to commit a conjugal offence against him. If the sentence of divorce were right, the trial for adultery was wrong; and any verdict given in consequence was void in law. Cranmer had every reason to suppose his judgment would be followed by an order for Lady Anne's release. Twelve hours after his sentence was pronounced, that order reached the Tower—an order for her execution on the following day!

CHAPTER IX.

Agony.

1536.

1. **KNEELING** before a crucifix, Anne spent her last few hours on earth. The agony was sharp, and mocked with hope, for in her darkest hour, she had been led to think her "contract" with another man had saved her from a cruel pang. She seemed to sicken and grow faint; for she was weak with all a woman's weakness, even as she was strong with all a woman's strength. Two lives depended, more or less, on hers; that of a good old man who would be sure, in spite of his brave heart, to follow in her wake; and that of a young child, too small as yet to understand her grief. For these dear objects of her love, she would have held no sacrifice too great. In speaking to her ladies, she had mentioned Antwerp as the town to which she might retire. Antwerp was the city of her soul, a refuge of reformers, a stronghold of the printing-press, a magazine of English Bibles. She would seek that haven on the Scheldt. But when the news came in that, whether she were guilty or not, whether she were wife and queen or not, the King would have her blood, her spirit rose on this injustice, and she was once again the woman "worthy of a crown."

2. Wyat's wife and sister were allowed to stay with her, and these good women were about her to

the last. Her gentleness, her modesty, her forgiving spirit, left a deep and lasting picture in their minds. She spoke of every one in love; she wished to be at peace; she searched her heart in order to detect her hidden sins. Thinking, in turn, of every one whom she had wronged, she hastened to confess her fault. Even to the enemies who were killing her she extended this forgiveness of her heart. For Henry she was deeply pained, but not one syllable of reproach escaped her lips. If any one spoke evil of him, she silenced the upbraiding tongue. As Lady Wyatt told her grandson afterwards, "Her love for him was such as to her last breath she stood to acquit and defend him."

3. To Mary she was no less gentle and forgiving. Calling Lady Kingston, and the ladies who were in attendance, to her presence-chamber, she locked the door, and begged Lady Kingston to sit down in the chair of state. Lady Kingston started. "It is my duty to stand, madam, not to sit in your Grace's presence, much less in your royal seat as Queen." Anne faintly smiled. "Ah, madam, that title is gone from me! I am a person condemned, and by law I have no estate now left me in this life. For clearing of my conscience, I pray you sit down." Thus tenderly enforced, Lady Kingston answered, "In my youth I have often played the fool, and to fulfil your commands I will do it once more in my old age." Dropping on her knees, and holding up her hands, the Queen entreated Lady Kingston to perform her last request. "In the presence of God and His angels, and as you shall answer to

me before them when we all appear for judgment, I charge you that you go to Hunsdon, and falling before the Lady Mary's grace, in like manner, ask her forgiveness in my name for any wrong that I have done her. Till this is done my conscience will not be at rest." It was, she thought, the duty of a Christian woman to forgive her enemies, and entreat forgiveness for herself, so that her spirit might depart in peace. Lady Kingston promised to obey her. Then she sent for Kingston, and desired him to be present when she took the sacrament. The Constable came in, and was the witness of a scene which stirred his adamant heart. He heard the priest say mass. He saw the Queen kneel down before the Host, and with the sacred wafer on her lip, he heard her call on God to witness for her innocence.

4. Chapuys, though serving for his wages like a true Italian, hunted with a true Italian eagerness for evidence. He had never satisfied himself that Catharine spoke the truth, nor could he bring his mind to a belief in Anne's iniquity. He kept a close and secret intercourse with the lady in attendance in her chamber; but the spy's ingenuity was baffled by her simple and consistent statements. "The lady who has charge of her," he wrote to Charles, "has sent me word, in strictest secrecy, that both before and after receiving the Holy Sacrament she declared, on the salvation of her soul, that she had never sinned against the King!"

5. Norfolk and Cromwell wished to have a private execution. They had tried her in the Tower,

and they were wise to kill her in that Tower. A public place was dangerous ground. No one could tell what men might say and do. The Lord Mayor, who had been present at her trial, believed her innocent; all the citizens who had heard her defence, believed her innocent; every preacher of the Gospel, every pupil of the new learning, believed her innocent. Even those who thought she must have done something wrong were full of pity for her tragic fall. If men were capable of being roused, what sight could sting them into frenzy like that of their young Queen being hacked to death, in order that another woman might enjoy her crown? A prudent statesman runs no risk. To Cromwell, even the royal ward was hardly safe. That royal ward was ditched and walled, and covered by the guns of tower and rampart; yet the Secretary shrank from the peril of collecting a crowd of people on the Green. If he had dared to close the gates and murder her in private, Cromwell would have done so; but the Council wanted witnesses of her death, in order to prevent impostors taking up her name and cause. Yet he would have no more than served as evidence of her death. All strangers were to be shut out, for he was nervous as to foreign judgments. Kingston was consulted. Kingston thought the better plan would be to have a public execution, in the presence of certain officers of State, and of a few other persons who might safely be invited to the Tower. "If we have not an hour certain," he said to Cromwell, "I think there will be few. I think a reasonable number were best; for I suppose

she will declare herself to be a good woman for all men but the King at the hour of death." He mentioned that he had seen her take the sacrament; and he was sure that she would seal her innocence with her blood.

6. Anne spent the night of agony in prayer; her ladies kneeling with her at the throne of grace. At two o'clock she sent for her almoner, who came at once, and never left her till the scene was over, and the kindest woman he had ever known on earth was gone. Early in the morning, she was told the execution was deferred till noon; but was not told the reasons for this sudden change. Kingston confirmed her news. "I am very sorry," she sighed, "for I thought to be then dead and past my pain." The grim old captain told her it would be no pain, it was so quick. "I have heard the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," she smiled, putting her hands round that neck so bravely that the iron man was strangely moved. Going back into his closet, Kingston wrote to Cromwell, "Sir, I have seen many men, and also many women, executed. They have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death."

7. When Kingston left her, she said to her kneeling women, "I had thought by this time to have done with this lower world, where all is vanity and vexation of spirit, in hope of finding a better home in God's eternal glory." Some one spoke about her wrongs, for these pure-hearted women could not keep their indignation down. She stopt them.

"Let us leave it all to God. He knows the truth. Let us yield ourselves to Him; for no one else can help us now." The more she seemed resigned, the more they wept for her—so high in spirit, yet so meek of heart!

8. Others beside the Queen were tossing through that night in agony of soul. Early in the morning, Alesse was startled in his bed. Whether he was awake or sleeping he hardly knew, but looking towards the first faint streaks of dawn, he fancied he beheld a ghastly sight—the Queen's neck, after the head was stricken off. He rose and ran into the street. It was but three o'clock. He took a boat and paddled up the stream. Coming to Lambeth Stairs, he thought of the Archbishop's garden, as a place where he was used to walk, and where, beneath the shade of arching trees, he might compose his troubled spirit. Finding the gate open, he went in, thinking he would sit beneath the trees; but looking up the path, he saw the bent and sorrowing form of his illustrious friend. Cranmer, on coming up, inquired why the good pastor was stirring at that early hour, the clock not having yet struck four? "I have been horrified by a vision," said the pastor, and he told the primate all that he had seen. Cranmer looked at him in silent wonder for a long time; since hardly any one was aware that the execution had been ordered for that day. At length the Primate asked, with choking voice, "Do you know what is to happen this day?" "No," said Alesse, "since the date of the Queen's imprisonment I have never left my room, and know

nothing of what is going on." The Primate raised his eyes to heaven in prayer. At last, covering his face, now wet with tears, he gasped with deep emotion, "She who has been the Queen of England on earth, will this day become a Queen in heaven!"

CHAPTER X.

Peace.

1536.

1. SOME time before twelve o'clock a royal barge swept round to the Tower, and Audley, Cromwell, and Suffolk stepped on shore. By Henry's orders they were come to see his consort hacked to death, while Henry rode afield with hound and horn. With Cromwell came the Duke of Richmond, whom he now regarded as the King's successor. Both the girls being bastardised, the son of Mistress Blount stood up before the daughters of Queen Catharine and Queen Anne. Audley was preparing a speech, in which he meant to recommend the peers and burgesses to name Henry Fitzroy Heir-apparent. Norfolk was not murdering his niece in vain, for when that deed was done, his daughter Mary would be near the crown. The three conspirators, with the boy who was to take Elizabeth's place in the succession, walked through the archway of the Bloody tower, and passing by the Nun's prison, so lately occupied by the Maid of Kent, came out on the open Green. A scaffold was erected in the front of Beauchamp tower. Fitzroy mounted the platform first. Audley, Cromwell, and Suffolk, followed him. Near the scaffold stood the Lord Mayor, some of the Aldermen, and a few other citizens. They were waiting for the Queen.

2. A few minutes before noon, Kingston came into the Queen's apartments. His orders were to have her head struck off at twelve o'clock, and he had seen too much of Henry's mood to swerve one hair from his command. But she was not to die, as Rochford and the rest had suffered, by the stroke of an old English axe. In France, they had a method of executing criminals by the sword, and Henry, wishing to introduce that method into England, chose to have the first experiment tried on his own wife! No man in London was accustomed to the work, and Cromwell had to send to Calais for an expert in this novel craft. Anne shrank in horror from such novelties; but Kingston, meaning to be kind, assured her in his burly way that her head would be off in no time.

3. The hour had come. One woman was allowed to go with her, and stand beside her to the last. The others were to follow her to the scaffold steps, and there remain till she was dead. Anne chose for this sad office Wyat's sister, Margaret, the companion of her youth in the old Hever days, when they had mused together in the garden by the moat. She thanked the stern old soldier and his wife for all that they had done to soothe her pain while she had been a prisoner. Kingston tried to comfort her. "I trust," she answered with a patient voice, "that God will give me strength," on which all those who were about her noticed that her face became suffused with a strange beauty—rapt, serene, angelic. With that beauty visible on her face, she bade her last farewell to Wyat's wife, the dear com-

panion of her womanhood, and to the other ladies who had watched and prayed with her all night. Giving to each a little keepsake, which was treasured afterwards as a sacred relic, she descended to the Green, her feeble health and failing steps concealed by her unfaltering spirit.

4. Few nobler sights were ever seen on earth. Dressed in a black robe, a white cape falling from her neck, a book of Psalms in her hands, the Queen walked slowly past the file of guards, the group of citizens, the knot of councillors, and the boy who was to supersede her daughter. Now and then she glanced aside, as if to see that Margaret Lee and Elizabeth Wyat were near her. Mounting the scaffold steps, she made a sign to Kingston. "Do not hasten the signal till I have spoken that which is on my mind to say." She seemed a little faint, although her cheek, so pale at ordinary times, was burning red. Kingston stood apart, for there was something not of earth about this woman on the verge of death. Turning to the ladies of her train, she said to them; "My friends, do not grieve to see me die! Pardon me, of your good hearts, if I have not always shown towards any of you the kindness which you deserved from me, and which I had the power to show!"

5. Then facing the councillors and other picked spectators of her end, she said:—"To speak of the causes for which I die, is of no use to you, and none to me. But I pray that any one who looks into these affairs may be able to see the true opinion. God, the true and upright Judge, knows all. To

Him I pray, with all my heart, that He will show His mercy to those who have brought about my death. I accuse no man. When I am dead, remember that I revered your good King, whom I have found gracious and kindly; full of good gifts, such as fear of God, love of his people, and other virtues of which I shall not now speak. You will be happy if God grants him a long life. Pray,—yes, pray with me,—that God will now receive my soul.”

6. The end had come. She looked about for help, but all her women were blind with weeping. She untied her bands, and taking the collar from her neck, caught up her hair in a linen cap. By this time some of her maids had come to her, and before laying her head on the block, she took a final leave of them. “And you, my damsels, who whilst I lived were good and diligent in my service, and who are now present in my last hour and mortal agony,—as in my good fortune you were faithful to me, so even in this my miserable death you have not forsaken me! I cannot reward you for your true service, but I pray you to take comfort for my loss. Never forget me. Be faithful to the King’s grace, and to her whom, with a happier fortune, you may have as Queen. Esteem your honour far beyond your life; and in your prayers to the Lord Jesu, never forget to pray for me.” Turning to the dearest friend she had on earth, the good and gentle Margaret Lee, she gave this lady her book of Psalms, her last present, and sent a greeting to her old friend and poet-laureate. Then dropping on her knees, and bending towards the

block, she made a signal to the muffled holder of the sword. His blade was raised, and with a swirl, he struck her while the cry was on her lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

CHAPTER XI.

The King.

1536.

1. NOT far away a second group was waiting for the Queen. Under a greenwood tree, rising on a high level, overlooking the Thames, within ear-shot of the Tower guns, a group of sportsmen were enjoying breakfast. Horses, ready for the chase, were picketed about, and dogs were held by men in uniforms of green and white. The merriest of that merry party was the King. It was a sort of bridal feast; for though the thing was yet a secret, he had sent for his new mistress, and he meant to marry her before his murdered wife was cold. He knew the time at which the sword would set him free; for he had fixed that hour when ordering out his dogs. As it approached, he listened for the boom of guns, and when the signal struck his ear, he rose and shouted gaily, "Ah, ah, it is done! The business is done! Uncouple the hounds; let us follow the sport!"

2. Before Anne's heart was cold, her husband married Jane Seymour. "I have no doubt," said Charles' sister, Maria, Queen of Hungary, "that when the King is tired of his new wife, he will find the means of getting rid of her as easily." Chapuys, who never veiled his scorn of Henry, wrote of Queen Jane a passage throwing a flood of light on

his conspiracy against Queen Anne. "She is low in stature and of no great beauty. If they want a divorce from her, they will find plenty of witnesses against her." Happily for Jane, she bore a son—and died.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS.

BOOK THE TWENTY-FIRST.

(Continued.)

CHAP. V.—1. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 22, April 23, May 10, 1530; Latimer, *Sermons and Remains*, 297; *Parliamentary History*, III. 40; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 303; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 273.

2. *Parl. Hist.* III. 57-9; Selden, *Privileges of the Baronage of England*, 126; Bailey, *Life and Death of John Fisher*, 1655; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, IV. 611-612.

3. *Parl. Hist.* III. 59-65; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 30-8; *De Causa Matrimonii Serenissimi Regis Angliæ liber Johanne Rossensi Episcopo autore*, Compluto, 1530. Of the great work done by this Parliament Mr. Froude has given a clear and full account (see *Hist. Engl.* I. c. 3).

4. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 22, Mar. 16, April 23, 1530; Pocock, *Records of Reform*, II. 130, 400.

5. Scarpinello to Sforza, June 28, 1530; Chapuys to Charles, April 23.

6. Catharine to Ortiz, April 14, 1530—*Arch. Gen. Sim. Est.* leg. 806, f. 32; Ulloa, *Vita di Carlo Quinto*, I. III. 121; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 594-7.

7. Sanuto Diaries, Mar. 10, 16, Aug. 4, 1530; *State Papers*, VII. 234-53; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 418, 453.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Aug. 2, 1530; Sanuto Diaries, June 28, 1530; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 303; *Parl. Hist.* III. 68, 79; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 86, 93.

CHAP. VI.—1. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 285; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, IV. 610-13; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 62.

2. Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 287-8.
3. *Rot. Parl.* 188; *Statutes*, 22 Hen. VIII. c. 22; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 339; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 285-338; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, IV. 614.
4. Scarpinello to Sforza, Aug. 15, Nov. 17, 1530; Sanuto Diaries, Nov. 18, 1530, Jan. 19, 1531.
5. Chapuys to Charles, April 23, May 10, June 10, 29, 1530; Scarpinello to Sforza, Dec. 16, 1530; Roy, *Rede me and be not wroth*; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 331-60.
6. Chapuys to Charles, May 10, June 10, 1530; Sanders, *De Schismate Anglicano*, 18, 19; *Tottel's Miscellany*, 264-6; Wyat, *Poems*, 40.
7. Cott. MSS. Cal. B. VI. 318; Add. MSS. 24,965; f. 106; Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 13, 1530; Hunter, *History of Hallamshire*, 236; Collins, *Peerage*, II. 394.
8. Scarpinello to Sforza, Nov. 17, 1530; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 348; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 11.
9. Chapuys to Charles, Dec. 4, 1530; Scarpinello to Sforza, Dec. 2, 1530; Sanuto Diaries, Nov. 18, Dec. 14, 1530; Fuller, *Church History*, l. v. 178; Shakespeare, Hen. VIII. act. I. sc. 1; Howard, *Preservative against the Poison of Supposed Prophecies*, c. XXVIII. 130; Tyndale, *Works*, 404; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, IV. 616; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 12. The fact of Wolsey taking poison is mentioned by Giustinian (Sanuto Diaries, Dec. 14, 1530).

CHAP. VII.—1. Scarpinello to Sforza, Dec. 2, 1530; Sanuto Diaries, Dec. 8, 1530.

2. Scarpinello to Sforza, Dec. 16, 1530; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 57-61; Wiffin, *Hist. Mem. House of Russell*, I. 311; Phillips, *History of Cardinal Pole*, I. 47, 50. For a very strange, and I fear a very true, description of Cromwell, see Pole, *Apologia ad Carolum V.* 29.

3. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 29, Nov. 22, 1530; Chapuys to Charles, Dec. 4, 17, 21, 1530; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, v.; Latimer, *Sermons and Remains*, 322; Lamb, *Coll. Lett.* 20; Wordsworth, *Eccl. Biog.* III. 499; Fisher, *De Causa Matrimonii*, 1530.

4. Henry to College of Cardinals, Nov. 24, 1530; Sanuto Diaries, Feb. 11, 1531; *State Papers*, VII. 269.
5. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 13, 1531.
6. *Parl. Hist.* III. 84-7; *Statutes*, 22 Hen. VIII. c. 15; Atterbury, *Rights of an English Convocation*, Ap. 512.
7. *Parl. Hist.* III. 81; Hardy, *Syl. Fœd.* II. 771; More, *Life of More*, 185-7; More, *Coll. Works*, I. 188.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. I. f. 184-353; Chapuys to Charles, April 29, May 14, 1531.

2. Chapuys to Charles, April 29, May 14, June 27, 1531.
3. Chapuys to Charles, May 14, 1531.
4. Chapuys to Charles, June 6, 1531; Green, *Princesses of England*, V. 137.
5. Chapuys to Charles, June 6, 1531.
6. Chapuys to Charles, June 6, July 17, 1531.
7. Chapuys to Charles, June 6, 1531; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 375.
8. Chapuys to Charles, July 17, 1531; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 200; Tighe, *Annals at Windsor*, I. 502; Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.* 14; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 65.

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Chapuys to Charles, July 31, Sep. 10, 1531; Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.*, Pref. XXXIV.; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 599.

2. Chapuys to Charles, July 31. Dec. 4, 1531; Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 4, 1532; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 171-3; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, 108-9; Cal. Carew MSS. 41, 42; Collins, *English Peerage*, I. 80.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Dec. 13, 1531, Jan. 22, April 16, 1532; *Parl. Hist.* III. 84; *Articles devised by the whole consent of the King's most honourable Council* [1532], art. VIII.

4. Sanuto Diaries, April 23, 1532.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Mar. 20, April 16, 1532; Sanuto Diaries, April 13, 1532; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. II. 245-270.

6. Nicolas, *Hist. Peer. Int.* LX.; Tighe, *Annals of Windsor*, I. 503; Mills, *Catalogue of Honour*, 42; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 6.

7. Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* II. 21.

8. Sanuto Diaries, May 14, 1533; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 8; *Chronicle of the Grey Friars*, 36; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 278; Collier, *Coll. Records*, IX. 136; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 66, 76, 77.

9. Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 15; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* I S. II. 32; Collins, *Peerage*, IV. 20; Lanz. *Corresp. Karl V.* II. 66. It is a curious fact that the writers most hostile to Queen Elizabeth have antedated the time of Anne's nuptials. Campian and Sanders fix the ceremony in Nov. 1532. See *Narratio de Divortio*, 8; and *De Schismate Anglicano*, I. I. The date is not absolutely known, but I have given the Feast of St. Paul as most likely to have been the day.

CHAP. II.—1. Giustinian to Signory, March 30, 1533; Sanuto Diaries, May 14, 1533; *State Papers*, VII. 427, 434.

2. Harl. MSS. 6148, f. 23; Sanuto Diaries, April 12, 16, May 9, 1534; Dugdale, *Mon. Ang.* I. 394; *State Papers*, I. 394-6; Denne, *Historical Particulars of Lambeth Parish*, 179.

3. Sanuto Diaries, April 12, 1533; *Parl. Hist.* III. 93-4; Collier, *Records*, v. XXIV; Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 756; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 386.

4. Sanuto Diaries, Jan. 24, Feb. 10, Mar. 30, 1533; *Parl. Hist.* III. 92; Campbell, *Lives of the Chancellors*, II. 54; More, *Life of More*, 200; Strype, *Memorials of Cranmer*, 15; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, 244; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* I. 24; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 101; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 280, 321.

5. *State Papers*, I. 394-8; Dugdale, *Monast. Angl.* I. 394; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 375; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 322.

6. Harl. MSS. 6148. f. 23; Sanuto Diaries, May 7, June 7, 1533; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 214; *Archæologia*, XVIII. 81; *Chronicle of Grey Friars*, 36; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.*

I. 364-401; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 20; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 78.

CHAP. III.—I. Stevenson, *Cal. For. Papers*, 527; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 11-18; Foxe, *Acts and Mon.* V. 135.

2. Sanuto Diaries, Feb. 23, Mar. 7, May 7, 1533; Fry, Reprint of *Tyndale's Prophet Jonas*, Int. 11-12; Latimer, *Sermons and Remains*, 368; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, v.; Luft, *A Compendious Old Treatise*, 1530; Walpole, *Misc. Antiq.* II. 13; *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, Pref. VI.; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 103.

3. Bruce, *Correspondence of Archbishop Parker*, 2, 4; *Progresses of Elizabeth*, VI.; Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, 280; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 364; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, VI. VIII.

4. Walter, *Memoir of Tyndale*, XXXVI. XLI. LXIV.; Tyndale, *Practise of Prelates*, II. 320-31.

5. Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 18, 19; Foxe, *Acts and Mon.* V. 135.

6. *State Papers*, I. 407; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 20; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 95; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 365.

7. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 10, 1533; Council of Ten to Gritti, Oct. 24, 1533.

CHAP. IV.—I. Harl. MSS. 283, f. 75; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 408. The Harleian Catalogue erroneously makes Anne's letter announce the birth of Edward the Sixth! See the facts stated, and the error corrected, in *State Papers*, I. 407.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 10, 1533; Bloomfield, *History of Norfolk*, III. 627; Collins, *Peerage*, I. 79, 80; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 6, 7.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 10, 1533, Jan. 17, Feb. 11, 1534; Sanuto Diaries, Aug. 25, 1531, June 28, 1533.

4. Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 218; Green, *Princesses*, V. 42; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 97.

5. Strype, *Memorials of Cranmer*, c. VI.; Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, 53; Tyndale, *Obedience of a Christian*

Man and how Christian Rulers ought to Govern, 1528; Bruce, *Correspondence of Archbishop Parker*, 59, 400.

CHAP. V.—1. Sanuto Diaries, Oct. 31, 1532; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 631.

2. Soranzo, *Report on England*, Aug. 18, 1554; Green, *Princesses*, v. 42.

3. Sanuto Diaries, April 23, 1532; Parsons, *Broken Succession*, 129-30.

4. Pedigrees prefixed to Nicolas's *Remains of Lady Jane Grey*, 1525; Dugdale, *Baronage*, i. 720; Cleaveland, *Genealogy of the Family of Courtney*, i. ii. c. 6; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, ii. 98.

5. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. i. 383; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, Ap. XXIX.; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, ii. 218; *Gent. Mag.* March, 1845.

CHAP. VI.—1. Chapuys to Charles, June 3, 17, Feb. 11, 1534; Signed Bills, Nov. 19, 1517; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, ii. 245, iii. 67, 110; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, 529.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 3, 1534.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 29, Feb. 4, 1534; *Statutes*, 25 Hen. VIII. c. 22; *Parl. Hist.* iii. 95; *State Papers*, i. 415-22.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 4, Mar. 7, 1534.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Mar. 7, 1534.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 17, 28, 29, Feb. 4, 11, 1534; Theiner, *Vetera Monumenta*, 604; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, ii. 40-100; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 323; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 67.

7. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 3, 1534; Morice, *Anecdotes of Cranmer*, 259.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 17, 1534.

9. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 26, April 4, 12, 1534.

CHAP. VII.—1. Chapuys to Charles, May 14, 1534.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 26, 1534.

3. Chapuys to Charles; *State Papers*, i. 415; Dick, *Inscription in Beauchamp Tower*, 26.

4. Lansdowne MSS. 94, art. 3; Abell, *Invicta Veritas*, 1532; *Philalethæ Hyperborei in anticatoptrum suum quod propediem in lucem dabit ut pater proxima pagella*, 1533; Niceron, *Histoire des hommes illustres*, XXI. 184.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 17, 1534; Ellis, *Orig. Letters*, 3 S. II. 246-73; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 220-4; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 365; Bouchier, *De Martyrio Fratrum Ordinis Minorum in Anglia*, 25, 26; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 82; Cardella, *Cardinali della Santa Chiesa*, IV. 369-72.

6. Bouchier, *De Martyrio*, 13; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 96-101; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 172-3; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. II. 245-70; *Statutes*, 25 Hen. VIII. c. 12; Wright, *Suppression of Monasteries*, 13; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 280.

7. Chapuys to Charles, May 14, 1534; *State Papers*, I. 452; Manchester, *Court and Society*, I. 186.

8. Manchester, *Court and Society*, I. 186-8.

9. *State Papers*, I. 417; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* II. 250; Manchester, *Court and Society*, I. 187.

10. Chapuys to Charles, May 14, 1534; Collier, *Coll. Rec.* IX. 105; *State Papers*, I. 420.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Novaes, *Pontefici da San Pietro*, VI. 260; Le Grand, *Preuves*, III. 630-8; *Bulla S. D. N. Pauli divina providentia Papæ III. citoria regis Angliæ et sequacium ejus*, Roma, 1535.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 28, 29, Feb. 4, 26; *Calendars of Irish State Papers*, I. 8, 9; *Cal. Carew MSS.* I. 56-8; Tytler, *Hist. Scot.* II. 354; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 106-30; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* II. 99.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 29, April 4, 1534; *Hist. Parl.* III. 96-109; *Statutes*, 25 Hen. VIII. 19, 20, 21, 22, 26 Hen. VIII. c. 1; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 224; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 281.

4. Bouchier, *De Martyrio Fratrum in Anglia*, 13; *Statutes*, 25 Hen. VIII. c. 12; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 224; Wright, *Letters relating to Suppression of Monasteries*, 13; *Chronicle of Grey Friars*, 37; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 3 S. II. 314-318; Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 96.

5. Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 79; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 106-31.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 24, 1534; Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 2. S. II. 289; *Statutes*, 25 Hen. VIII. c. 12; *State Trials*, I. 395; Bailey, *Life of Bishop Fisher*, 188; Denne, *Historical Particulars of Lambeth*, 179; Dick, *Inscriptions in Beauchamp Tower*, 26; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 405.

7. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 24, Oct. 13, 24, 1534; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; Carles, *Epistre de la Roynne d'Angleterre*, 8.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Aug. 29, 1534.

9. Chapuys to Charles, July 27, 1534; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 225; Collins, *Peerage*, I. 90, III. 16; Banks, *Extinct Baronage*, II. 140. See Howell's note on Dacres' case, *State Trials*, I. 407.

CHAP. IX.—1. Cott. MSS. Tit. B. XI. 342; Chapuys to Charles, May 29, June 23, 1534; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, I. 114, II. 44; *Chronicle of Grey Friars*, 38; Carte, *Memoirs of Butlers*, I. XCII.; *Cal. Carew MSS.* I. 54; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 174.

2. Chapuys to Charles, June 23, July 7, 27, Aug. 11, 1534; *State Papers*, II. 501; *Cal. Carew MSS.* I. 49-62; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, I. 120; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 170-8.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Aug. 29, 1534; *Cal. Carew MSS.* I. 57; Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* II. 177-8.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Sep. 10. 1534.

5. *Cal. Carew MSS.* I. 57-60; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 178-9; *State Papers*, II. 206.

6. Add. MSS. 5665, Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Chappell, *Music of Olden Time*, 55-7; Chappell, *Unpublished Collection of Songs and Ballads by King Henry VIII. and his Contemporaries*, *Archæologia*, XLL 371-86.

7. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 1, 14, 28, Feb. 9, 25, 1535; Nott, *Life of Surrey*, Ap. XXIX. Readers who have any doubt of Norfolk's character should glance at his abject letter in the *State Trials*, I. 466.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 9, 25, 1535; *Commen-*

tariolus de vitæ ratione et martyrio octo decem Cartusianorum, editus Mauritio Chancæo, 76-82; Pole, *Defensio Eccles. Unit.* 84; Lewis, *Life of Fisher*, II. 141, 177, 197; More, *Life of More*, 274; De Joanne Fischero et Thoma Moro, in *Add. MSS.* 15,387; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 282; Gratiana, *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, 208.

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 96-9.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 6, 1535.

3. Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 100, 203, 209.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 25, July 25, 1535; Catharine to Charles, April 8, 1535; Catharine to Paul, Oct. 10, 1535; Novaes, *Pontefici da San Pietro*, VI. 89; Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, I. 180-7.

5. *Bulla S. D. N. Pauli divina providentia Papæ III. citioria regis Angliæ et sequacium ejus*, Roma, 1535.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Mar. 23, 1535; Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* II. 177, 212.

7. Chapuys to Charles, July 11, 1535; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, N. S. I. 498.

8. Chapuys to Charles, Mar. 23, July 11, 25, 1535, April, 1, 1536; Wiffin, *Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell*, I. 318; Pole, *Apologia ad Carolum V.* 29.

CHAP. II.—1. *State Papers*, II. 273-5; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, II. 52; Carte, *Mem. Butlers*, I. XCIV.; Campian, *Historie of Ireland*, 179.

2. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Pat. Roll, 26 Hen. VIII. p. 1, m. 30; Mackenzie, *Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation*, II. 144; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21.

3. *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* II. 605, III. 63; Corrie, *Memoir of Latimer*, IX.; Anderson, *Annals of the English Bible*, I. 1. S. XII. XIII.; Westcott, *History of English Bible*, 87-95.

4. *State Papers*, VII. 624; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 19-20; Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, 248, 323; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 20.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 1535.
6. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 6. 23, 1535.
7. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 23, 1535; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*.

CHAP. III.—1. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 30, 1535; *State Papers*, VII. 451.

2. Chapuys to Charles, Nov. 30, 1535, Jan. 9, 21, 1536; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* II. 213.

3. *State Papers*, VII. 451-2.

4. Manchester, *Court and Society*, I. 188.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Oct. 13, 1535.

6. Catharine to Paul, Oct. 10, 1535.

7. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 10; Bouchier, *De Martyrio Fratrum Ordinis Minorum in Anglia*, 13, 25, 37; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 366, 390, 391; *Fast. Eccl. Angl.* III. 63; Pollino, *Istoria Ecclesiastica della Rivoluzione d'Inghilterra*, 126.

CHAP. IV.—1. Chapuys to Granvelle, Jan. 21, 1536.

2. Wood, *Letters of Ladies*, II. 207-9; *State Papers*, I. 451-2.

3. Strype, *Memorials*, I. 250.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 9, 1536; Chapuys to Granvelle, Jan. 21, 1536. Chapuys writes to Granvelle: "Du dernières parolles qu'elle un ait fut de fere ses excusez vers sa Mat^é et ausy vers vous et Mons^r. le Comendator mayor de ce qu'elle ne pouroit escripre et que suppliasse sa dite Majesté que priasse vous deux de sa part qui en l'honneur de Dieu ou d'une sorte ou d'autre l'on achevast son affaire, et que ce tardanée du remède et le douleur que l'on usait à ceux-cy la perdrait et sa fille, et mettroit en confusion tout le Royanne."

5. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 107; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 13.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 9, 21, 1536; Chapuys to Granvelle, Jan. 21, 1536; *State Papers*, I. 452; Strype, *Memorials*, I. 251-3; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 395. Chapuys writes: "J'avoye appoincte avec le medicin de la Royne que survenant quelque dangier en elle, il se souvint

et heusse main qu'elle affirmat *in extremis* qu'elle n'avoit onques esté congneue du prince Artus, mais la marisson et trouble le luy fit oblier."

CHAP. V.—1. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21.

2. Brewer, *Letters and Papers*, II. 871; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 214; Gunton, *History of the Church of Peterborough*, 57; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 433.

3. Lanz, *Correspondenz des Kaisers Karl V.* II. 212.

4. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. X. 225; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 19, 21, 29; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 214.

5. *Fragmenta Regalia*, 55; Dunkin, *History of the Hundreds of Bullington and Ploughley*, III.; Banks, *Dormant and Extinct Baronage*, II. 399; Dugdale, *Baronage*, II. 403-4.

6. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. X. 225; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 29.

CHAP. VI.—1. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 9, 1536; Chapuys to Granvelle, Jan. 21, 1536. "L'on soupçonne que la poison soit venue d'Italye, et comme vous escripray les premières mais je ne crois riens."

2. Chapuys to Charles, Jan. 21, Feb. 10, 1536; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 19.

3. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 10, 1536; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 13.

4. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 10, 1536.

5. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 29, 1536; Holinshed, *Chronicle*, 939; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 111.

6. Chapuys to Charles, Feb. 29, 1536; Holinshed, *Chronicle*, 939.

CHAP. VII.—1. Chapuys to Charles, April 1, 21, 1536.

2. Alexander Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 19-20; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 112.

3. Chapuys to Charles, April 21, 1536; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 127; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 112; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* II. 213.

4. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536; Lanz, *Corresp. Karl V.* II. 213.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536; Chapuys to Granvelle, April 21, 1536.

6. Chapuys to Charles, April 1, 29, May 2, 1536; Alexander Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Baga de Secretis, p. IX.; Burnet, *Records*, v. 551.

7. Chapuys to Charles, April 1, 29, May 2, 1536; Baga de Secretis, pouches VIII. IX.; Burnet, *Records*, v. 551; Nichols, *Narratives of the Days of the Reformation*, 53; Bruce, *Correspondence of Archbishop Parker*, 59, 400.

CHAP. VIII.—1. *Hist. Parl.* III. 118; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 446.

2. Baga de Secretis, pouch. VIII.; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 63.

3. Holinshed, *Chronicles*, III. 105; Kildare, *Earls of Kildare*, 145, 150.

4. Cott. MSS. Oth. x. 222; Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses of Henry the Eighth*, 336; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 63; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 20.

5. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 446.

6. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; Dugdale, *Baronage*, II. 404; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 63; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 116; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 17.

7. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 228; Mackenzie, *Eminent Writers of Scots Nation*, I. 144-84.

8. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 17; Campbell, *Lives of Chancellors*, II. 90, 91; Herbert, *Henry the Eighth*, 446; Nichols, *Narratives of Reformation*, 283.

CHAP. IX.—1. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536; Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 20; *Chronicle of Grey Friars*, 381; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 21.

2. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225. Kingston's letters from

the Tower about Anne Boleyn have been printed by Ellis, *Orig. Lett.* 1 S. II. 64; and by Singer, ap. Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 451-61. Unhappily they have been injured by fire, and need to be used with caution.

3. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536; Cott. MSS. Cleo. E. IV. (quoted by Froude, *Hist. Engl.* II. 385); Nott, *Memoirs of Wyat*, XXIV.; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 21, 29; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 116.

4. Cotton MSS. Oth. C. X. 224.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536.

6. Chapuys to Charles, May 2, 1536.

7. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Chapuys to Charles, April 21, 29, May 2, 1536.

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.—1. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; *Ballad of Anne Boleyn's Fortune*, XVIII.; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 22; Mackenzie, *Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation*, II. 143, 144.

2. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559. Lancelot de Carles confirms every word written by Alesse as to the frenzied rejoicings of the court party, and the deep mournfulness and depression of the popular party, when the news of Anne's arrest was spread abroad. Carles was in London and wrote his account at the time (*Epistre de la Royne d'Angleterre*, 22).

3. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. X. 222; Chapuys to Granvelle, May 19, 1536; *State Papers*, I. 161-5; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 76.

4. Strype, *Mem. of Cranmer*, 48; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, N. S. I. 499.

5. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. X. 225; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 320.

6. Campbell, *Lives of the Chancellors*, II. 78, 90; Hook, *Arch. Cant.* N. S. I. 500.

7. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. X. 225; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 320.

CHAP. II.—1. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Cott. MSS. Cleo. E. iv.; Nott, *Mem. Wyat*, xxiv.

2. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21.

3. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536.

4. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 22, 31.

5. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 225.

6. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 222, 224; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559.

CHAP. III.—1. Baga de Secretis, pouches viii. ix.; *Parl. Hist.* iii. 118.

2. Burnet, *Records*, iv. 291. Attempts have been made to cast a doubt on the genuineness of Anne's letter from the Tower. Lingard has "no reason to believe it authentic" (*Hist. England*, vi. 315). Froude, who had at first "no doubt" of its authenticity (*Hist. Engl.* ed. 1856, ii. 477), afterwards came to entertain a doubt (*Hist. Eng.* ed. 1872, ii. 372). An account of this letter is given, and its authenticity proved, by Ellis. See *Original Letters*, i S. ii. 53.

3. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 209, and Burnet, *Records*, iv. 291.

4. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 209; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536.

5. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 209; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, June 6, 1536.

6. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Bacon, *In felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ*, *Coll. Works*, vi. 306; Strype, *Eccles. Mem.* i. 282. The authenticity of these messages from Anne is doubted by Lingard (*Hist. Engl.* vi. 315). But Bacon's authority is evidence enough. Comp. also *Ballad of Anne Boleyn's Fortune*, st. xix.

CHAP. IV.—1. Campbell, *Lives of Chancellors*, ii. 90; Lloyd's *State Worthies*, 75.

2. Cott. MSS. Cleo. E. iv. Oth. C. x. 222; Chapuys to Granvelle, May 19, 1536; Lloyd, *State Worthies*, 77-8.

3. Baga de Secretis, pouch viii. An abstract of the

indictment is printed in *Third Report on Public Records*, App. II.

4. Baga de Secretis, p. IX.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; *Statutes*, 3 Hen. VII. c. 14, 22 Hen. VIII. c. 9; Bacon, *Henry the Seventh*, Works, vi. 86; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 200.

6. Baga de Secretis, p. VIII.; Chapuys to Granvelle, May 19, 1536; Dugdale, *Baronage*, I. 720, II. 292; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 158, 327.

CHAP. V.—1. Baga de Secretis, pouch IX.

2. Baga de Secretis, pouches VIII. IX. For the duties of grand juries in olden times, see Blackstone, *Commentaries*, IV. 353.

3. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Baga de Secretis, p. VIII.; Knight, *Life of Erasmus*, 249; *Chronicle of Grey Friars*, 38.

4. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Baga de Secretis, p. VIII.; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 25-6; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; *State Trials*, I. 421; Banks, *Extinct Baronage*, II. 396.

6. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 26; Dugdale, *Baronage*, II. 404.

CHAP. VI.—1. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Baga de Secretis, p. IX.

2. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Collins, *Peerage*, II. 270, III. 265, IV. 85, V. 386; Nicolas, *Hist. Peer.* 507; Baga de Secretis, p. IX.; *Chronicle of the Grey Friars*, 38; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 66. The statements by Constantyne, printed by Madden in the *Archæologia*, XXIII., are to be received with the utmost caution. They are contained in a fancy piece, addressed to Cromwell, by a man seeking promotion from Anne Boleyn's murderers.

3. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1566; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 66.

4. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 23, 25.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Baga de Secretis, p. IX.; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 23-5.

6. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536.

7. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 24-5; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; *State Trials*, I. 424. Lingard quotes the speech of Anne after sentence with a doubt (*Hist. Engl.* VI. 318). But Chapuys and Carles confirm the chief points, and there is no question of Meteren's substantial accuracy.

8. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 25.

CHAP. VII.—1. Baga de Secretis, pouch IX.; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; *State Trials*, I. 420.

2. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 30-3.

3. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 34-6.

4. Harl. MSS. 283, f. 134; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Dugdale, *Baronage*, II. 403; Banks, *Extinct Baronage*, II. 296; Leti, *Vie d'Elizabeth*, 116; Weever, *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, 514.

6. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 29.

7. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 38-9.

8. *Il successo in la morte della Regina de Inghilterra*, 1536. This Italian tract is the original of various documents quoted by historians, as any one may see by simply comparing the copies. The Letter at Brussels is a translation into French; the Letter at Simancas is a translation into Spanish; the Letter in Lisbon is a translation into Portuguese; the Letter in Lord Percy's possession is a translation into English. Since Sir Harris Nicolas printed a retranslation of the Portuguese version in his *Excerpta Historica*, 260, the Imperialist enemy of Queen Anne has been generally cited as a "Portuguese gentleman" favourable to the Queen! (see, for examples, Strickland, *Queens of England*, II. 265; and Knight, *Popular History of England*, II. 377).

9. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Herbert *Henry the Eighth*, 449; *State Trials*, I. 425.

CHAP. VIII.—1. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 41, 42; *State Trials*, I. 425.

2. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Harl. MSS. 283, f. 134; Cox, *Notice of Cranmer*, VIII.

3. Strype, *Memorials of Cranmer*, 44-5.

4. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x.; Ellis, *Orig. Letters*, 3 S. II. 131; Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, 123-6.

5. Harl. MSS. 283, f. 134; *Statutes*, 28 Hen. VIII. c. 7; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 320.

6. Denne, *Historical Particulars of Lambeth Palace*, 179; Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 801-3; *Statutes*, 28 Hen. VIII. c. 16.

7. Wilkins, *Concilia*, III. 801; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 326; Hook, *Archbishops of Canterbury*, N. S. I. 507; Campbell, *Lives of Chancellors*, II. 91-2.

CHAP. IX.—1. Harl. MSS. 283, f. 134; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 40.

2. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne Boleyn*, 22.

3. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 223; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 327.

4. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 223; Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, v. 135; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 23; *Archæologia*, XXIII. 64; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 42; Meteren, *Histoire des Pays Bas*, 21; *Anne Boleyn's Fortune*, st. XXIV.-XXVIII.

5. Chapuys to Charles, May, 19, 1536.

6. Cott. MSS. Oth. C. x. 223; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 23, 24; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 42.

7. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 42, 43.

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CHAP. X.—1. *Il successo in la morte della Regina de Inghilterra*, 1536; *Lords' Journals*, I. 84; *Parl. Hist.* III. 120; Dick, *Inscriptions and Devices in Beauchamp Tower*, 25, 26; Burnet, *Hist. Reform.* I. 329.

2. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 45; *Il successo in la morte della Regina*, 1536.

3. Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, XXXV.; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 43; *Il successo in la morte*, 1536.

4. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 228; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 395.

5. Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 44, 45; *Il successo in la morte della Regina*, 1536; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 228; Furnival, *Ballads from MSS.* I. 406. It is doubtful whether more than two original reports of the Queen's execution are known—that by Carles and that by the Italian. Meteren seems to have had Carles' *Epistre* before him; and the usual versions are but too evidently based on the Italian *Successo in la morte*. The brief note in Harl. MSS. may be an exception, though I am far from sure it is so (see Harl. MSS. 2194, p. 16).

6. Alesse to Elizabeth, Sep. 1, 1559; Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; *Chronicles of Calais*; Hall, *Henry the Eighth*, 228; Wyat, *Life of Queen Anne*, 24; Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, XVI. 395; Carles, *Epistre de la Royne*, 45.

CHAP. XI.—1. Chapuys to Charles, May 19, 1536; Harl. MSS. 2194, f. 16; Nott, *Memoirs of Surrey*, XXXV.

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